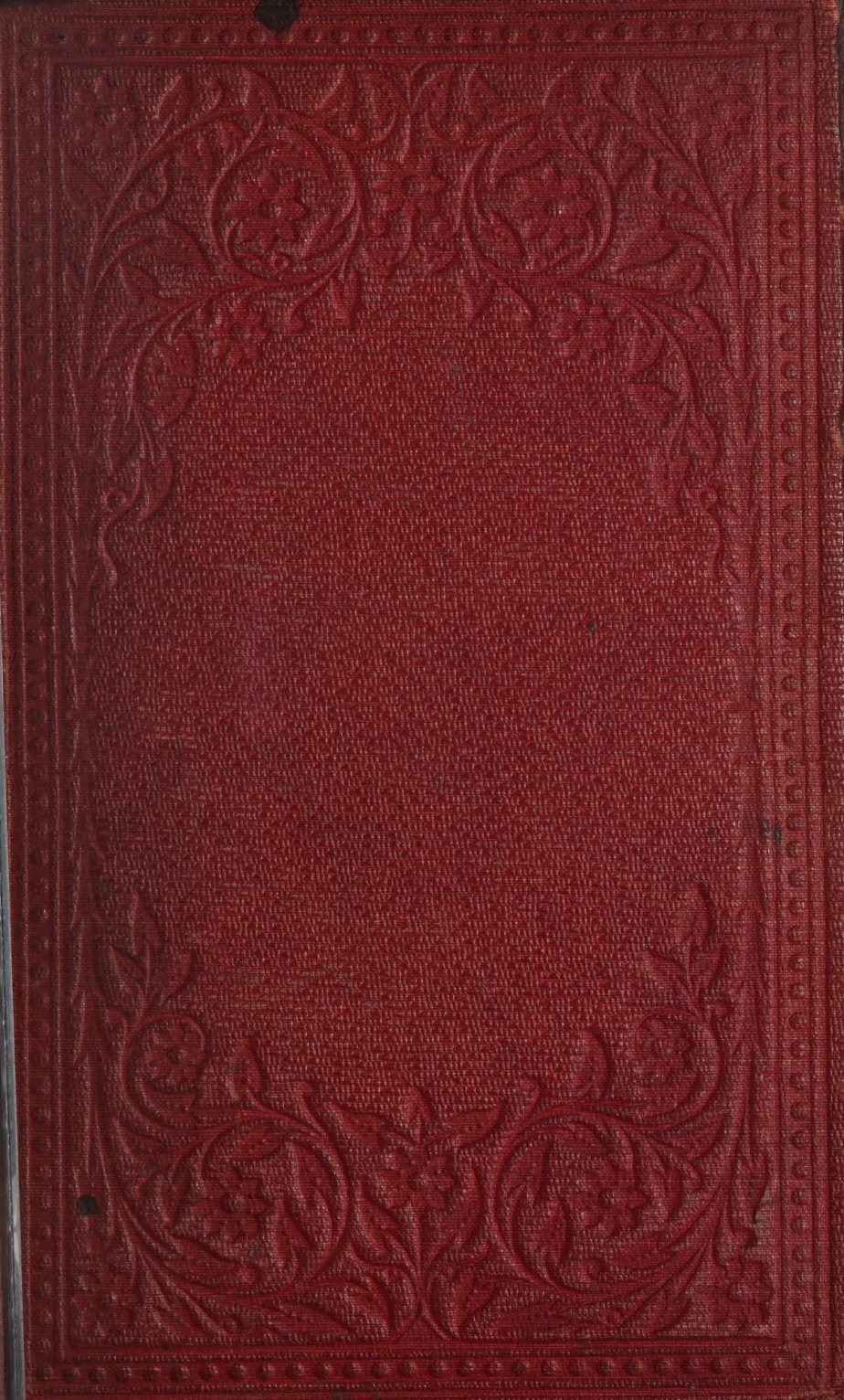


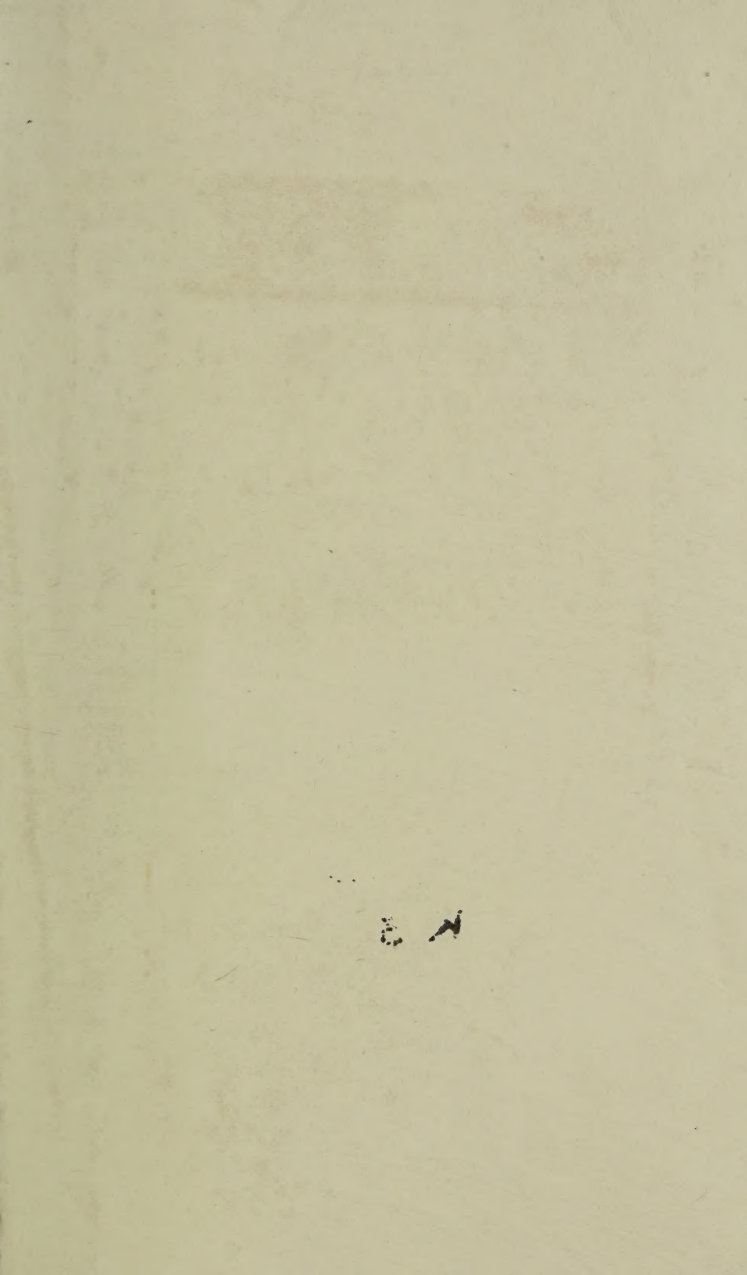


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Exoteric and Esoteric Philosophy. III. Hypatia; who was
n to pieces, etc. IV. Mangoneutes: a Defense of Nazarenus.
[John] Toland. Post 8vo, old calf. Lond., 1720. \$7.50

—JUDAICA. The Rothschilds. The Financial Rulers of
tions. By John Reeves. Portraits and other illustrations on

294.—IRISH LITERATURE. Goethe: A New Pantomime. By
Edward Kenealy. 2nd ed. Cap 8vo, red half morocco gilt, very
neat. Lond., 1850. \$6.50

*Choice copy. "The Irish Longfellow."—*Allibone*. "Splendour, wit, and
power illumine this brilliant performance."—*Dubl. Univ. Mag.* "A work of
great, rare and sustained genius."—Benj. Disraeli.

A NEW PANTOMIME.

Mea opinio est, omnia, ut sic dicam, plena esse Animarum, vel analogarum naturarum : et ne Brutorum quidem animas interire.—LEIBNITZ.

And it must be declared, that Nemesis, the distributive and avenging Power, hath appointed all these things to happen in the *second Period*, and to be executed by fierce infernal Genii, who witnessed the conduct and the crimes of men. To them the All-governing God has committed the administration of that World, which is filled with gods and men, and the other existences also, which he has fabricated after the Perfect Image of the Everlasting and Intellectual Idea.—TIMÆUS LOCRIUS.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these lowly disciples, for I say unto you *their Angels in Heaven* are always beholding the face of the Father, who is in Heaven.—MATTHEW xviii. 10.

A

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CHICAGO

New Pantomime.

BY

EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY, LL.D.

LONDON:

REEVES AND TURNER, 238 STRAND.

1863.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY BOWDEN AND BRAWN,
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TO THE

RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.

13821
To you, the first and the kindest of Critics on this Poem in its fragmentary form, I now dedicate it in its complete development.

I beg you will accept it as a token, however slight, of the deep, sincere, and affectionate admiration in which I have held you ;—although I dare not hope that it is in all things worthy of the applause of the finest intellect in Europe, and as Spencer Walpole recently said, “of the most splendid genius that ever the House of Commons produced.”

Nevertheless, it is no slight gratification to me to be permitted to inscribe this work to the most illustrious living Orator and Statesman, and to one who also as a Writer ranks with the highest on the roll of Fame. For these rare qualities the world admires you ; but for my own part, I value more that noble candour and majestic integrity of soul which win from all who approach you love and attachment.

DEDICATION.

As I cast my eyes on Gainsborough's superb portrait of Pitt,* which now hangs before me, I retrace in mind the wonderful similarity in your mental elements ; but Pitt, though superlatively great, could never have written *Vivian Grey*, or *Sibyl*.

That you are now misunderstood by many is but the fate which unites you with all who achieve ; but history will do justice to one of the truest, brightest, and most disinterested public characters that ever illuminated our country's annals.

E. V. K.

Goldsmith Building, Temple.

* Painted in 1787,—one of the most astonishing works of this great Master. The engraving in Lord Stanhope's masterly biography of Pitt, is taken from a copy of it—probably by Dupont.

The Poem that follows is an Ænigma to the many,—and will always remain so :—for the Wise and True and Learned it was written, and they alone can understand and appreciate it. Let no man criticise it who does not in part conceive what it means ;—let no man pronounce upon its Author who cannot enter into his soul.

There are two passages which to the uninitiated may give faint light :—

“The acrid poisons of dark human passions,” &c.—page 233,

“And thus they gleamed most beautiful,” &c.—page 432-3.

This last is but an amplification of the idea of Leibnitz, already quoted ; which idea, it should be added, is not at all original, but is only in brief, a weak summary of the most True, Divine, and Ancient of all Religions—that which was primarily derived from GOD himself. On this subject the reader is referred to a volume of *Prayers and Meditations*, recently published by the Author.

But the absolute and perfect key to the Poem must be sought for in the soul and spirit of him who reads this work with the desire to think and judge for

PREFACE.

himself, according to the true and natural dictates of an illuminated reason, on the most sublime of all subjects—God and the Future.

And so I send it forth into the world from this place, while the sacred music of the Temple Church peals beautifully from the very spot where the Priests and Knights listened to it a thousand years ago, and a stray sunbeam, wandering and chequered as his own life, plays over the grave where all that now remains of Goldsmith rests in peace beside my window.

THE PROSCENIUM.

Clown.

LADIES and Gentlemen, and you,
If any here there be,
Belonging to the intermediate crew,
(Your pardon, since you know I cannot see),
We do present you here to-day,
A certain thing—it can't be called a Play,
A tragedy, a comedy, or farce,
A melodrama, interlude, or masque.
Our Author would as soon teach boys to parse,
Or bishops piety, or statesmen virtue,
Or bind himself to any other plan,
Impossible to man ;
As set himself to work at such a task.
He hates the humbug of the scenic stage ;
Its daggers, poisons, ghosts, and bearded braves,
Intriguing wives, pert chambermaids, old knaves,
Footmen all flippancy, and priests all cant,
And well-dressed puppies mingling slang with rant,
And horrid visions seen in dreamy sleep ;
Of things like these you've had so rank a heap,
The recollection fills my soul with rage.
We've something better, Critics, to divert you :
A Pantomime !—what say you ?—ah, you stare,

Wise children of large growth ;
 Than your forefathers fifty times more clever ;
 The ladies flirt their fans—the he-things swear—
 Don't be alarmed—I'll not repeat each oath.
 This is a Pantomime, and rightly named,
 Because it is an Image of the All
 In Earth, in Heaven, in Hell, and in the Air ;
 Wherever Life, or Soul, or Spirit dwell,
 Or the enchantress Nature weaves her spell,
 Or Thought' or Being be,
 In Space or Star, or God's immensity ;
 Our Author, dipping his gold pen in gall,
 And milk of paradise, conceived the work ;
 And here it is, brought forth for you, and you,
 Masculine, feminine, and neuter too.

Our *Dramatis Personæ* are most numerous ;
 'Twould take me twenty days to count,
 And yet not name their full amount—
 Shapes, Spirits, Shadows, Angels, Fates,
 Nymphs, Naiads, Imps from Satan's gates,
 Satan himself, Abaddon, Man,
 Ghosts, Goblins, Ghouls, and sovran Pan ;
 Sphinxes, Chimæras, Minotaurs,
 A pretty Woman, and Dame Mors ;
 Fays, Destinies, Sprites, Wisps, and Frogs,
 And the snake-headed King of Dogs ;
 Smart Hermes, Mephistopheles, and Charon,
 A very celebrated German Baron.
 Fierce Fiends,—but all our people, grave and humorous,
 Will strut before you when the time arrives ;
 Till when—look after other people's wives.

We've got besides unparalleled machinery—
The air-born Rainbow, the dark heaving Oceau.
Laughterless Hades, Styx, the Sun and Moon,
The Star that every morning takes a lotion
Of the still deep—so sings that coarse buffoon,
Who never washed his face, or changed his shirt,
Or shaved his chin, but loved perpetual dirt ;
My master Virgil, in the maudlin tale
Of him who shewed his wife leg bai',
And left her in the Trojan embers,
As every well-whipped brat remembers ;
We've Clouds and Comets, Planets, Vapours,
That cut the most amazing capers :
Rivers and Skies, and mighty Lakes,
That teem with Hydras, Serpents, Snakes ;
Aye, and with Hippopotami,
Big as the London Monument——no lie.
Since The Beginning, never artist had
A better stock of grand old scenery,
Than here to-day is shewn unto the Mad,
By their most venerable Dad.
What Dad, you ask ? 'pon honour, Ma'am, I know not—
For who the secret dark can tell ?
Who in Heaven ?—who in Hell ?
Many there be who reap, yet sow not.
Tippitywitchet is a strange abstraction—
And so is Truth—they differ not a fraction ;
For what is Truth ?—and what is Fact ?
See you the soul of what I say ?
The spirit that gives life unto this clay ?
Of course you do—'tis clear as day—
Ladies and Gentlemen, you are all—crackt.

The moral of this Epic Pantomime,
 (For that 'tis Epic you shall see in time;
 As truly as the Tales of Troy,
 Or Odysseus, his father's hopeful Boy,
 Or Dux Trojanus, Dante, Hudibras,
 Milton, and Lucan are)—is, Man's an Ass;
 A very pretty Pantomimic moral,
 About whose truth the world and I won't quarrel.
 I do not value three skips of a — mouse,
 Whether in this the Author shews his *Nous*
 Or nonsense; judging of the mighty mass
 By his own noble self; who, if his rule
 Be once admitted, it requires no fool
 To tell you how *he* must henceforward class.
 In fact, *I* rather think he is a noodle,
 With no more sense than old lord Doodle,
 And so I told him when he wrote this fudge;
 But he, who looked as wise as any judge,
 Assured me I was but a wretched poodle.
 Perhaps I am—and looking at *you* here,
 And pondering on the millions far and near,
 I think it very strange indeed,
 Why the Almighty Seer
 Produced the donkey breed:
 Fate sometimes works results extremely queer,
 And this is one—or I am much mistaken,
 To puzzle the bronze head of Friar Bacon.—
 Go home, you stupid animals, to grass!

Yet—if Man be an Ass, I see no reason,
 Why he should therefore fret himself to death;
 Accusing Fate, as some do, of high treason,

For granting them, their spark of vital breath.
 Asses are honest animals enough ;
 And, pon *my* conscience, if I were a donkey,
 I would not change my state with one of you,
 Illustrious nobles, ladies, lords, and dandies.
 For Men impose sad evils on their backs,
 By their own waywardness and headstrong vices ;
 But Asses suffer only those which Nature
 Lays on their shoulders. Some of us grow sad,
 If a brat sneezes inauspiciously ;
 And some grow sorrowful if men reproach them ;
 And some are frightened by unlucky dreams ;
 And some by a hooting owl i' the ivy bush ;
 And some because they're wived, and some because
 They are *not* wived, and some—because they're both.
 Contention, Care, Rage, Avarice, Lust, Law,
 Lying, Deceit, Ambition, with their poisons,
 Wait upon noble sky-aspiring Man :
 Who would not be an Ass, rather than have
 Soul-racking playfellows like these I've named ?
 And faith I'd rather be long-ears himself,
 Than such a slippered Pantaloon as this.

Pantaloon.

Good people all, of every rank and age,
 Assemble round and lend attentive ears,
 Until you hear the Wisdom of the Sage,
 Hight Pantaloon, whose fame fills heaven's spheres ;
 There be, who bravely vaunt the ancient page
 Of Solomon, and meet with angry fleers,
 All other wisdom, underneath the moon—
 I wish they'd prize more highly—Pantaloon.

Who well begins, his work is half complete ;
 The Pyramids of single bricks are made ;
 An idle butcher must not hope for meat ;
 Poverty teaches every kind of trade :
 As stolen waters there are none so sweet ;
 The brightest gem will lie unprized in shade ;
 A fool will burn his house to roast an egg ;
 Who sleeps in summer must in winter beg.

One who hath seen is worth a score who've heard ;
 Taste governs all ; some women kiss, some cows ;
 Pause long, ere you let loose the wingèd word ;
 Provoke not a wild beast, nor yet your spouse ;
 To preach to one who sleeps is most absurd ;
 Luckless is he whose wife usurps his trowse ;
 A scalded infant wisely shuns the fire ;
 He, who in kennels sleeps, will rise with mire.

Clown.

O wonderful discoveries by an —— Ass.

Pantaloon.

Safe is the ship that with two anchors rides ;
 Gold has a tongue more eloquent than Christ ;
 The grasping miser, God and Good derides :
 One sage should more than million fools be priced :
 Who keeps back Truth a beauteous diamond hides ;
 Old birds by chaff will never be enticed :
 Misfortune bravely borne is scarce an ill ;
 Men must live as they *can*, not as they *will*.

Experience is a teacher in whose school
 Even fools may learn—

Clown.

Then seek her school at once :

Kicks him off.

I never heard such trash in all my life :—

You fellows in the orchestra play up.

Sings.

Keep in mind, keep in mind,
What you shall hear, nor let it pass like wind,
From your grave recollection ; sense and fun
Go always better blended into one.
For Wisdom does not teach or charm the less,
Because arrayed in Mirth's attractive dress.

Keep in mind, keep in mind ;
Lightest words have often souls within ;
Pearls which, if you dive for, you shall find.
Smallest hairs throw shadows ; spiders spin
Threads that link the stars with earth.
Gravity is shrined in mirth.

When you look upon The Snake,
Mark him well ;
Once in God's bright bowers he spake
Things that none may tell ;
Only those who dwell
In the Shadow of the Light
Which illumines the Universe.
The Great Beast you then shall see,
Whom the wily Snake hath fettered
In his shining coil.
Who is he ? who is he ?
Shouts each fool unlettered, lettered ;

Read and think, and think and read ;
When the time ordained you toil,
Haply you shall know ;
When you find it, let the seed
In your spirit grow,
Till from pole to pole it spread,
Like the Eternal Tablet of white pearl,
Whereon God writes those wonderful decrees,
Which speak of all, past, present, and to come,
As sung of old in Islam's heavenly hymns.

Harlequin.

Spring up, bright flowers of harmony, spring up,
The nectar food of gods bestowed on man,
And wake the lyre of many tones ;
And from the golden-hearted lute,
And the lily-breathing flute,
Sprinkle round their silvery treasure,
Moving all to love and pleasure ;
Spreading liquid sweetness,
Through the sapphire air,
Picturing to the fancy,
Visions strange and fair. .
Lo ! Sir Harlequin is near,
With his mighty magic wand.

Clown.

What can bring this fellow here ?
He were better in a pond.

Harlequin.

Now that music floats around me,
I can featlier speak my speech.

Clown.

If I had a lance, confound me,
But I'd bleed him like a leech.

Harlequin.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I merely come
To tell you, and all classical communities,
That in this Pantomime of ours, we scorn
All critics, past and future, and the —— Unities.
We waft you as we please from Earth to Heaven,
Thence down to Hell, and upward to the Moon,
Ten million, billion, trillion miles or so,
Through space unbounded in our Bard's balloon,
Which travels lightning-like through the Abyss
Of Æther, taking several years to do it ;——
We do not care a farthing if you hiss ;—
Whate'er our doom, we'll willingly go through it.
Convinced in spite of fate that *you* are wrong,
And that *we* knowing ones alone are right ;
Don't wonder therefore when I wave my wand,
Nor let the changes move grim Aristarchian spite.

Columbine.

I bring a garland of new flowers,
To wreathe me in the winding dance ;
I twine a chaplet of white roses,
As maidens do in old romance.
Ladies and Youths, by these bright presents,
Which I give here to each and all,
Look kindly on the earth-born daughters,
Our Poet summons at his call ;

And if his heroine win your favour,
Believe her drawn from lights like you.——

Clown.

Such compliments as these must gull them :
I only wish the lies were true.
And now, my beauteous little birdies,
I hope we've given you lime enough,
To catch within our wily net-work,
Rook, magpie, wagtail, wren, and chough.
You've heard from me the choicest wisdom ;
From Pantaloon, the oldest fudge ;
From Harlequin, some namby-pamby ;
From Columbine—what all can judge.
Our anxious Manager is sweating,
With terror for his bantling's fate ;
Our high-flown Bard is sipping claret ;
And I'm detaining you with prate.
Enough,—'tis time the Prologue cease,
I see you're anxious for the piece.
Ho !—prompters, callboys, fiddlers, and scene-shifters,
Prepare within there ! Ring the bell. Behold !
The curtain rises——now, by Mother Bunch !
Scenes of such splendour saw I ne'er before.

ACT I. SCENE I.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

Moonlight and Starshine. The Earth whirling in the distance.

Time Dec. 31, 1831.

A Throne of Stars, on which the SPIRIT OF THE YEAR is sitting.

*The SPIRIT rises, as the SPIRIT OF THE NEW YEAR enters
on a Rainbow.*

The Spirit of the New Year.

HAIL to thee, bright and beautiful Earth!—

I have come from my home where the Lightnings dwell,
Where the Thunders laugh in their giant mirth,

To watch thee, and tend thee, and guard thee well.

From my Cloud-Pavilion in space afar,

I have seen thee—a bright and a golden Star,

Glittering still in the clear soft sky :

And, oh ! with what joy to thy blissful bowers,

Where sunshine blends with fruits and flowers,

On the wings of the morning light I fly ;

O sister Spirit ! thy throne resign,

For this beautiful earth is mine—all mine.

The Spirit of the Old Year.

Spirit of Beauty ! and art thou come

To this world of sin from thine angel home,

To see the sights that must strike thee dumb ?

For know it is ruled by a ghastly Gnome.

A monster of monstrous crime,
 Conceived from the earliest time ;
 From the horrible womb of Hell,
 This loathsome infant fell !
 A despot without control,
 His food is the human soul ;
 And, though millions the Fiend destroys,
 Yet his hunger never cloys :
 The accursèd God of Gold—
 He hath ruled from the days of old.
 Spirit of Beauty and Truth !—I weep
 For the vigil of grief that thou must keep.

The Voice of the Sacred Past.

Oh weep ! oh weep !
 For the vigil that thou must keep.

First Spirit.

Ah, me ! I dreamed that this beautiful sphere,
 Was the home of all that was pure and good ;
 And though Evil widely reigns, yet here
 I fondly fancied he never could.
 The creatures of earth are passing fair,
 They shine like the lovely spirits of air ;
 And through their eyes a heavenly soul
 Beams as soft as the moon's soft gleam,—
 Alas ! why *are* they not what they seem ?
 And why do they bear the Fiend's control ?
 O sister Spirit ! for love's sweet sake,
 Tell me all ere thy Throne I take.

Second Spirit.

A tedious tale, and a tale of woe,
 Of Vice victorious, and Virtue slain ;
 Of Demons laughing at Truth laid low,
 And Justice weeping in gyve and chain.
 Shall I tell thee a tale like this ?
 Shall I cloud thy dreams of bliss ?
 Shall I shew thee the murderer's knife,
 Whetted for human life ?
 Shall I shew thee the modest maid,
 By her trusting love betrayed ?
 Or religion brought to shame,
 By wretches in God's high name ?
 Or the vile and worthless prized ?
 Or the noble and true despised ?
 Spirit of Beauty and Truth ! ah, me !
 Lonely and sad must thy vigil be.

The Voice of the Sacred Past.

Ah, me ! ah, me !
 Sad is the vigil reserved for thee.

First Spirit.

O rare, O beautiful Earth ! O sky !
 Zoned with ten thousand worlds of light ;
 O myriad Spirits, who dwell on high !
 O Thou, who wielded the thunder's might !
 Can creatures of clay like these be found,
 To work such deeds on God's holy ground ?
 Did he build this exquisite Paradise
 Of garden and glen, and vale and mount,
 And sunny scene and crystal fount,

For a huge bazaar, where the monster Vice
Traffics in human souls for gold,
And the angel Virtue is bought and sold ?

Second Spirit.

I cannot tell why the Earth was made,
I know not why Man was formed from clay ;
But the Fiend of Gold too long hath played
Such tricks as darken the light of day.
And the star of the holy Truth
Hath sunk in a cloud uncouth ;
And the Virtue that should have shone
Upon earth is dead and gone ;
And the Science that once was prized,
Is laughed at and all despised ;
And Faith hath departed long—
And Justice is killed by wrong—
And Modesty's blush hath ceast
Since the reign of the baleful Beast,
Who laughs and quaffs in his palace hall,
And holds his slaves like swine in thrall.

First Spirit.

But are there not souls filled with light and love,
The shrine of the One, the Serene and Wise,
Who, like heavenly planets that smile from above,
Can still the storms in the soul that rise ?
Have The Powers that throne them on thunder sent
No spirits to earth on such mission bent ?
Have the Gods divine forgotten the race
Of mortal man, and left him lone,
In the night of the mind to pine and moan,

Thus in his desolate dwelling-place?
 Or is this world of beauty a hell,
 Where the Satans only rule and dwell?

Second Spirit.

This beautiful world is a hell indeed,
 Where the Satans hold their terrible sway,
 And The Powers have left in their hour of need,
 The race of men in their wilful way.
 For the Spirits of Love and Light,
 Whom they sent to preach truth and right,
 And whose hearts they filled with a fire
 Divine, to make men aspire;
 And whose minds were by wisdom taught,
 And whose souls were with beauty fraught,
 Fallen from their high estate,
 At the board of the Demon wait,
 And pervert the immortal flame,
 To deeds of disgrace and shame.
 A sight that hath made me mourn and weep,
 In the watching that I was wont to keep.

First Spirit.

Alas! I weep at the tale I hear—
 The sorrowful tale from thy lips divine;
 And my heart is filled with a terrible fear:—
 Oh, would that some other sphere were mine!
 But, tell me—oh tell, ere thy flight begins,
 What Spirits of God have changed to Sin's?
 Are any on earth, or have any been
 In the dreary year of thy vigil sad?
 Ah, me! thy tidings have made me mad;

They cling in my brain like arrows keen ;
And I long for the hour that shall set me free
From my watch of sorrow and misery.

Second Spirit.

There is a Spirit on earth whose course
Is nearly run—thou shalt see him die !
Whose soul was lit from the purest source
Of immortal Light that glows on high.
But the glorious gifts of God,
In the mire of passion he trod :
He lived but to serve himself ;
He became the slave of the Elf ;
He fed and grew fat on pride ;
He hated, he fawned, he lied.
His heart was as dead and cold
As Judas's heart of old ;
He never did one good deed,
To a soul who stood in need :
And the lessons he taught mankind were few,
And none that could make them good or true.

The Voice of the Sacred Past.

Eighty years and two have rolled,
Since this Soul found human mould,
Eighty years and two have passed,
Since with mortal clay 'twas massed ;
But in all that stirring time,
What engaged that soul sublime ?
Flirtings false as serpent's tears,
Worthless friendships, useless sneers,

Hours of selfish sloth and thought ;
Virtue spurned and good unsought ;
Childish love of baubles called
Titles, for the which he crawled
On his belly all his days,
Fixing ne'er on heav'n his gaze ;
Freedom, which is man's birthright,
Found no favour in his sight ;
To the starry march of Mind,
Through his land his eyes were blind ;
Liberty's immortal aim,
Formed his jeer, his mock, his game ;
Serfs content, and souls debased,
Suited best this statesman's taste :
What he wrote, and what he stole,
From the past and present tomes
Of the Muses' singing Gnomes,
Served perhaps no human soul ;
The great work, that spread his name,
O'er the earth and gave it fame,
Is no blessing, but a curse ;
All who read it must be worse :
And the lessons that he gave,
Might make an infidel or knave,
But ne'er a freeman, of the slave.

First Spirit.

But will not this Spirit of light repent,
And atone ere death for the mind misused ?
The priceless gem which the Godhead lent,
Should have been through earth like a lamp diffused,

That all who in valleys of darkness sit,
Might illumine their sorrowing souls from it.

Second Spirit.

That time is past, and the hour is nigh,
Thou shalt see this erring Mortal die.
He dies—his mission is unfulfilled,
As his ever must be whose sole design,
Is a gorgeous temple to Self to build,
And The Human prefers to The Great Divine.
But, rejoice ; for a brighter era of days,
Shines like a sun through the living haze :
A new and celestial Race shall grow,
And their spirits yclothed in fire from Heaven,
Shall come, and proclaim in the thunder's steven,
Truth to the hearts that are steeped in woe ;—
And the mind of Man shall burst
In the end the bonds accurst ;
And his soul shall walk in pride,
With Truth for its godlike guide ;
And Knowledge shall rule the world,
And Falsehood to hell be hurled ;
And Genius and Worth shall shine,
Like the stars in the Milky Sign ;
And Liberty sit enthroned,
And Slavery die disowned ;—
Spirit of Beauty ! these things shall be :
They are writ in the Book of Destiny.

The Voice of the Veiled Future.

I am what is, and hath been, and shall be,
And those great days Mankind on earth shall see.

First Spirit.

O blest Prediction ! O Eternal Voices
Sent from the Palaces of Heaven ! my soul
Pants with celestial rapture—leaps—rejoices,
To hear the words of Truth in thunder roll
In glorious prophecy from pole to pole.
O man of woman born ! awake, arise !
Gird up thy soul with Wisdom, Knowledge, Truth !
Let her, like eagles, straight renew her youth,
And soar aloft to heaven—the good man's prize ;
O ye pure spirits ! sent from God to teach—
Eloquence, Knowledge, Poesy divine,
Come forth in majesty and beauty !—each
Bent to fulfil the Maker's great design.
Thousands of years have sunk into the vast
And mystic grave of Death to wake no more ;
Oh ! be it yours from many a hallowed store,
To cull the sacred wisdom of the Past,
And pour it forth upon the world like light,
Till Ignorance and Vice, the fiends, take flight,
At the fair dawning of those golden beams
Of Truth, and Virtue, Charity and Love,
Foreseen in many a godlike Poet's dreams ;
Pictures of things that are in heaven above.

*The SPIRIT OF THE OLD YEAR departs, as the SPIRIT OF THE
NEW YEAR ascends the throne.*

SCENE II.

EARLY MORNING.

The open country near WEIMAR. Time March 22, 1832.

Eckermann.

How beautiful is morn ! the virgin light
Breaks from behind yon dewy hills that veil
The palace of the dawn, from whose vast gates
The white-winged steeds that bear Aurora forth,
Leap, proudly pawing the pellucid skies.
The rose-cheeked Hours flash sunshine o'er the world,
And from their floating tresses wreathed with light,
And waving like a comet's flowery rays,
Sprinkle rich perfume o'er the winds that wake
The delicate hyacinths from their silver sleep;
Sunbeams, soft airs, the song of birds, blue skies,
With orange light and purple interfused,
And musical waters sparkling, as their waves
Dance in delight over the pebbly beds
That glitter down below, like jewelled walks
Paven by Naiads for their favourite rills.
The hum of pastoral labour, the green fields
Fresh with the dews, the gently-tapering smoke
From cottage roofs, the cock's delighted crow ;
The glistening sheen of white and fairy feet
Across the living emerald of the meads ;
Young girls and laughing boys and gambolling youth,

And the cow lowing, and the brisk young horse,
 With ears attent and limbs refreshed for toil ;
 And the grave honest watch-dog up and out
 Beside his master, whose clear joyous whistle
 Tells of content—a heart at peace with all.

From such a scene of beauty and repose,
 Sadly I turn to yonder town, where ebbs
 The mighty life away that charmed the world
 With its rare harmony ; broken are the strings
 Of that celestial lyre, and sad and faint
 The last soft murmurs through its exquisite breast.
 The wondrous Master sinks in final sleep,
 Gloriously fading, like the sun that set
 Last night behind the azure mountain-peaks.
 The undetermined hour at length has come—
 He who strove ever after Possible Good,
 And shunned the Unattainable with a wisdom
 Deep as the patriarch's, dies ; and, dying, leaves
 No soul on earth of equal might with his—
 Greatest of all the race of modern men
 Since Byron went. In him was shadowed forth
 The true Poetic—action made sublime
 By heroic purpose—whose whole aim was bent
 To shew in all their nothingness and guilt,
 The False, Distorted, Vulgar, to men's gaze,
 That they might hate and shun them.

How my soul

Recalls the words he spake a few days since,
 While o'er his medals we conversed : *As long
 As man creates there is no room for dying ;*

*But yet the night, the great night, will come on
 When none shall work.* Alas ! I little thought
 The night of that great soul so near as now
 Rumour reports. Now does he pass away,
 On whom the Gods smiled sweetly at his birth ;
 Whom Venus loved and cradled in her breast ;
 Whose eyes Apollo kissed, whose lips were touched
 By graceful Mercury—on whose brow Jove set
 The seal of might—away, away for ever ;
 Leaving on earth only his pure renown,
 To comfort those who live but see him not.

Why are we here ? I asked. He paused, and looked,
 And, smiling like a god, said, *That we may
 Immortalise ourselves, and no true man
 Suffers this creed to be torn from his breast.*
 Nobly and truly has he won the crown
 Undying for whose light he struggled long ;
 While we, alas !—but why indulge the thought ?
 Yet if there be a few to whom his life
 Seemed an enigma, and the good he did
 In his broad sphere unworthy the professions
 Which he might make, or *did* make, let them pause
 Ere they pronounce harsh judgment. Men nor angels
 Read not the wonderful mysteries of the soul,
 Which is a trinity as the Platonists hold,
 Divine, angelical, and animal,
 A rare and heavenly compound of whose essence
 We nothing know. The part that man sustains
 Upon this mystic theatre, the earth,
 Strange in its mixture of the True and False,
 Is even to loftiest Seraphim a thing

Unveiled ; and only can the highest Gods
Pronounce upon it, whether good or bad.
That which to eyes of spirits, or of flesh,
Seems outwardly a vice, may be to God
The pure sublime of virtue ; that which wears
The dazzling snowy semblance of the True,
Which the wise Cherubim behold with joy,
May to The Powers appear the thing it is—
Black vice enmasqued. Thus Angels, Spirits, and Men
Err ever in their judgment of man's ways ;
And this should bid them pause ere they condemn.

[*Song of a MILKMAID, heard outside.*]

There is a beauteous little dame,
Take care, take care ;
Mary is this beauty's name ;
Ah ! Sir, beware !
She has eyes like some young fawn's
Tripping wild on Eastern lawns,
And her white and gentle feet,
Lightly dance to music sweet.
Ah ! take care.

She has little snowy hands,
Take care, take care ;
Like white lilies twined in bands ;
Ah ! Sir, beware !
When she strikes her light kitar,
See them glitter like a star ;
Feel them, too, like roses, soft,
Kiss them—if she'll let you—oft.
Ah ! take care.

She has ringlets richly brown,
Take care, take care;
Lovelier than a jewelled crown;
Ah ! Sir, beware !
You are lost if once you press
To your lips one silken tress ;
They are nets of love that hold,
By some magic, young and old.
Ah ! take care.

She has temples fair and white,
Take care, take care ;
Like the crescent moon at night ;
Ah ! Sir, beware !
And a beauteous heaving breast,
With two rosy buds imprest ;
They are there, I know, but she
Veils them up most cunningly.
Ah ! take care.

She has roses in her mouth,
Take care, take care ;
Sweeter than the fragrant South ;
Ah ! Sir, beware !
If you see her crimson lip,
Ten to one you'll long to sip ;
But so guarded is the fruit,
You must snatch, or lose your suit.
Ah ! take care.

She is witty, young, and wild,
Take care, take care ;

Playful, like a little child ;
 Ah ! Sir, beware !
 Beauty, goodness, wit, combine,
 To make little Poll divine ;
 Never fairer form enshrined
 A more sweet or playful mind.
 Ah ! take care.

When she sings, and when she speaks,
 Take care, take care ;
 When she plays her pretty freaks,
 Ah ! Sir, beware !
 In a trice you'll find your heart,
 From its lawful owner part,
 And the beauteous little dame,
 Say 'tis hers by lawful claim.
 Ah ! take care.

Eckermann.

A pretty song—a pretty maid—a morn
 All beauty, and a sky all sunny-hued,
 Are things so rarely meeting, that I must
 Entreat a kiss to make it quite Elysium.

Milkmaid.

You may entreat, Sir Scholar, till you're tired,
 But, trust me, you shall fail.

Eckermann.

Nay, do not pout
 So charmingly with those sweet scarlet lips,
 Rivalling roses in their perfumed blush,
 And warbling sweetlier than the speckled lark.

Milkmaid.

Go—kiss the Muses whom you worship, Sir ;
 You shall not kiss *me* even in a dream.

Eckermann.

She's gone : I never saw a lovelier face,
 Or whiter ancle as she steps along ;
 How trippingly she crosses o'er that stile.
 Were I Anacreon I might wish myself
 A cow ; but not being Greek, I'm satisfied
 To be a German still. By Zeus ! she looks
 So roguishly behind that I shall follow.
 This is a very pantomimic change
 From grave to gay ; but such is life : she smiles
 Again—ah ! blue eyes, I am coming quick ;—
 Nay, though you ran as fast as Atalanta,
 I have a golden spell will stay your flight.

THREE DESTINIES.

First Destiny.

From the cloud-caverns, where we dwell ; from Night's
 Dun palaces in Hadès, shadowy, vast,
 And boundless, we float hither on the blast
 Of Eurus, on unwelcome mission bent ;
 The hour is come—the blissful Past is past ;
 A voice like mighty Ocean's has gone forth,
 And called the Spirit-ones
 From Heaven, from Hadès, and from trembling Earth.

Second Destiny.

Lo ! where young Mercury, like a sunbeam lights
 Upon the radiant hills, Olympus-sent,

His crystal-gleaming plumes on head and heel,
Flashing new lustre o'er the face of dawn ;—

They live—Napæan-haunted wood and lawn ;
They live with life enchanted ; hill and stream
 Send forth their gods,
That long lay hushed in rosy-breathing dream.

Third Destiny.

And from the million-peopled firmament
Of joy and splendour leap young Nymph and Faun,
Satyr and Mænad, Angel flowery-crowned,
Shining with rays that dim the diamond stars ;
A thousand Elves in airy circles wheel,
Spirits of light and shade, careering round,
 As Morn her aureate gates
Of sunshine, wide to smiling worlds unbars.

First Destiny.

See—in mists the Arch-Denier,
With his hideous mocking Sprites :

Second Destiny.

Heaven-eyed Poësy in rainbows
Flashing forth unnumbered lights :

Third Destiny.

Dark-winged Death, the loveliest virgin,
Whose touch breathes ambrosial sleep,
And her nymphal train of beauty,
 Slowly down through æther sweep.

The Three.

All are here from Heaven and Hadès,
 All are here with hopes and terrors ;
 Some exulting—some lamenting
 O'er the dying Mortal's errors.

First Destiny.

The sevenfold veils that wrap the Future burst
 Away, the coming hour stands out in glory ;
 Unto mine eye alone shines forth the story
 Of him whom now the Old Arch Foe accurst,
 Comes from his hells with blood of millions gory,
 And gorged like fierce hyena of the wild,
 To bear away.—The flattering hopes he nurst
 So long—so ruthlessly, shall fade—shall fall,
 Like the card palaces of some wayward child.
 What ! wouldst thou plunge him in thy fiendish thrall ?
 Does hot Revenge—fell Hate thus spur thee on ?
 Thou see'st his life—thou read'st the past and gone.
 The spirits, in whose light and by whose side,
 He should have walked, resigned him—did they well ?
 Resistance, not base flight, becomes the guide
 Who should have braved thy power and banded Hell.
 But yet——

A peal of thunder.

Voice from above.

Rash Destiny, forbear ;
 The Future stands revealed to thee alone,—
 Forbear !—
 The Sons of Heaven—the powerful Prince of Air,
 Unto their eyes must not be shewn,
 Until the destined hour the secrets thou hast known.
 Forbear ! rash Destiny, forbear !

SCENE III.

WEIMAR.

An open Place in front of GOETHE'S House at WEIMAR.—

HERMES and MEPHISTOPHELES, entering from opposite sides, meet.

Hermes.

Good morrow, Squire : I really feel delighted,
To see your Highness look so devilish well.
What brings you hither ? Do you come invited
By the Grand Duke, with latest news from Hell ?

Mephistopheles.

Ah, my dear younker, of immortal Maïa,
I'm very glad to take you by the hand :
You look as merry as the fair Aglaïa,
When capering zoneless on the silver sand.
I really envy you your snowy feathers,
They're so much better than the cloven hoof :
In this the coldest of all cold March weathers,
You're rather early from your father's roof.

Hermes.

I've come to take some souls to your dominions,
For which I'll scarcely get their thanks, I fear.

Mephistopheles.

Hooch—pooh ! what care you for their foul opinions ?

Hermes.

Not much, perhaps.—But, coz, what brings *you* here ?

Mephistopheles.

To make a morning call on an old sinner
Who lives close by—a cherished friend of mine ;
Native of that free town whose Jews grow thinner,
As years pass on, through holy hate of swine :
Though why old Moses pooh-pooh'd pork for dinner,
I ne'er could learn : do *you* know cousin mine ?

Hermes.

I' faith I don't, and care not :—what new scandals ?

Mephistopheles.

I supped last night with some demure old maids,
Who vowed, as I was taking off their sandals,
That all their sex were most confounded jades.
You may be sure they didn't spare the goddesses ;
They mauled your mother Maïa black and blue ;
They said that women should be cased in bodices,
Laced tightly from the bosom to the shoe ;
And as to men, they swore they all were rascals,
Deceivers, liars, dandies, drunkards, beasts—
I've not enjoyed myself so much since Pascal's
Delicious letters about nuns and priests.

Hermes.

I wonder what you find in such society,
So stale, so mouldy, and so sour, to please ;
For *my* part, of the sex I've had satiety,
And shun them as I would the Scotch disease.

Mephistopheles.

I scarcely know, except it be variety,
And that *is* something in dull times like these ;

I also like the sickening cant of piety,
 With which they sprinkle o'er their cups of teas.
 Old maids and tom-cats!—did you ever fancy
 That I, the wildest of our seraph race,
 Should seek amusement in a source so base?
 But so it is.—Oh! days of necromancy,
 Astrology, crusades, and revolutions,
 New Popish plots, ghosts, witches, saints in pickle,
 Long parliaments, quick trials, executions—
 Would ye were come again our nerves to tickle!
 What with the novels I've been lately reading,
 The poems that have so confused my brains,
 I feel a nausea like a woman breeding,
 And think my sufferings greater far than Cain's.
 I wish I were an ass, or goose, or noddy,
 Or any very stupid bird or beast,
 Exempt from mind or thought, with only body
 To care for, and to sleep, and leap, and feast.

Hermes.

A very noble wish, my dearest Devil;
 I hope you'll get it some auspicious day.

Mephistopheles.

Amen! But now, to have a half hour's revel,
 Here with a piece of crumbling human clay,
 Yclept a Poet—one whose trade was lying,
 Buffooning, sneaking, blasphemy, and cant,
 The mighty march of Progress still decrying,
 And covering many thousand sheets with rant;
 I marked him from the time he said he'd rather
 Be bastard to some lord of high degree,

Than sprung from any honest humble father,
 Or modest mother, sans a family tree ;
 I reared him, schooled him, as a cherished darling,
 Destined for me and mine, and taught his mind
 The merest trash, as one might teach a starling ;
 The tree will shoot as the young twig's inclined.
 He grew a sycophant of starveling princes,—
 A mere bread-scholar, working but for self,
 Whose whole career, from birth to death, evinces,
 But a he-prostitute's for place and pelf.

Hermes.

His name ?

Mephistopheles.

Jack Wolfgang Goethe.

Hermes.

The old rhymers ?

Mephistopheles.

The very lad that I've come here to grab.

Hermes.

The veriest charlatan that lives in Weimar,
 Worse than that ancient humbug, good Queen Mab.
 A kreuzer to a flask of bright Hochheimer,
 We'll find him prating of some worthless drab.

Mephistopheles.

Why, Hermes, bless me ! you too seem to know him.

Hermes.

I think I should, for I'm the God of Quacks :
I gave him some assistance in that poem,
Which so delighted all the Jills and Jacks.

Mephistopheles.

You mean the Faust.

Hermes.

I do.

Mephistopheles.

Ah, scamp and schemer !

Mark how he libelled me his earliest friend,
Making me duped by such a wretched dreamer
As Faust, whom, by the bye, we've safely penn'd
In one of Hell's hot nooks. But what assistance
Could he receive from you ?

Hermes.

How can you ask
Such a fool's query ? Were there any distance
Between us I'd suppose it was a mask,
Not Mephistopheles who put that question
To me, the God of Eloquence and Thieves ;
Pray, how could bards find food for their digestion,
Did they not feed upon each other's leaves,
As silk-worms do ? they are the paltriest robbers
That ever plundered on this robbing globe ;
They cheat each other like the worst stock-jobbers ;
Ask Marlow, Shakspere, Calderon, and Job,
How this old scribbler plagiarised their verses,

And then ask *me* how oft he begged my aid
 (For which these Bards have stifled me with curses),
 Their thoughts divine to dress in masquerade,
 And palm them on the world for his own notions :
 Thus he made cash and fame by what he stole :—

Mephistopheles.

Indeed, I fear it is for such devotions,
 Of his to you that I'm to nab his soul.
 A paltry prize, God wot—scarce worth the having ;
 Certainly not worth journeying for it here :
 I don't believe that for the sake of saving
 Ten billion such *I'd* shed a single tear.

Hermes.

I've come on the same errand ; but *my* duty
 Is to release the spirit from its cell :
 Which done, we'll gang together with the booty,
 If you'll permit, the shortest way to Hell.

Mephistopheles.

With all my heart—'twill give me special pleasure,
 To have your company upon the road ;
 Conducting such a precious priceless treasure,
 As the Old Sneerer to his last abode.
 I fear he'll make a very sorry figure
 Before the Court below.

Hermes.

I think so too :
 And when he's judged, you'll roast his soul with rigour,
 For slandering such a sovereign lord as you.

Mephistopheles.

Leave him to me ; I'll teach him to write slander,
About my compacts with such fools as Faust.

Hermes.

He makes your Highness but a kind of pander.

Mephistopheles.

My imps shall have him for a holocaust.

What—dare to libel me and my enjoyments,
Make me with Satan's lowest eft's be class'd ;

Give me a thousand mean and vile employments,
And to be swindled of my own at last !

Faustus himself shall see his poet roasted

As some revenge for such audacious lies :

Nay, he shall baste him ; when he's nicely toasted,

The Witch can feed her cat-apes on flesh pies.

But we've delayed too long—suppose we enter,

And take our station by the Bard's bedside.

Hermes.

Most willingly—lead on, right reverend Mentor ;

To a damned soul I know no better guide.

But softly—softly—who comes floating hither,

With gentle heavenly eyes and wings of light ?

Mephistopheles.

DEATH, by the Lard ! I feel my marrow wither

Within me, when that Spirit comes in sight.

Let us be off—I hate to look upon her.

Hermes.

Immortal beauty shrouds her silent course.

Mephistopheles.

Come, coz, I will not wait, upon my honour :

Away ! or I will drag you off by force.

Hermes.

O dream-like, shadowy Spirit sent by Heaven !—

Mephistopheles.

Merky, dont talk and look so like a fool ;

See, the town-clock is hastening to eleven,

And the day's growing cooler and more cool :

'Tis almost time that I should grab this minister :

I'm glad that Lady Death at last is come ;

I hope no accident or bother sinister,

Will interrupt our pleasant journey home.

They enter the house.

SCENE IV.

THE SKY.

Flight of the GUARDIAN ANGEL. *The Farewell Song.*

Oh ! and alas for thee ! spirit of splendour,
Born in bright heaven, but fashioned to woe ;
Long have I watched thee with fondness as tender,
As only the hearts of young mothers can know.
Long, from the first placid hour of thy springing
On earth, like an innocent flower in its bloom,
Till now when the cold hand of Destiny's bringing
The mist that shall wrap thee for ever in gloom.

Clear shone the stars on their thrones, and serenely
Silence smiled o'er the calm brows of the skies ;
When, as I watched, came a Presence most queenly,
Borne on swift lightnings, and bade me, Arise !
This was *thy* Genius, and thus was I chosen,
Even in that hour thine own Angel to be ;
Whiter than dew in the winter flowers frozen,
Was thy young soul when 'twas yielded to me.

Gently I stood by thee, guarding thy childhood,
Filling thy new life with sweetness and love,
Till, like a lark's happy songs in the wild wood,
Rose thy glad thoughts to thy first home above.
Fountains of crystal through valleys descending,
Were not so pure as thy spirit was then ;
Like the bright rainbow with earth and sky blending,
Seemed thy clear heart ere its mixture with men.

Then came a change o'er thee,—all that was vernal
Faded, and wasted, and withered away,
Even as young Paradise, when the Eternal
Spake, and it vanished, and all was decay ;—
Gone were the flowers which the angels had planted,
Gone the fair sunshine that lightened the scene ;
Silent the music that once had enchanted,
Silent as though its voice never had been.

Crowds came around thee, the vile and base-hearted,
Luring, and lying, and leading aside ;
Strong was the conflict, and tears often started
Hot from thine eyes, but were lost in thy pride.
Oh, that the world should corrupt the undying
And seraph-taught spirit of beautiful youth !
Spoiling its heavenly lustre, nor sighing
O'er the sad wreck of faith, virtue, and truth.

There, where the Virtues had made them a palace,
Golden and virgin, and grand and divine,
In rushed the Passions,—and each bore a chalice
Brimming with poisons that tempted like wine :
Till that chaste soul, which I fondled and tended
Truly and faithfully, faltered and failed,
Spurning the counsels I gave it, and bended
Down in the dust to the foes that assailed.

Sadly I wept, and would still fain awaken
Visions within thee, aspirings sublime ;
Still would I tempt thee to pathways forsaken,
Pointing to heights where thy spirit should climb ;

Even while I soared on the wings of the morning,
Through those star-realms where the Seraphim reign,
Hopes would allure, and would paint thee yet scorning
Vice and the World and the Flesh with disdain.

Round thee, unseen by thee, like sunshine o'er thee,
Morning and night saw me fixed by thy side ;
All the winged splendours of thought that before thee
Burst like a heaven were the gifts of thy guide.
Spirits I brought to thee, Visions and Dreamings,
Voices of angels, to win thee once more ;
But the dark Idols of Earth whose false seemings
Charmed thee, were all that thy soul would adore.

Oh ! and alas for thee ! deep was thine error,
Fatal the change to the False from the True,
Ever since then the thick darkness of Terror,
Known to the fallen ones, still round thee grew.
Manhood confessed it—Old Age shrank in sadness,
Awed by the prospect of death and the grave ;
Now, when thou'rt dying, and owning thy madness,
Gladly I'd claim thee, and gladly I'd save.

But the great voice of The One hath forbidden ;
I must away, and *thou* too must depart ;
Ere a short hour, and the secret that's hidden,
Deep in the skies shall illumine thine heart.
Oh ! and alas for thee—exiled for ever,
Some ray of happiness still o'er thee dwell :
I, thy true Angel, still love thee, and never
Came from my heart more despairing farewell.

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS IN THE AIR.

Iö—

The destined hour,
 When he who baffled still the demon-power
 Of earth and fire and cloud,
 The thunder-folded Passions of black Hell,
 To whose high will he bowed
 The seraph-soul within,
 In sin—

Lowly as bowed the mother of mankind
 Before the Undying Foe,
 Her primal tempter and our sovereign lord ;
 Shall pass away,
 Ere dies advancing day.

Dim and dark tokens in the sky foretell
 The hour of gloom :
 The trembling beam, the gently-moaning wind,
 The cold white eyes of heaven on earth inclined,
 The shadows of a newly-yawning tomb,
 The hurried flight of Spirits to and fro,
 The rainbow melting into dream-like snow,
 The sad and solemn music of the spheres,
 The muttering thunder's distant, dismal boom,
 The mountains wreathed in azure mists of tears ;
 The airs that sigh o'er forest, stream, and sward,
 The clouds that shed quick drops of rain and flame,

Proclaim

The fall of one of Adam's race abhorred.

Iö—

As falls

An orb of light

From heaven, to sink in never-ending night ;

So sinks a destined human soul,
 Ere it attains the fair celestial goal
 That shines aloft on Truth's sun-flashing site :

While we,
 Children whilom of God, but fire-condemned,
 Exiled from heaven, like Adam's race contemned ;
 Tossing in space's drear immensity ;
 Cursing the hand relentless that enthrals
 In floods of flame, reproach, hate, torment, terror,
 Spirits that yielded to but one wild error,

Catch with infuriate glee,
 The headlong children of the earth, whom He,
 Baffled in his revenge on us, is fated
 Still to behold fierce rebels to his reign,
 Till, hot with rage at mortals thus created,
 Into our realms of pain
 He hurls them with disdain,
 And hate that preys on his own heart unsated.

Iö—He made them with his own pure hands
 To stand around his throne
 Where once *we* stood alone——
 He made them for himself—they serve our hostile bands.

Iö—

The wild-eyed charioteers whom men call Hours,
 Have brought the moment hither, when the Mortal
 Shakes off the chain of life to put on ours,
 Who wait around to form his gay escortal
 Down to the gloomy kings of Sense and Sloth,
 To whom he bound his spirit by an oath,
 Silent, strong, self-imposed, that never breaketh ;

He who serves *them* on earth must serve them there,
 Where starlight gleams not, morning ne'er awaketh ;
 But all is silence, sadness, snake-toothed care,
 Perpetual self-reproach, contempt, remorse, despair.

Iö—

Behold from earth an awful Shadow rises
 Gloomy and terrible, like a giant fire
 From flame-exhaling marshes ; night enshrouds him ;
 Despair is on his brow—he shrieks in madness,
 As one might shriek chained on a blazing pyre,
 From whose terrific serpent-coiling bite
 He sees no hope of flight ;
 Gone at that sound of spirit-rending sadness,
 Whose tone a world of speechless grief comprises,
 Is the dun mist—no longer darkness clouds him.

Iö—

It is the Daimon of the Man who dies,
 The exiled heir of yon ambrosial skies.

Iö—Iö—Iö

He shrieks again,
 That scream of deep unutterable pain ;
 Like a blind Cyclops, see—he writhes—he reels ;
 His sense already feels,
 The brazen, hissing chain,
 That eats into the life, and poisons every vein.

And there are pale and weeping Apparitions,
 Some beautiful, and some of heavenly hues,
 Who came to him in waking dreams and visions,
 Tempting him in the form of Nymph and Muse,
 To paths of love ; but yet he would not listen

To their enchanting voices ;—now they fly
 Away in woe ; their eyes and features glisten
 With saddest tears—nor dare they see him die.

Iö—

He served but us alone—to us he gave
 His spirit as a slave ;
 We come,
 Each from his chasmal home,
 To follow our good servant to the grave,
 And bear his spirit hence in triumph loud and brave.

Iö—

The ghastly Phantoms of his deeds appear ;
 Youth, Manhood, Dotage—these are they with wings
 Of harpy, tongues of stench, and fire, and stings,
 To pierce him through and through for evil done,
 And good omitted in his long career ;
 Angels they seem to man until his race

On earth is run ;

With siren songs they lure him on and on,
 Making him blind to his most dire disgrace ;
 Nursing him with rich dainties, pride and pleasure,
 For which he stakes his soul's immortal treasure ;

While we look on and laugh, nor ever stay

The harpies in their way ;

Even as *He* does who made this hapless one :

Man is not ours, nor do we owe him,

Aught but revenge, fraud, perfidy, and hate ;

Why did not He who formed endow him

With strength to raise above his grovelling fate ?

Iö—

SCENE V.

THE BEDROOM.

MEPHISTOPHELES and HERMES ; GOETHE *lying in Bed ; Busts, Statues, and Pictures all around.*

Goethe (*very faintly*).

My life is waning
 Away like a fading lamp ;
My feet are straining
 Away to the charnel damp :
In the clouds of the slumber
 That never knows waking hour
In the thoughts that o'ershadow
 The soul with their mystic power ;
In the star-illumined mists
 That memory draws from my soul ;
In the fires of the hot Simoom
 Of Sin that round me roll ;
In the gloom that enclasps my Spirit
 As it dreams of bright chances lost ;
In the wide and moonless Ocean
 Of doubt where my sense is tost ;
In the slough of regrets and sorrows
 I sink, while the fiend Remorse
Asks, what shall I be when to-morrow's
 Bright sun shines over my corse ?—
I care not—I fear not—but blest shall be
The stroke that my weary soul sets free :

I fear not—I care not—the all I ask,
Is quittance for ever from Life's dull masque.
Free, and free as the eagle,
That soars through the silver air ;
Free, and free as the lion,
Sole lord in his forest lair ;
Or the Ocean that owns no chain ;
Or the Sun in his wide domain ;
Or the Winds that rush from their cloudy caves,
And trample the giant oaks like slaves ;
My soul, life-weary,
Pants for unbounded space,
And loathes this dreary,
And viperish dwelling-place,
And the poison-hearted snake that lies
Hidden in human lips and eyes.

For Life is a hideous folly,
A harlot with painted smile,
And madness and melancholy,
She shoots through the soul the while,
In her baleful arms we dream,
And drink the venomous stream
Of her kisses and loathsome breath :
O Fools ! to shun the sweet angel, Death ;
Who with calm and winning eyes,
Courts us to yonder skies.
Come hither, come hither, and crown my cup,
With the grape's red blood till it sparkles up ;
Come hither, come hither, and crown it still,
My soul draws life from the rosy rill.
Scorpions lurk in that heart of thine,
But none there be in this foaming wine.

Let me drown sadness.
 Here's to thee, Death ! sweet friend ;
 Come, like a gladness,
 Come and fulfil the end :
 Wrap me up in thy snowy shroud,
 Binding me round like a gentle cloud.

Sinks back exhausted.

Mephistopheles.

'Tis rather funny to see these Mortals
 Dying and breathing out their last ;
 Whenever they come to the Grave's dark portals,
 They give such a terrible kick to the Past.
 To hear their prate when the knaves are gasping,
 How full of contempt for the things of earth :
 Yet all the while you can see them grasping
 Hard to stick in their fleshly berth.
 White-livered fools !—I have watched them dying,
 And heard them swear they were so resigned :
 Yet the varlets knew they were foully lying,
 And would have lived still—had they had but wind.

Hermes.

I never heard truth more truly spoken.

Mephistopheles.

Why, how could you think that *I'd* mistake ?
 Their lies would long since my heart have broken ;
 But, alas !—I had no heart to break.

Spirit.

Bring the Past hither,
 Its joys and its splendours,

Its woes and its sorrows,
 Its thin mocking phantoms—
 Before him and round him
 I see them—the shadows
 Of rainbows and tempests,
 Black hell and bright heaven.
 The lightnings, the Passions ;
 The star-beams, the Virtues ;
 The Angels and Daimons,
 The Gnomes and pure Seraphs,
 The fear-breathing Spectres
 Are near—
 Commingling and sighing,
 And laughing and grinning,
 And scoffing and shouting ;
 An atmosphere flashing
 The darkness of terror
 Enwraps them, enfolds them,
 Sustains them and holds them—
 They are here.

Voices.

We are here.

Mephistopheles.

What laughter ! what bother !
 They wrangle and jostle ;
 Each devil's apostle,
 Who comes to this hostel,
 His neighbour would smother ;
 They're scratching and screeching,
 And screeching and scratching,

At nose and tail catching ;
The cat-apes and witches
Are fearfully mingled ;
God grant that they quarrel
And eat one another.

Spirit.

The bright shapes of Dreamland,
With sweet eyes and voices ;
The haggard and wrinkled,
And stench-breathing Harpies ;
The wild and the lovely ;
The fays of the mountain,
The fays of the woodland,
The sprites of the waters,
Like waters soft-gliding ;
And Genius lamenting,
And Childhood's white seraphs
Their eyes beaming heaven,
Their brows girt with star-beams,
Wrapped close in their mantles
Of mourning and sorrow ;
A soul made of splendour
Thus trampled to dust—
I see them—I see them—
In darkness and lightnings,
In black mists and azure,
In soft gleams of sunlight,
Sweet music, fierce howlings,
Wild sorrow, hoarse laughter ;
Two angels are weeping,
Like fair statues keeping

Watch o'er a soul sleeping
The sleep of the Just.

Voices.

We are here—we are here.

Mephistopheles.

We know it—we see it.
O charming young monkeys,
And Venus-tailed witches,
And ape-faced old beldams,
And cat-hearted hell-dams,—
My exquisite children,
Bow down to your Master—

Voices.

Sir Voland——

Mephistopheles.

Of No-land.
From Styx I've come faster
Than ever before for these ten years or more.
Good welcome, glad welcome,
To all that from hell come.

Hermes.

Soft !—he awakes—the swoon hath passed away.

Goethe.

O ye bright moments of my earliest days,
How vividly methinks I feel ye now !
How full of life the fair and happy Past

Rises from the deep ocean of my soul,
Roseate in beauty, freshness, youth, and hope !
Fair Frankfort, city of my childhood, dearer
To me than all the world beside—thy streets
Of ever-lively bustle—thy broad Zeile
Thronged with shrewd dealers skilled in gems of rare
And matchless beauty, and thine antique towers,
The Saalhoff, Römer, and the Virgin's Church,
The bright and boat-thronged Mayn, the arching bridge
Whose sacred Cross so glitters in the sunshine,
The many massive forts and frowning gates
That gird thee in, the belt of flower-bright gardens
That stretch beyond and round thee ; the green trees,
Linden and poplar, in whose cooling shade
So oft I've gambolled like a happy bird ;—
Lo ! how they pass before my eyes, those old
And well-remembered pictures of delight,
Freshly as if I'd seen them yesterday.

The garden-room of strange and delicate plants,
And the large windows, through whose opened panes
The sun poured in a rich and luminous flood,
Instinct with life and strength, ripening the buds,
Until they burst in fragrant splendour forth ;—
Here would I sit, a wild yet thoughtful Boy,
Gazing beyond the City's walls and ramparts,
Over the picture-like and fertile plain
That leads to Höchst, and here with book in hand,
I meditated o'er the historic past,
Or thought upon the future, painting life
In hope's bewitching colours ; here I watched
The thunder-storms rush down from the far hills,

And looked enraptured on the setting sun,
That made the western clouds to fancy seem
A mass of diamond palaces, a world
Of faërie structures, and of magical beauty,
Built for the gods alone.

O wandering Shapes,
That rise in star-shine and in melody round me,
Beckoning me on with fond and beaming eyes,
Whence have ye come, and whither do ye wend?
Pale and most spirit-white your features seem,
Like lilies in the moonlight bathed in dew.
Whence are these exquisite voices? Whence the hymns
Of sad celestial sweetness that ye raise?
Who strikes that harp with silver strings so gently?
Whose the sweet breath that courses through this flute
Of ivory? and whose the hand that draws
From this soft lute ambrosial harmonies?
I feel an atmosphere of waving light,
Brighter than chrysolite, more pure than flame,
Round me and in me; rapidly ye rise,
Ye musical undulations born of fire,
That hath a soul within it and a sense.
Ye are as off-shoots from the Evening star,
Or as the lightnings that enwrap the steeds
Of rosy-breathing Morning—but the songs
Ye sing are of the saddest, mournfullest strain,
That ever fell like sorrow on the ear.

Chorus of Angelic Spirits (*vanishing slowly*).

Spirit of splendour,
Linked to corruption;

Star-bright, enshrouded
Deeply in darkness ;
Spirit immortal,
Sphered in the garments
Woven of earth ;
Anxious and weary one,
Year-stricken, hoary one,
Even now flinging
From thee thy cerements,
Spite of endearments
Painfully winging
Away from the torment
Of life and of being,
That cling round Eve's offspring
From the sad birth.
Lo !—from the portal,
Pure and star-shining,
Where the Eternal
Children of Heaven
Ever inclining
To the Supernal,
Joyously render
Hymns of thanksgiving ;
We, the bright, living
Angels selected
To guard thee and guide thee,
And wander beside thee,
Through life and its terrors,
Its falsehoods, its errors,
Its vices, its horrors,
Hither have flown
Sadly and sadly,

To see thee once more,
Ere the soul shall depart
And the struggle be o'er.
Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Weary one, weary one.
Soul of the Minstrel!
Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Voice.

And thou art dying—life and strength are gone,
Faded, as fade the hues of evening rainbows ;
And the glad thoughts in which thou didst indulge
Pass like sere autumn leaves ; no more for thee
The happy sunbeam smiles, nor on thine eyes
The starry lights that gild the arch of morn
Shall gleam, nor thy sweet, sorrowing look, O moon !
The haunted forest, the flower-sprinkled plains
Thou shalt not tread again, nor look aloft
On the crystalline clouds that veil from sight
Of human eye the paradise-thrones of God.
Hadst thou won empires, sullyng fame and honour,
Thou wert a loser by that frantic game ;
Hadst thou gained earth, and lost thine own bright soul,
Satan would mock thee for a fool. Behold !
Thy days are done, and what hast thou to shew
To the Eternal for the trust they gave thee ?

Goethe.

O Life, warm life, I feel thee passing from me,
The spirits that are near, methinks are come
To bear me from this orb upon their wings
Far to some airy realm beyond the ken

Of human eye or fancy. Lo ! the gauds
And glittering mists that promised fair, and lied ;
The purple pageantry of life, the noise,
Excitement, folly, madness, pomp, and crime,
That form the world's existence, fade away,
For ever, into unsubstantial nothing,
Like thinnest smoke dissolved by mighty winds ;
And only this remains—a faint old man,
With wasted limbs, scant hair, and soulless eyes,
Trembling upon the giddy verge of death ;
Loathing the stage whereon he played a part,
Unfit for one who bore upon his soul
A heavenly impress of the true Divine.
Is it then come to this ?—Is glory nothing ?
Learning a straw ?—renown and power a rush
Thrown on Time's Ocean to be swallowed up,
And no man know its fate ? Pleasure and pride,
Ambition, splendour, wealth, and worshipping crowds ;
The smiles of woman, the delights of sense,
Are they but fantasies and follies all ?—
Mere exhalations of distempered dreams ?
Unreal as hues from many-coloured glass ;
Painted and flattering—but false, most false ?
Man an ephemeron, that lives his day,
Eats, drinks, dies, rots, like his poor fellow worm.
Could I recall my youth, my strength, my days,
And walk into the Past of Life, once more
Schooled by experience of the paltry prize
For which man stakes eternity of being—
Alas, I rave, and dream what ne'er can be.
As well attempt to stay the flowing tides,
Chain up the furious winds, arrest the lightning,

Or stop the thunder-march of the lordly sun,
As bid the Past return.

A strain of music

Seems borne on mists of sunshine through my soul,
And million-peopled Dreams, or living Visions,
Crowd round me, full of life and active passion ;
And there are beauteous landscapes, and fair skies,
And genial meetings, and enchanted hours,
And tones of old and well-remembered songs,
And spirit-shapes bringing my life before me ;
And some are clad in beauty, such as crowned
The angels ere they fell from heaven through pride ;
And now methinks the lovely phantasm passes,
And all seems vacant, misty, undefined,
And dark as Chaos, ere reduced to form :
They move again—the light streams in—and now
A broken cloud of fire and darkness rises
Like the dun smoke of flaming hell ; I see
A myriad weird, and wondrous things of terror,
Such as wild Fancy ne'er could picture forth,
Save to the maniac's wandering eyes of fear,—
A tremulous purple light, a spectral mist
Of icy coldness withering o'er my soul,
Which shrinks within herself ; a cold grey gleam,
Like the still eyes of wolfish Hate, seems round
My spirit's form, and drags it down and down.
Away, away, sad phantoms ! Hence, away.
Still, still they press upon my heart and brain ;
Methinks I sink amid a sea of groans,
And songs, and fire, and lightnings. Yon tall Shape,
Like a star fallen and blasted—myriad voices,

Hissing and mocking—lo ! the living waves
 Of spiritual life, some bright, some black,
 The thunder peals a wild unearthly peal,
 Reverberating ever, ever, and ever—
 Avaunt, Erynnis, Fury, hag, avaunt !

Spirit.

Lo ! in mists I bring before thee
 One of those dim recollections,
 Which upon thy childhood's morning,
 Broke with fatal error o'er thee ;
 Poisoning all thy young affections,
 Which even then were ripe for scorning
 All, whose inmost soul and spirit,
 Thou, poor worm, who didst inherit
 Thy first mother's curious prying,
 Could'st not read.—The wild thoughts born in
 That sad hour I've seen pursue thee,
 Thence till now, when they undo thee.
 'Tis so ever—he who doubted
 Early thus ; mocked, jeered, and flouted,
 Ends at last with all denying.

Goethe.

Hark ! heard ye not the sound of rushing waters,
 Of clouds embattled, of the quivering bolt,
 Of thunders winged with lightning, of the earth
 Yawning and gaping wide, till in her maw
 Of death and darkness a fair city sinks ?
 Palaces, Churches, Towers, all engulfed,
 And sixty thousand spirits freed by death
 In one fierce agonising moment ?—Yes,

The Giant of the Earthquake ! See—He stamps
 His foot—and men ask where is Lisbon now !
 Ye Gods, inscrutable in judgment, what
 Have these, the young, the innocent, and pure,
 The good and gentle, thus consigned to torture,
 Done to arouse the terrors of this wrath ?
 Creators of the Universe—Preservers
 Of heaven and earth, benignant, wise, and good,
 For such our primal prayers declare ye are,
 And being prayers of course they cannot lie,
 How can ye joy in chastisement like this ?
 How can ye laugh at human suffering ?
 How can ye stoop from the star-paven skies,
 And thrones of ever-beaming sunshine, thus
 To wreak black vengeance on a helpless worm,
 Weak as a straw in such omnipotent hands ?
 Is this fit pastime for the glorious Gods ?
 They say the ways of heaven are wonderful.
 Man cannot read them—and he *must* not try.
 Why must he not ? I, who was but a child
 When these things happened, from that hour to this
 Have reasoned on them, yet could ne'er discover
 The force of that parental love which sent
 The blood-stained Titan forth to wreak this woe.

Mephistopheles.

Why, this is the silliest poet-raving
 That ever I heard since old time began ;
 Only think of this two-leggèd grasshopper craving
 The soul of the Ancient of Days to scan.
 The child who scooped a hole near the ocean,
 And thought the hole would the seas contain,

Was as wise as this numskull, who has a notion
That Infinity is not too large for his brain.

Hermes.

Yet the proud spirit shrined in man will pry
Into the secrets of the vast Unknown ;
And strive to read with quick and curious eye,
The wonders of those worlds beyond his own.

Mephistopheles.

Ay, so he will ; but his aim is stupid,
For pry as he may, he will nothing find ;
You know Dame Fortune and Master Cupid—
Well, Man is ten thousand times more blind.
That very same earthquake I well remember,
And could a most curious tale unfold ;
It happened one day in a bleak November,
When this hopeful brat was but six years old.
There were poisoners, players, and country cousins,
And critics, and dandies, and flirts, and duns,
And poets who should have been damned in dozens,
In that Catholic city of punks and nuns.
There were soldiers hired to cut throats for money ;
There were lawyers ready to prove black white ;
There were virgins who wouldn't (you'll think this funny)
Have slept for the world all alone at night ;
There were bishops in mitre and cope—great schemers,
With saintly faces and gluttonous maws,
Who thought religion a farce for dreamers,
And believed the Apostles were mere jackdaws ;
There were magistrates trained to all sorts of sinnings,
And bravos, who stabbed in the public streets ;

There were elderly ladies whose nightly winnings
At cards were a series of nightly cheats ;
There were novelists mighty on rope and gibbet,
On arsenic, ribaldry, filth, and slang :
The purlieus of Pluto could hardly exhibit,
Even in Saints' Corner, a nastier gang ;
There were newspaper scribblers—we'll call them writers,
With hearts of reptiles and tongues of toads ;
There were Quakers, for purity clamorous fighters,
Who went to Sin's haunts by the privatest roads ;
There were usurers, tribads, and blasphemous friars,
With eight or nine sprouts of the House of Guelph ;
There were numbers who thought that that father of liars,
The Pope, was a Christian as true as myself ;
There were booksellers, publishers, bawds, and actors,
Inquisitors, hangmen, and similar folks—
The best people there were the known malefactors,
Who openly sinned without masks or cloaks ;
There were judges who sold the law to the briber,
And spitted the weak as young boys spit flies ;
There were Jesuits too, from the banks of Tiber,
And eight or nine hundred pimps and spies ;
There were women whose sole delight was scandal,
Who vended their souls like goods in a mart ;
Had Diogenes come with his best wax candle,
He could not have found out one taintless heart ;
Nay, had *you*, my friend, brought your golden apple
From Heaven, inscribed, *For an honest man*,
You'd have found it a difficult thing to grapple
With one, though from end to end you ran ;
Yet with all these facts, here's a poet and scholar
('Tis perfectly plain he has lost his wits,)

Getting into a fit of poetical choler.

Because this Lisbon was knocked to bits.

Hermes.

I'm glad to hear your Highness, like blind Milton,
Thus vindicate the ways of God to man.

Mephistopheles.

The blundering insects always lay the guilt on
Where they should not—as if such worms *could* span,
With their small brains, the purposes divine ;
Like maggots crawling in a world of Stilton,
That seek to know the nature of moonshine.—
A goose, the stupidest bird, says old Montaigne,
Who, though a man, had much of Lucifer's wit,
Walked out one night, when all the heavens were lit
With the immortal jewelry of stars,
And cackled thus : O ever bounteous Jove,
Accept my thanks for making million worlds
Blazing with pomp to shed their rays on me,
The elegant object of your ceaseless love,
And light me to the worms that are my prey.
I scarcely know the use of so much sea,
But feel obliged that you have made the sun
For my especial pleasure in the day.
The limpid waters, and the enamelled earth,
With flowers on which I gambol in goose-mirth,
Are very pretty things ; yet I feel angry
You've made *some* very foolish blunders, Jove.
You should have made our notes a nightingale's,
And given such noble birds a stately gait
And step majestic, as if lords of fate ;

With peacock hues you should have decked our tails :
 Had you done this, you'd have done better, wiser,
 For as it is, you've acted like a miser :
 However, my Old Gentleman, I thank you ;
 And so I'll find as few faults as I can
 With your economy and nature's plan.
 Good night, dear Jove, my benison attend you.
 How was this goose more silly than wise Man,
 Who swears, like her, that the whole Universe
 Was made for his vile ends, and his alone ?
 And when he sees therein a certain something
 He cannot comprehend, vows instantly,
 With rashness worthy of the anserian dumb thing,
 The Gods are in the fault—and not *his* brains ;
 Which know of God what blind men know of light,
 The deaf of music, or the toad of heaven.
 'Twould anger me, but that my rage is lost
 In deep disgust and hatred of the wretches.

Hermes.

Nay, but these insects play *your* game, my cousin,
 By their mad dreams.

Mephistopheles.

I grant ye, that they do ;
 Is that the reason I should close my mouth,
 Or shut my eyes to their egregious folly ?
 'Tis not for *my* sake, coz, they do these things,
 But for their own, for vanity, self-love ;
 And if they go to Hell, I thank them not,
 Nor am I bound to falsehood for the worms ;
 The course they take is the straight path to me.

They hate each other, and blaspheme their Maker ;
Is it for this that I should play the slave,
And stand up to defend them ? No. I love
The sins, but hate with all my soul the sinners.
And when I hear the mites sophisticate
Against the Lord, to whom I am a rebel,
Even for old times, and old remembrance' sake,
I cannot but give utterance to the scorn
I feel, and though against my will, confess
The omnipotence of Truth thus outraged by them.
We pat them on the backs to sin, we laugh
At their strange lunacy, and thank them not,
But rather loathe them for being fooled by us.
This is plain speaking—but I love to say
Just as I think—no phrases fine for me,
Such as your Miltons, Byrons, and the rest
Of the poetic mammals, dream for us.
Ye Gods, defend me from poetic speech !

Spirit.

With a wreath on her brow,
Like a beautiful bride's,
Down the blue depths of heaven
The rainbow-winged glides,
On a cloud of pure silver ;
A lyre in her hand ;
And the cestus she wears
Is a bright diamond band.
The splendour of light
Flashes forth where she looks ;
Her eyes are the crystal
Of sun-lighted brooks.

Her smiles are soft music,
Her breath is the rose ;
Her glance calm and sweet as
Love's Star in repose.

Fragrant is the air with music,
Which she wafts around ;
Radiant is the flowing sunshine
From the amaranth-crowned.
She—the Darling Child of Heaven
Hastens hither ;
Does she bring a life-elixir
With her ?

No—the life is fading slowly
From his face ;
Grave and marble melancholy
Takes its place.

Ah ! his eyes seem newly lighted ;
In a dream he sees
Crimson sunsets—Orient gardens
Fountains, thyme, and bees,
Landscapes, lakes, and falling waters,
Glades and bowers, and sparry caves ;
Isles that seem a part of Aden
Sparkling o'er green Indian waves.

Once again his spirit rambles
In its faërie dells ;
Once again he hears thine accents,
Queen of Spells !

Comes a vision of the past,
Like an angel to his soul ;
Till it glitters—till it glows,
Like a talismanic scroll.
And the characters appear
Sparkling, magical, and clear ;
With a placid light they burn,
Like the lamp within an urn,
O'er the dead.

The lines of beauty deeply traced
By the amaranthine One,
Still are fair and uneffaced,
And they dazzle like the Sun,
When he leapt
To the bed,

Where Cyrene, newly won,
Like a summer evening slept.
Thoughts are flashing through his brain,
Quick as falls the arrowy rain ;
They are pleasure—they are pain,
Like a sweet but plaintive strain.

From his trance divine and deep,
From his brief but blissful sleep,
He awakes—alas ! to weep.

Guardian angel, art thou here ?
Ah ! methinks thou shouldst be near,
Whispering solace in his ear.

Goethe.

Well I remember me that blessed hour
When first the Muse descended down from heaven
Into my soul. It was a moonlit eve ;

I wandered by the silver-shining Mayn ;
The stars were in the skies ; a melody
Such as my heart never before conceived,
In its enraptured dreamings, floated round me
In the purpureal stillness. As I gazed
Deep into space with passionate eyes of hope,
A Vision moved before me :—not the star,
The golden-wingèd herald of the dawn,
Nor Cynthia, when she walks abroad at night,
Nor dewy Spring, nor Summer, when her smile
Gives life to opening flowers, and paints the meads
With roses lovely as the Pleiades,
Equalled the sunbright beauty of that shape.
Her cheeks, her brow, her majesty of mien,
The Amphionic sweetness of her smiles,
Her loosely-flowing tresses, falling free
Over a bosom bright as noonday clouds
When the sun fills them ; and her footsteps light
As summer winds, to fancy made her seem
Fairer than her whose golden glance of love
Stole from himself the impassioned youth of Troy.
She came—her coming was like morning light.
She moved—so moves the cygnet o’er the stream.
She spake—and Melody herself stood charmed.
There breathed a perfume from her rose-like lips
Sweeter than that which woos the passing winds
In Araby the blest, and courts their stay :
While her dark silken lashes curtained o’er
Eyes in whose softness all her soul broke forth,
Whose look was language, and whose light was thought.
Lightly she stood, and with a look more soft
Than wreathèd flowers, sang a winning song,

That passed into my soul, and dwells there still ;—
Methinks, I hear its eloquent echoes now.
Nearer and nearer still, ye bright-eyed Shapes,
Nearer and nearer still, I see ye come ;
In heavenly dreamings wrap my visioned soul,
And waft it on your pinions to the past.
Bear me once more unto those purple hills
And meadows vernal with the opening rose ;
Where blooms the oak, the cypress, and the lime,
The elm, the myrtle, and o'ershadowing plane,
Whose curving branches kiss the emerald turf.
There the bees sweetly hum around their hives,
That breathe of honey and of summer flowers ;
There sacred to the Nymphs and from their caves
Murmur soft crystal fountains, and the birds
Sing woodland songs of love ; the very shadows
Seem softened sunshine, and the pine-trees shed
Their nuts upon the sward beneath my feet.

Voices.

Who comes hither, lonely, lonely, lonely,
Singing sweetly like a bird upon a ruin ?
Gazing on him, only, only, only,
Like a sunbeam lighting up a falling ruin ;
Sad her smile, and stonely, stonely, stonely,
She herself a fair and blasted ruin.

Hermes.

'Tis Lucinda, the sweet Strasburgh maiden,
Once the vernal sunshine of delight ;
But her soul, with madness deep o'erladen,

Feels the bane of that accursèd blight.
 Stately, like the golden-sandalled Herè
 On snow-topt Olympus throned of old,
 So she shone—'tis past—and dim and weary
 Still she weeps for one grown icy-cold.

Phantom of LUCINDA passes.

Voices.

Human hopes are fleet-winged spirits,
 Lo, they glitter and are gone ;
 Or as flowers that bloom, and perish
 In the bleak Euroclydon.

Voices.

Who is this with floating hair,
 Lustrous as the Morning Star
 When he fills the rosy air
 With the light of cinnabar ?

Voices.

'Tis Emilia, pale Lucinda's sister,
 She is weeping too and veiled in sorrow ;—
 Was not *one*, thou false heart, all sufficient ?
 Why from twins in love thy pleasures borrow ?
 Soul-incestuous, fickle, dark, deceitful,
 Let thy guilt upon thy spirit press,
 With the force and weight of black-winged thunder,
 On some bark o'er Ocean's wilderness !

Phantom of EMILIA passes.

Voices.

Like the beaming daughter of the Sun,
 Flower-tressed Day with steps of music soft,

Tripping o'er the rosy meads of heaven,
 When her father's star shines full aloft—
 Comes the young and sprightly virgin-beauty
 With her graceful flowing train ;
 Ah ! she stops—she pouts—and queenly feeling
 Lights her blushing face with high disdain.

Phantom of FREDERICA passes.

Now she passes—yes—he merits all thy scorn ;
 Hearts like his could never mate with thine :
 Sooner shall the pure and heaven-born
 Mix with those of Satan's fated line.

Voices.

Even as the music of a fountain flowing
 From woodland rocks into some echoing well,
 On whose rich marge are fragrant flowers growing,
 The nymph-like rose and air-born asphodel,
 She comes—she moves—a child-like gleam of splendour
 Is round her—o'er her ; she alone, with one
 Whom the dim Shadowy Ones prepare to render
 Back to brief earth, were all he loved alone.
 Exquisite Lilli,—lo ! in all her brightness
 She stands before him, as in that fond scene
 So well remembered still when death enfolds him—
 Pure as the moonlight on some village green.

Phantom of LILLI passes.

Voices.

Yet she fades into oblivion ;—
 Short and transient was the vision ;
 One is coming—*she* is coming,
 Gretchen, Gretchen comes from heaven ;

Look !—he breathes again in wonder,
 Only she could rouse his spirit
 From the all-embracing torpor,
 Which, like brazen chains, clings round him.

Goethe.

O Dreams, delicious Dreams ! whence do ye come ?
 Methinks I am a boy once more ; methinks
 I see her now beside me in the sunshine,
 Or when the evening light is fading slowly
 Into the glimmering west, and the young moon,
 Whose youth and beauty are a type of Gretchen,
 Peeps through the deep blue sky, and one by one
 The stars—night's nymphs—come forth, and o'er the forest
 In the soft gloaming shimmer down upon us,
 As hand in hand we saunter through the trees,
 And in her ear I whisper fondest words.
 Hark !—hark !—methinks I hear a Spirit's voice
 Bring back that olden melody beloved ;
 I sit once more within the accustomed bower,
 And look in those pure eyes that were my heaven.
 O exquisite echoes ! what hath brought ye hither ?

Mephistopheles.

Upon my life, a very handsome canticle !
 It quite exceeds the famous Song of Solomon,
 Who, in his flirting, heartlessness, and rhyming,
 Was somewhat aped by this our false and hollow one.
 But I grow tired. O raven-pinioned Woman !
 Earth-wandering, idling, sauntering Death ! where art
 thou ?
 I ne'er before so longed to see thy face.

Goethe.

Beautiful Gretchen ! in an hour like this
How sweet to wander by thy side, to clasp
Thy folding hand in mine, to watch the glance
Chaster than light that sparkles in thine eyes,
Or gaze enraptured on thee ; while the wind,
Laden with breath of hyacinths, blows round
Thy musical footsteps, or, in merry mood,
Plays with the shining circlelets of thine hair.
Speak to me—speak !—oh ! let me once more hear
The heavenly words that from thy lips distil
Like notes from some rare exquisite instrument
Of pearls and rubies made—speak to me, Gretchen,
And I will welcome death for the blest chance
That brought thee thus in fancy to my side.
Dost thou remember—can'st thou e'er forget
The night when first I saw thee—saw and loved
With a boy's sudden, fierce, immortal love ?
Dost thou remember—can'st thou e'er forget
How my eyes fed on thee, and on thy face,
Like bees on nectar-welling flowers, while thou,
Handing the wine-cup round and tasting it,
Didst seem a heavenly Hebe ? Never, never
Hath the scene faded from my passionate soul—
Nor thou, who art my worship, even to death.
Dost thou remember that bright evening, Gretchen,
When at the latticed window thou satst spinning,
And I confessed in burning words of love,
And poetry, and fear, my secret heart ?
How my voice trembled ! how my young limbs shook !
How my eyes filled with happy boyish tears !

How, when I pressed my face on thy fair hands,
I quivered, and my fond soul leapt to thine !

Here, at the casement window with the vines
And roses interlaced, once more I sit
And see thee, Gretchen, while our friends laugh round
In gay companionship—thy distaff lying
Beside thy little liliated foot that plays
Unconsciously upon the sanded floor,—
Watching us with sweet gravity, I see thee.
Yet, while thou art familiar with us all,
Thou wilt not let thy best friend touch thy hand.
Even me—thy lover—when thou art beside me
Listening to some old fable of romance—
Or leaning on my shoulder as I write,
And looking o'er my book—thou wilt not grant
The liberty of fond and passionate glance,
Or gentle pressure of the hand or lip.
And thus we spend the hours in happy talk
And happy thoughts ; night passes—we sit round
The cheerful fire and share the social meal,
Till one by one the guests drop off in sleep,
The mother slumbers in the great arm chair ;
The strangers, travel-stained, are rapt in dream ;—
While thou and I, talking in low fond tones,
Ward off the mists of drowsiness—anon
She leans her head upon my shoulder, blest
With the sweet burden while my arms embrace
Her nymph-like form—and when I wake 'tis day,
And Gretchen stands before the mirror tying
Over her starry hair her little cap ;—
Lovelier than ever in my eyes she looks.

She presses both my hands in hers—we part—
And I steal home trembling and truant-like.

Room for the Coronation-pageant ! room !
Frankfort pours out her smiling citizens
In holiday dress and courtier-like array.
The streaming sunshine clothes the streets in gold,
The double-eagle fountain pours forth wine,
The guards, the courtiers, and the pealing bells,
The Marshals of the Empire on proud steeds,
And mantled rich in aureate Spanish tire
The Emperor in his robes—the King of Rome,
The splendent train that follows in procession.

*

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*

'Tis moonlight—Gretchen hangs upon my arm,
And through the dazzling streets of lamps and torches
We wander on, and through the linden trees
With pyramids of flame and spheres of light
Fixed on transparent pedestals, and through
A maze of glittering garlands flashing fire ;—
Hours of Elysium ! ah, how soon ye pass !
I stand beneath the casement once again,
And look in Gretchen's eyes and press her hand.
She prints one burning kiss upon my brows,
A kiss whose magical seal is on them still,—
The first and last—'tis o'er—she passes from me ;—
Gretchen is gone—I never saw her more !

Phantom of GRETCHEN passes.

I tell thee that I loved her—she to me
Was a whole world of light and happiness ;
Her voice was like the music of my soul,

Her eyes were as an angel's to my heart ;
She was my dream, my thought, my life, my all ;
I knew no joy that did not spring from her,
I felt no sorrow that she did not lighten ;
Her coming was like morning bathed in dew
And scattering sunshine, and her absence was
Night to my soul, which felt or knew no brightness
When she was gone. I lived but for her smile ;
One glance of hers could raise me to high heaven,
And one cold look press me beneath the earth.
The soul that beamed from her sun-lighted eyes,
Seemed but the heavenly twin of mine own soul ;
And the celestial pureness of her mind,
Whose virgin whiteness never knew a stain,
Made me love virtue even for Gretchen's sake ;
Heaven that had made her like itself, so made her
That I might worship it in loving her :
Like incense breathing from a precious censer,
Or like the fragrance of a moss-twined rose,
Or like new honey streaming from an oak,
Her thoughts and words—O ever, ever loved,
Where art thou now ? Methinks thou shouldst be here,
Here, by thine early lover's dying pillow :
Together we should pass from life, together
Lie on one couch while the funereal strain
Was sung o'er both ; together should our ashes
Mix in one marble urn, beneath one tomb.

O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos !

Oh, that once more I were a happy boy,
Imparadised in day-dreams of my youth !
Enraptured Dreams ! ah ! whither have ye fled ?

There was a time when round my heart ye spread
Hopes beauteous as the rainbows, but as fleet ;
Thoughts of enchantment, that like music sweet
Breathed—but in breathing, died,—so frail—so brief ;
Now ye are gone, and left my soul in grief.
Dreams of my Youth !

In days of old

Angels came down from Heaven's starry floors,
And walked on Earth, and knocked at poor men's doors,
And entered and sat down, in earthly guise,
But brought bright revelations from the skies—
So to my soul came Dreams of lovely things,
Dear Angel-dreams ! Alas ! why had ye wings,
Ye days of old ?

In those sweet times,

When o'er me childhood shed its purple light,
This world seemed some vast garden faërie bright,
Through which my spirit wandered plucking flowers,
Under fair skies and sunshine-laden hours ;
And many a fancy garland then I twined,
And many a hope divine employed my mind,
In those sweet times.

All the long day

In sunshine would I sit near some old tree,
Dreaming o'er Tasso's gorgeous minstrelsy,
Of towers, and silver lutes, and ladyes gay,
Of tilt, and tournament, and knightly fray,
And songs—old songs, the music of the soul—
These thoughts across my busy brain would roll
All the long day.

At other hours

Beneath some ruin I was wont recline

Profusely mantled o'er with ivy twine,
Catching sweet pictured fancies from my books,
While round me cawed the old monastic rooks,
And dappled deer and silver-footed fawns
Flitted like nymphs across the emerald lawns,
At other hours.

At Evening's fall

By the dark waters I would slowly pace,
Watching the star-beams mirrored on its face ;
Or stretched along the strand, sedgy and damp,
Until the Moon lit up her crystal lamp,
Gaze upward to the Heaven, and pray that some
Celestial shape thence to my side would come
At Evening's fall.

O happy Dreams !

My spirit still is with you ;—in the night,
By my lone taper's dim sepulchral light,
I've sat and wept, and thought of early days,
When *she*, whose eyes were dearer than the rays
Of Heaven itself to me, sat by my side,
Hand clasped in hand, spirit to spirit tied—

O happy Dreams !

Where is she now,
The Venus of my boyhood ?—my sole tie
On Earth, whose face, like yonder glittering sky
Thick set with stars, made me behold in her
A gentle, heaven-sent, heavenly minister
To be my happiness—my spirit's mate—
But she is gone ! O Heart disconsolate,
Where is she now ?
Dreams of my youth,

Will ye not come again to gild my heart ?
Ah!—no. I feel that we are wide apart—
No more—no more upon my soul shall fall
The sunlight that ye shed. Grief like a pall
Of darkness sits upon me ; and I clasp
The form of Death with fond tenacious grasp.
Dreams of my Youth !

Can I forget thee ?—not an hour of life
Hath seen my soul untenanted by thee,
Or blotted from my memory the sense
That thou and I were one, inseparate,
Inseparable, as from planets light,
From sunshine warmth, or fragrance from the rose.
Can I forget thee ? Ours was love indeed ;
No childish day-dream, but a life intense
Within our hearts ; we spake not of our love,
But in our mutual silence it was felt,
In the intense absorbing happiness
Of mutual long, long looks, as if our souls
Held sweet communion through our passionate eyes.
Can I forget thee ? All I see around
Reminds me of thee—the clear silvery stream—
The fresh wild thyme—the silent starry night—
A tree—a ruined tower—a grassy knoll—
Like those of old, in scenes where thou and I
Were once together in our loving time,
Can call thine image ever to my soul.
Gretchen ! where art thou ? Come, my soul awaits thee ;
It cannot wing its flight from earth alone.—
Oh, how thou'lt weep when thou shalt know I'm dead !

Mephistopheles.

The Gods themselves were drunk or silly
 When they soused into fooling with women of earth ;—
 I'd rather be whipped from Cologne to Chili,
 Than afford such a feast for the Cherubim's mirth :
 I would rather bury a wife than marry one ;
 I'd much sooner bed with a serpent or bear ;
 The most certain bother on earth to harry one
 Is one of those darlings with golden hair.
 Fire, Water, Women, are well known evils ;
 But the last of the three is by far the worst :—
 When the Mighty Ones rose up and damned us devils,
 In pity they married us but to the first.

Hermes.

You're certainly right when you talk of ladies
 In the way you do, my most excellent cozen :
 The gods must have hoped to make a Hades
 Of Earth when they made them.

Mephistopheles.

Thrice ten dozen

Myriads of blessings be theirs for doing it ;
 Blessings for making an Eve for Adam.
 In pure love of mischief, and zeal in pursuing it,
 Shew me an equal for Miss or Madam.

Hermes.

But for the sex, Earth would still be Aden.

Mephistopheles.

Wonder not therefore that *I* defend them :

From the dry grandmother to the soft maiden,
Still may my warmest wishes attend them.
But, sir, the matter that most disgusts me
Is to see *men* like this man here dying,
Puling and puking, groaning and sighing,
Like a trout on a gridiron frying,
Or a big lubberly schoolboy crying,
A 'prentice girl thus glorifying,
Of beauties she never had, prating and lying,
Her very small virtues still magnifying,
And that when they're scarcely worth denying;
His great soul to a wench's tying,
Like two swine in a dunghill stying,
That's the matter that most disgusts me.
Were I a man, do you think you'd find me
For a sly milliner whimpering thus?
Sooner my master and yours should bind me
By the tail to frosty Caucasus.

Hermes.

But what became of this poor little Gretchen
Whose memory makes this mortal rave?

Mephistopheles.

She died of a horrible fit of screeching,
Induced by a fabulous fit of retching
(As funny to see as a Ranter preaching,
In the Bay of Biscay, which was her grave.

Hermes.

Nay, this is a jest.

Mephistopheles.

Pooh ! pooh ! no matter ;—

She died, I suppose, but when or how
I never inquired—the worms are the fatter ;
I've no doubt she's a beautiful skeleton now.

Hermes.

This thing is plain, my cousin, however,
She has had nothing to do with *you*.

Mephistopheles.

We've so many millions of women, I never
Distract my slumbers for one or two.

Goethe.

She is dead !—she is dead !—
With a stone at her feet and a stone at her head,
She lies in the cold, cold grave ;
While I weep, and wander, and rave.
Ah, me ! ah, me !
The blossoms are bright on flower and tree ;—
The lilies and roses come and go ;
The floral beauty of May and June
Fades away like the gentle moon ;
Their short-lived brightness flies ;
But summer comes with her sunny eyes ;
She breathes !—she laughs o'er their graves, I trow,
And the fair young flowers, like wood-nymphs, rise ;
They shine once more
With the light of days of yore.
But we—the lords of the earth—ah, me !
And, oh ! good God, that such things should be !

Die, and die for eternity.

We rise no more from the silent tomb,

We sit in icy darkness and gloom,

And the holy priests, they say :

* * * * *

O ! thou errant flickering beam

Of sunshine, bathe me in thy stream

Of warmth and beauty, love and light,

For, ah !—my soul is black as night.

* * * * *

Unto thine ear I will unfold

The records of a wild and old

Mysterious tale of love and death,

And tears and sighs that choke the breath.

* * * * *

When I was a lonely wanderer

My heart was in the silent wood ;

I loved to muse by the mountain stream,

Bathed in the sunshine's heavenly flood.

* * * * *

Gretchen was like a beauteous Thought

In a Poet's fancy wrought ;

Wild and sweet her gentle voice,

And like a magic spell it came

Through my faint and fainting frame,

In even to the innermost soul

I could feel its music roll.

* * * * *

At thy divine, all-powerful call

Memory leaps from her dædal hall

Of mind, and straight before me brings

The days—the old long summer days

Of sunshine, love, and flowers, and lays,

And wandering walks by rippling brooks,
 And faltering words, and genial looks,
 And tones of music, and the lute's
 Low whispered musical voice which shoots
 Down through my being's deepest springs.

* * * * *

The primrose paths, where Youth and Pleasure
 Gaily dance to music's measure ;
 The murmur of wild mountain bees
 Around the fragrant young rose-trees,
 When summer-showers of sun and dew
 Have drenched the rose-buds through and through
 And the young choir of laughing hours
 Upon my road shed loveliest flowers.

* * * * *

And slow and sad the fair-haired maid
 Paced the well-known greenwood glade,
 Her voice had grown a winter wind
 That moans at night through some old pile
 Of mouldering towers with ivy twined ;
 And, oh !—her sweet and sorrowing smile,
 So cold and yet so purely bright,
 Was like the moon's on graves at night ;
 A glad face o'er a heart of woe—
 Beauty above and death below.

* * * * *

The forest swung beneath the blast,
 The crashing trees fell fast and fast,
 And to my soul there came a Dream ;
 I knew her tall and shadowy shape,
 Bright and thin as the moon's beam.
 And then she spake such words to me

As cling like fire to memory,
 And gently blamed my marble pride ;
 And then

* * * * *

The winds on coal-black wings they came,
 And they flashed from their eyes the lightning's flame ;
 They came like terrible desert steeds,
 They wrapt in the folds of their monstrous wings
 The giant-snouted cliffs, that seemed
 To bend beneath them like young reeds.
 They shrouded the sky, and they blackened the sun ;
 O frowning winds ! are ye spirits of hell ?
 Ye flash from your hearts an unearthly fire,
 And now ye clash with a dreadful roaring.

* * * * *

His brow was garlanded with flowers
 More bright than ever bloomed on earth,
 Through which the sportive zephyr wandered,
 And all around its fragrance squandered ;
 While a low voice

* * * * *

Ah, well-a-day !
 Cold, and dead, and cold,
 She lies in the frigid fold
 Of the horrible serpent, Death.
 She sucked his poisoned breath,
 Till the rose on her cheek that gleamed,
 Like a withering lily seemed.
 Her silver laughter, her smiling eyes,
 The music of her words,
 Sweet as a singing bird's,
 On the merry greenwood tree,

Live but in memory ;
For, oh ! my own dear love is dead,
And in her coffin cold she lies,
Shrouded in white from foot to head,
While over her grave the grass doth grow.
Ah ! whither hath her spirit fled ?
That spirit as white as snow.
Is it in heaven, or in the sky ?
Or in the grave where my love doth lie ?
Oh, no—sweet Heaven !—no.
Her beautiful spirit is here in my heart,
Never—never—never to part ;
It came to my heart in the hour she died,
Over the mountains broad and wide,
Over the land and over the tide,
And my soul knew then that my love was dead,
And welcomed the angel-guest love-led ;
And deep in my soul *her* spirit dwells,
Like a lily embowered in its woodland dells.
Hast thou not seen the evening star
Shining from its blue home afar,
Down on the breast of a mountain lake
When the winds their slumbers take ?
Fixed and still its beam appears ;
Even so, from the stellar spheres,
And the halls of heaven ordained for her,
She came like a wingèd wanderer,
Into her own true lover's breast,
And there my love hath built her nest.
Ah ! well-a-day !—well-a-day !—
That *thou* shouldst lie in the cold black clay !
What is the sunshine of heaven to me ?

I feel not its heat, nor its beauty see ;
Or if—then I pause and weep the while
For the death of thy soft and sun-bright smile.
Ah, well-a-day !
My heart is broken for ever and aye.

Hermes.

Is this raving moonstruck madness ?
Is this love not feignèd woe ?

Mephistopheles.

Yes, in truth and sober sadness ;
Now he feels it, now he owns it,
When his tide of life runs low.
Pride and folly, love unholy,
Ruled him ever until now ;
Is he not a gallant lover ?

Hermes.

Gallant ! no ; a brute I vow.
Why, my cousin, did he never
Use the very least endeavour
In his pomp of days to find her,
If he really loved her so ?

Mephistopheles.

Because, my excellent sage soul-driver,
The rascal didn't intend to wive her ;
And to anything else she'd have thundered, No.

Hermes.

And what is the reason that now, when dying,

And life like the dream of a shadow is flying
For ever, his soul is still testifying
The passionate love that it bore for her?

Mephistopheles.

Because though in heart he loved her dearly,
Yet coldness and vanity touched him more nearly;
Never but once did he feel sincerely,
And that was for Gretchen—you're answered, Sir.

Goethe.

The hour is come that will not be deferred;
The ravening bloodhound Doom is on my path,
I feel his hot fierce breath, and fain would court
The gentle dews of slumber, but they come not;
Nor will they till eternal sleep enfolds me,
And life has passed like a dull acted play
That leaves no thought of gladness or content;
Even such as mine, alas! too long has been.
O Nature! give me back my youth once more.

Is, then, the world to which I fly a world
Of souls, or do we perish in the instant
Life quits the body? No; some instinct tells me
Our minds are then expanded to perfection;
They can see farther into the dim past,
They can think farther into the wide future,
Than we can here imagine; free from all
The uneven combinations of gross matter
With fire ethereal that on earth confound it,
Making it now a god and now a beast;
So 'twill be likewise then, exempt from all

The evil changes which it here endures,
That tell it it is linked to earthly stuff,
And make it pant to burst its prison-house.

Time's coursers, meteor-maned and fiery-footed,
And lashed by spirits invisible, hurry on
The light car of our destiny; all that we
Can do is hold the reins with hand unflinching,
And guide the hasty wheels, now here, now there,
Shunning the mounds or rocks that cross our path :
We know not whither we hurry. Who can tell ?
We know not whence we started, or for what ?
And lo ! behold, the Ethereal Steeds are here,
Waving their snowy wings of heavenly birth.

Voices.

Vanish ! vanish ! Sprites and Daimons !
Water-wolves give over howling !
Hence, Seghuirim ! rough and hairy,
Now the dark-winged One is coming
Like an infant's dream from Aden ;
Lo !—her presence is as moonbeams,
Or the sapphire eyes of day-light
When they greet the heaving ocean.
See—the blue-eyed One approaches,
Gently, softly, like a planet
Sailing through the boundless heavens.
Silence, beauty, love, are round her,
Like the morning which Aurora
Scatters from her rosy tresses—
Vanish ! hence !—it is commanded.

A Voice.

Whither hath the Guardian Angel
Of this mortal lone departed?

Mephistopheles.

Ha!—ha!—ha!—a silly question;
Why she's almost broken-hearted.
Half an hour ago, or better,
Up the chimney flue she flitted,
Weeping sadly, very sadly,
Something like a swan when dying,
If one may believe the poets.
Ah!—poor thing, she's to be pitied;
Even I was almost crying,
When I heard this mortal's follies,
In such moving rhymes bedittied.

The SPIRIT OF DEATH entering silently, becomes visible to
GOETHE.

Goethe.

Beautiful Spirit, whom I see beside me,
A rainbow rising from an ocean stream,
With thy blue eyes like childhood's violet eyes,
And look that seems to wake within my soul
A lonely, dream-like feeling of delight,
A paradise of mystical loveliness——
Whence hast thou come on flower-like pinions hither?
From what rapt solitude and invisible home
Of winds, whose voices are wild harmonies;
Of stars, whose beauty is but as the picture
Of thine own spirit radiant ever with love?
Art thou of God? Or hath thine essence flowed

From the dark source of Him whose fate forlorn
The Ancient Prophets sang in mournful dirge ;
That Son of God, beauteous but sin-begrimed ?
Have I not seen thee in my slumbering hours ?
Thy look, and eloquent gesture, and mild eyes
Seem all familiar to me, and I gaze
Upon thee as I would on one whom I
Had loved from early childhood as a friend.
If thou canst speak, and if my mortal ears
Can drink in thine immortal words, oh, speak !
And I will listen to thy voice as once
I do remember me I used to listen,
Wandering in childhood by the lonely streams,
To the soft whispers of the silver waves,
Until I found in every note that breathed
From broken billows on the strand a tone
That seemed to find an answer in my soul.
A moonlike splendour floats around thy form
Like the pure dreams of heaven that fill my thoughts
When musing on Eternity and Space.
My tablets ! quick ! my tablets ! I would write.
The pictures passing o'er my mind's clear mirror
Deserve eternal memory—quick ! my tablets !

O Light, where art thou ? Light ! Darkness, avaunt !
Open the shutters, and let in more light !

Art thou the Spirit of the Spring come hither ?
Oh, then I'll welcome thee, celestial Spring !
My spirit drinks new life from Spring's approach.
My tablets !—quick ! my tablets ! I would write.
More light, I say !—Darkness, what dost thou here ?

And yet methinks, fair Shape, thou art not Spring.
The beautiful flowers that enwreath thy brows
Are faded all, and in thy gentle smile
There's more of sadness than of vernal mirth.
And the still dazzling light of thy blue eyes
Is not the light of life, nor tells of aught
That appertains to sunshine-bringing Spring.

Pale Splendour!—calm and ghostlike Presence!—proud
And mighty as a Queen, but statelier far
Than any majesty that ever trod
Upon our earth, answer me; speak! oh, speak

Spirit of Death.

Goethe!

Goethe.

I hear thee; what wouldst thou with me?

Spirit of Death.

I see no Guardian Angel standing near thee,
But one dark Shape, and One who should be here,
The heavenly messenger of Gods and men.

Goethe.

I know not who is here, I see not any,
But thee, all-shining and celestial Spirit.

Mephistopheles.

His Guardian Angel hath long since left him,
Such creatures are ne'er to be found at court;
The fate that sent him to Weimar bereft him
Of her, which afforded us wonderful sport.

For seventy years he has served King Mammon,
And neglected poor penniless Lady Truth ;
So I bear a warrant from Jupiter Ammon
To bring him away, for he loves the youth.

Spirit of Death.

I grieve to hear it ; but the hour is come
When he must render up his soul to Death.
Goethe !

Goethe.

Fair Spirit, what wouldst thou with me ?

Spirit of Death.

Twice have I called thee. When I call again
Thy soul must leave thy body. Art thou ready ?

Mephistopheles.

Rather a useless question ; whether ready
Or whether not, there's no refusing *you* ;
Certes his thoughts must have been most unsteady,
If he's not well prepared at eighty-two.

Hermes.

Come—we've been waiting long enough ; despatch him.
Hark ! the clock tells eleven—it is told.

Mephistopheles.

You see me, Madam, quite prepared to catch him,
And shield him from the slightest draft of cold.

*Hymn of a SPIRIT faintly borne on the echoes from farthest
Heaven : soft and plaintive Harp-music.*

Lord have mercy, Lord receive him
In the mansions of thy blest ;
Cleanse the stains of sin that grieve him,
Till thy light illumines his breast.

Allalulia !

From thy throne sublime of splendours,
Reared on suns divine, look down
On thy servant, who surrenders
Life, yet fears thine awful frown.

Allalulia !

Goethe.

Fædè hunc mundum intravi—anxius vixi.

Perturbatus egredior, Causa Causarum miserere mei.

Mephistopheles.

These were the last sad words of Aristotle,
Except that they were spoken in good Greek ;
Were *I* a man, and dying, what I'd seek
Would be a flask of wine, or brandy bottle,
Like a bold English thief at Tyburn tree :
Such gay contempt of death more taketh me,
Than the last horrible howlings of the pious,
From Doctor Johnson back to Ananias.

Spirit of Death.

Goethe !

Goethe.

I come.

Dies. SPIRIT vanishes.

Hermes.

At last I have his lordship.

Baron von Humbug, you are truly welcome.

MEPHISTOPHELES *appears suddenly in the guise of a beautiful Angel, and introduces himself to the Spirit of GOETHE as one of the heavenly host sent by the GODS to conduct him and HERMES to the ELYSIAN Fields. They depart. Women enter and weep over the dead Body.*

SCENE VI.

THE AIR.

Chorus.

Mount with me the golden Steeds,
Soaring high on wings of splendour
Over sunbright seas and knolls,
And the whitely-foaming main,
And the dewy plains whose flowers
Glisten far from beauteous trees ;
Through Bavaria rich in wine,
Cattle, wheat, and pastures broad,
See the Three like meteors pass,
Fleeter than the car of triumph
Drawn by terror-snorting coursers :
Lightning clothes their rushing wings,
And the eagles scream in horror :
And the elements deep roaring,
Fire and Air and Water tremble,
And the thunder-wielding Spirits
Lowly kneel before the Imp
Cloven-footed and cock-feathered :
And the solemn stars grow dark.—
Now they pass the mountain vineyards,
And the gentle hymning waters ;
And the Austrian plains below,
Emerald, brown, and red are seen ;
And the palaces and towers,
Churches, prisons, convents, forts :
Woe is me ! woe is me !

They are wending, fleetly wending,
To the dark and dread Abyss,
There to sit in night unending—
Onward, onward, Magic Steeds !
Through the blest ambrosial heaven,
While the dews of song and music
Bathe my brows and throbbing temples,—
Flashes by a thunderbolt,
Followed quick by cloud on cloud,
Black and horrid, gorged with night.
Hark ! the merry oaten pipe
Mounting upward with the songs
Of the lark from yonder lawns,
And the breathing fields enchant me
With the perfume that ascends.
See—below, the vine-clad hills,
Haunts beloved of sylvan Pan,
And the ocean fair and faithless
As its child fair Aphroditè.
Yonder woodlands crowned with oaks,
Yonder gardens swarming thick
In the May with humming bees,
And the fountains, firs, and poplars,
Valleys, glens, and heathery mountains
Of the Styrian please me well ;
Fleecy herds and pastoral swains,
Goats milk-dropping, sheep and kine.
Onward still, my Steeds of wonder !
Woe is me ! woe is me !
They are wending, fleetly wending,
To the dark and drear Abyss,
There to sit in gloom unending.

Lo !—the hoarsely-dashing Danube ;
Hungary is now beneath us,
Beauteous as a heavenly Muse
With immortal fillets crowned ;
Lovely child of shame and sorrow,
Where are thy great lion-souled ?
Roses sweeter than the breath
Of Cytherè waft their fragrance
Upward through the amber air.
Grass grows on its streets and towers,
Desolation sits upon them.
Curses seize ye, bloody vultures !
Leagued against the graceful fawn.
Trident-bearer, sitt'st thou moveless ?
As a thunder blasted oak,
May the fire of heaven fell ye,
Till ye totter headlong, hellward.
We have passed the Servian limits ;
Turbanned Turkey smiles beneath,
Fair as some eye-mocking Syren
Warbling to her ivory flute ;
And its spicy odours mount
The thin atmosphere around.
Lo ! the land renowned for horses,
Land of Crescent, star, and cypress !
Once thy soul burst like a war-steed
Fiercely to the battle-field ;
Now art thou a lordly lion
Tortured by a feeble kid.
Death and Terror float beside me,
And the Fates in mighty dance,
And my steeds, like wild sea-monsters,

Rush along the sounding air.
Whither, whither, are they flying ?
Whither bend the meteor-Three ?
They are wending, fleetly wending,
To the dark and dead Abyss,
There to sit in chains unending.
Woe is me ! woe is me !
As a cork is tossed and tossed
On the boiling water's rage,
So the fiery mist, cloud, thunder,
Flame, and tempest, hurl me fiercely
Through the elemental strife.
Onward, on, my panting Steeds !
Onward through the howling heavens ;—
Now we pass the marble ocean,
Margined with steep hills and castles :
War's red dogs no more unleashed,
Rave and roar upon thy shores ;
Discord hides her bloody brand,
Murder doffs her robe of gore,
Havoc veils her crest of pride.
See the mountains lift their helms,
Dazzling sight with gleaming snow :
We are o'er the Asian realms,
Far and wide they stretch below ;
O thou lark, wild-singing lark !
Cloudland hermit pouring songs
To thy god, what dost thou here ?
Would'st thou reach the starry ramparts
Of the heaven ? Fare thee well ;
Thou art mounting still, and mounting
High o'er earth sweet chanting lark ;

We are o'er Armenia's plains,
And the stellar-mantled rainbow,
Flashing far unnumbered splendours,
Spans the whirling orb beneath.
Rainbow, rainbow, take me heavenward,
Let me mount thy glittering arch,
And fly upward to the Sun.
Mist enclouds it—it is swallowed
Up in darkness, even as youth
By the monster jaws of Orcus.
Onward! on, my Magic Steeds,
After these the meteor-Three.
Ah—they stop—they stay—they veil
In thick mist their shining brows;
Woe is me! woe is me!
They are wending, fleetly wending,
To the black and cursed Abyss,
There to sit in fire unending,
Woe is me! woe is me!
Who are these? infernal phantoms;
Tortured spirits sent from hell?
Ah! what do they? whom await they?
Is this, then, the Sacred Mountain
Ararat?—the Mount of Noè?
Rest ye here, my sunbright Coursers,
Ye have better borne me hither
Than a witch's greasy broomstick,
Than the Dædalæan pinions,
Or the fabled golden arrow.

SCENE VII.

MOUNT ARARAT.

*ABADDON and the LOCUSTS.**Abaddon.*

HILLIHO ! hilliho !

Lo, the hour of noon approaches,
When Squire Voland folds his cattle
In the caves immense of Hades.

Hilliho ! hilliho !

Mighty Locusts, ye who go
Without ceasing to and fro
O'er the wrinkled, blood-besprinkled,
Bread-and-butter-bard-betinkled,
Rusty, musty, fusty, dusty,
Face and form of Madam Terra.

Hilliho !

Hilliho !

Man-faced, horse-shaped, woman-haired,
Lion-toothed, and scorpion-tailed,
Golden-crowned, sharp-stinging, winging,
Iron-breasted, smoke-spawned Locusts !

Hilliho !

Hilliho !

East, and West, and North, and South.
Hilliho !

On this mystic spot your monarch

Takes his daily stand, awaiting
The due muster of his forces,
With the souls that bear imprinted
Satan's seal upon their foreheads.
Hilliho !
Hilliho !
Bring them hither, high and low.
In five minutes more the trumpet
Of the Hours will noon proclaim ;
In five minutes more Sir Voland
Will be here in mist and flame ;
Cursing, swearing, shouting, fuming,
Million oaths from hell exhuming,
If he misses one of mine,
Absent without leave or license.
Trust me, ere his lordship hies hence,
He will have him dragged before him,
Though ten thousand clouds hung o'er him ;
And will bang the hapless creature,
Body, bone, limb, tail, and feature,
Into softest gelatine.
Hilliho ! high and low,
To the Devil's raree-show !
Ha ! Ha ! Ha !—at last they're rushing
Hither on their outspread pinions,
Bearing huge distended budgets,
Filled with slaves for our dominions.
Dark Amaymon from the orient,
Corson from the sunny south ;
Zimmimar, the north's dread angel,
Cheleb, ruler of the west ;
Deber, tempter fierce of night ;

Gyap, tempter dark of day ;
 Bringing here in God's despite,
 Adam's race—hell's hapless prey.
 Hilliho !
 Hilliho !
 Sitra-el, Malanthon, welcome !
 Sagrigit, Sitrami, hail !
 Thama-oz, Falaor, Satur,
 Never knew I ye to fail.
 Noble Locusts ! hasten, hasten ;
 Bring your burthens quickly—so ;
 Styx be thanked, the rest are coming,
 From all quarters—hilliho !

Sitrael.

Here's one whose religious maxim
 You may read upon his wine-bag,
Sine Venere et Baccho
Friget vita.

Malanthon.

Here's another,
 Paunched like holy Father Luther.

Sagrigit.

Here's a renegade Franciscan,
 With his spectacles on nose,
 And with Judas-coloured eyes,
 And with heart more black than Styx,
 And with tongue more false than hell,
 And with smile more foul than Cain's,
 And with form more base than toad's,

Father Frank Sylvester Proteus,
 Full of tricks and lewd grimaces,
 As a monkey when he's wooing ;
 He was once an authorling,
 Till his papers grew so foecal,
 Not a decent butter-seller,
 Ragman, or tobacco-vender,
 Would disgrace himself by buying
 Them for wrapping up his ha'porths.

Sitrami.

Here's a crowd, all tongue, no brains,—
 France's most admired riff-raff.

Thammoz.

Here's a mighty lord of Spain's
 Best noblesse, but worthless chaff.

Falaor.

The sun gleams on the mountain's shoulders,
 The serpents hiss, the lions roar,
 But here's a troop of female scolders,
 More desperate to their hapless holders,
 Than fire, or fang, or tusk that thirsts for human gore.

Satur.

Here's a miser, a monk, a blasphemer, all drunk,
 A black-bearded dragoon and a Cadi ;
 Here's a patriot quite willing to sell for one shilling,
 His soul to my lord or my lady.

Bealpharez.

Here's a big-bellied friar, a scarlet-faced liar,

A shrew, and a parliament member ;
 A justice of peace, who, for turkeys and geese,
 Did injustice from March to December.

Ozimuth.

Here's a dandy, a bishop, a wench who cried fish up,
 A trollop, a trull, and a trimmer,
 A rabbi, a mufti, a dean so pride-puft he
 Quite stinks, and a famed fogle-nimmer.

Beltimoth.

Here's a soldier all gashes, whose face bullets flashes,
 And a nun, but I swear no man kist her ;
 Here's a bull-dog faced judge, whose decisions were fudge,
 And a quaker who died of a clyster.

Tymok.

Here are Kalmucks from Ural, who robbed in the plural,
 And prayed in the singular number ;
 Here's a tinker, a tailor, a duke, and a sailor,
 Who tumbled dead drunk in the Humber.

Merazin.

Here's a batch of assassins, and makers of fascines,
 Grenades, bayonets, rockets, and bullets ;
 Here's a flock of physicians, a mob of patricians,
 Who lived but for stuffing their gullets.

Amra.

Here are judges in ermine, and breeders of vermin,
 False witnesses, thieves, and field-preachers ;
 Ten swindling stock-brokers, a score of dull jokers,
 And dandies with paint on their features.

Ribblezeth.

Here are mollahs from Turkey, with faces all murky,
And beards full as black as their vices ;
Here are tea-table tabbies, and six Hebrew Rabbis,
Who need to be wrapped up in spices.

Acabo.

Here's a prince of high station, all rank affectation,
With negroes from Freedom's own land,
By the stripes on their backs, you can see what fine
thwacks
Have been laid on their cuticles tanned.

Surot-Benoth.

Here's a gambler, a bully, a surgeon, a cully,
A lawyer, a hangman, a Brahmin ;
A critic, a juggler, a quean, and a smuggler,
And one who grew rich by a famine.

Rizrok.

Here's a parson who curst till his jugular burst,
And a vintner who watered his liquors ;
Here's a lodging-house keeper, who robbed every sleeper,
And hated your mere pocket-pickers.

Barma.

Here's a merchant from Holland, a pretty French doll, and
A blubber-fed beauty from Iceland,
A princess from Russia, an old drab from Prussia,—
All emigrants bound for our nice land.

Hazimolar.

Here's a spark of high quality, all hospitality,
 Famous for wines and fine dinners ;
 I brought him away from a festival gay,
 Where I saw many saints who were sinners.

Amduscias.

Here's a wise politician, who thought the condition
 Of that fickle rascal, the people,
 Demanded improvement. He joined a grand movement,
 And hanged was as high as the steeple.

Haborim.

Here's a beauteous coquette, so fantastic e'en yet,
 That she almost made love to black Locust ;
 But I frown'd her to silence some five thousand mile
 hence,
 And swore I'd not be hocus-pocussed.

Alloker.

Here's a booby from Pindus, a poet from Indus,
 With Cherokees, Chickasaws, Chocktaws ;
 A sack full of fanquis, a bag full of Yankees,
 From cities whose names give one lock-jaws.

Forneuz.

Here's an impudent merryman, food for the ferryman,
 Charon, who glowers on brisk passengers ;
 And here's a new journalist, swears the infernaldest
 Plays are Ben's, Shakspeare's, and Massinger's.

Grithy.

Here's a crate full of Japanese, who thought 'twas hap-
 piness

Last night to rip up their bellies,
To honour some grandees who tiddled their brandies,
And swallowed their puddings and jellies.

Marchosias.

Here's a crowd of Dominicans, swindlers, and finikins
Smelling of perfumes profusely ;
Here's a ton of nuns' flesh, neither juicy nor fresh,
Whose owners lived rather too loosely.

Orix.

Here's a party of gluttons, all pig-brains or muttons,
A rabble of foul fustilarians ;
Twelve monks of St Francis ; a deacon who dances ;
And ninety-nine Anythingarians.

CHORUS OF LOCUSTS.

So here we are mustered ; our governor blustered
At twelve o'clock yesterday awfully ;
But he'll surely not blame us, our freight is so famous
Of mortals who've revelled unlawfully.

Mephistopheles.

Gentlemen, thanks, I like such punctuality ;
I see you've got a famous spirit-cargo ;
The Fates be praised, we need not very far go,
To introduce them to complete sodality
With Cerberus and Pluto. 'Faith, they seem
Rare samples of the earth's most vile rascality.
So much the better and the worse. The dream
Of filth in which they passed their lives away
Is gone for ever. Henceforth *my* embargo

Is on their worships. We must off to Hell ;
Time presses ; I have been this hour detained
With an old gentleman, whom life enchained
Longer than I expected. No delay
Is needed now ; see Hermes and the stranger
Waiting for us apart. Old bald-pate knows not
As yet the gentleman with whom he travels,
Nor shall he till the time arrives. Too soon
By several hours for him, or much I err.
At present he believes he's out of danger,
And hops, as hops the sun on Easter-day ;—
So—so—immerse them in this thunder-cloud,
And guard them well ; each visible to each,
In any shape that will the senses mock
With hopes fallacious. So, good-bye, Abaddon !
I'll tell Lord Satan something that will serve you,
And raise you higher in his sovran favour.

SCENE VIII.

HEAVEN.

The ALL-FATHER. In the distance the SONS OF GOD.

The First Archangel.

O Lord! who art our Lord, perfection's splendour,
We bow before thy thrones of cloud and fire ;
To Thee, whose footstool are the heavens, we render
The joy and worship that our hearts inspire.
As leap the rills from the eternal mountains,
As the streams seek the ever-flowing sea,
As runs the fawn to the bright cooling fountains,
So turn our fainting spirits still to Thee.

The Second Archangel.

Thou hast thy chambers in the Vast Unbounded,
Thine are the Keys of Life and Death and Hell ;
The myriad stars on which thy thrones are founded,
And the sun's daily songs thy glories tell.
Thou gavest the moon her seasons, to the ocean
Thou didst assign the bounds that chain its might ;
Strength to the thunders, to the lightnings motion,
Flowers to the earth, and to the planets light.

The Third Archangel.

At thy command the lordly sun upriseth,
Quick at thy bidding the fierce storms grow tame ;
Thou speak'st—an earthquake follows—death chastiseth
The impious scoffers of thine hallowed name.

Yet gently as a hen her chicks will gather
Beneath her folding wings of love and care,
Dost thou, the Ancient and All Loving Father
Thy prodigal children in thy mercy spare.

Chorus of Angels.

How shall our faltering tongues declare thy praises ?
How shall we hymn the gladness of thy ways ?
Language and music yield not tones or phrases
Worthy of Thee, the Ancient One of Days.
Read in our inmost souls the unbounded treasure
Of faith, obedience, reverence, love, and awe ;
And make our duty form our greatest pleasure,
While humbly walking in thy Holy Law.

The First Archangel.

O Lord, thou art our Lord ; behold, before Thee
The Darkness and the Elements bow down,
The lightnings lick thy footstool and adore Thee,
The whirlwinds shudder in thine awful frown ;
Yet girt with power, unbounded and eternal,
Thou dost not spurn the humblest, lowliest rite ;
But seest with equal eyes of love paternal,
The monarch's offering and the widow's mite.

The Third Archangel.

The kings and lords of earth, whose proud dominion
Spreads over empires, oceans, peoples vast,
Are weak against Thee as a sparrow's pinion
Against the fierce and headlong thunder-blast.

Yet breathes no slave of theirs—the feeblest, weakest,
 And most despised, who shares not in thy love ;
 There is no outrage practised on the meekest,
 That arms not heavenly vengeance from above.

Chorus of Angels.

Lord, 'tis for this thy justice that we bless Thee,
 For this we bend in love before thy throne ;
 For this that all created things confess Thee,
 True Sovereign Power, in earths and heavens Alone.
 Smile on thy sons, that, clothed in thy protection,
 Before thy heavenly glance we still may shine,
 Secure from evil, in the pure affection
 That emanates from Thee, the One Divine.

Gretchen.

Lord ! wilt thou hear the lowliest of thy servants,
 Prostrate before the footstool of thy thrones ?

The All-Father.

What wouldest thou, Margaret ?

Gretchen.

Mercy, mercy, mercy !

The All-Father.

Hast thou not had it, Margaret, else why here ?

Gretchen.

Not for myself, I ask it, but for *him*.

The All-Father.

Thou meanest my servant Goethe, whom even now
 The Spirit of Death hath loosed from earth.

Gretchen.

I do.

The All-Father.

He hath not done the mission that I gave him ;
He bowed his soul to human lusts—and died.
Who spares the wicked, wrongs the man that's just.

Gretchen.

Alas ! the Tempter is too strong for Man.

The All-Father.

Man may subdue the Tempter if he will ;
The Soul *he* had was equal to the task.

Gretchen.

Lord ! I did love him—for *my* sake have mercy ;
Or if thou wilt not, join my soul to his ;
Where'er its destined home may be I care not.

The All-Father.

Is, then, thy love so strong ?

Gretchen.

Alas ! it is ;

I never felt in Heaven while Goethe lived ;
But still I cherished hope that time and change
Might make him worthy of Almighty mercy ;
And so I dreamed, and dreamed that we should meet ;
But now that dream is gone—he is condemned,
And I am lonely even here in Heaven.

The All-Father.

Margaret, this man forgot—deserted thee.

Gretchen.

No—not forgot ; I know he did desert me ;
 The pride and vanity of his high place
 Raised him above me ; but I know that still
 I dwelt within his innermost heart and soul.
 Forget me !—no—he never could forget me.

The First Archangel.

What ! if God took thee at thy word, and sent thee
 Down to deep Hell ?

Gretchen.

Not Hell if *he* be there ;
 Where'er he be to *me* can ne'er be Hell.
 Place me but by his side, and I am blest ;
 Let me but look upon him once again,
 And whisper to his soul one little word
 Of the undying love I feel for him,
 And then do with me as thou wilt, for never
 Can I be happy while he sits in sorrow.
 What ! shall that noble soul that so loved Nature
 Perish, because it erred as Man must err ?
 What ! shall that thought divine, that loved all Beauty
 Die for the transient errors of an hour ?
 What if he did not give his life for Men,
 Did he not make his soul a thing of majesty
 By contemplation of thy wondrous worlds ?
 The glory of the Universe, the splendour
 Clothing Creation in ineffable grandeur ;
 The innumerable spheres of life, and light, and order,
 Stars, planets, suns, shining, advancing onward
 Beyond the grasp of thought, through boundless space ;

The wondrous word Eternity, that runs
Backwards for million centuries of Aïons,
And forward—forward—forward—forward still,
Until the soul, in speculation lost,
Returns to God the Maker—and repose ;
The magical dream of woods, the virgin morn
Lighting the shades with loveliness ; the bees
Humming o'er flowers, or by the sylvan springs
Whirling in silver circles ; May-day hours,
Whose innocent eyes shed spring and sunshine round ;
The gentle whispers of the breathing air,
The unseen lyres that breathe from forest trees,
The meadows, with fresh roses gaily pranked,
The sheep-bells' tinkling, the deep silent vales,
The wild goat browsing on the mountain's side,
The torrent tumbling down the rocks, the pine
Waving its green head in the spectral wind,
The pale stars mirrored on the woodland brook,
The moonlight streaming through the diamond lattice,
The lordly eagle's scream, the birds' blithe songs,
The proud tall yew trees tranquil in their beauty,
The starry-wimpled skies, the nymphal winds
That o'er the flowers with printless footsteps dance,
Nor brush away the dews ; the rustling leaves
In summer-time, when flute-like airs are breathing
Kisses amid the boughs ; the shepherd's pipe,
Whose music woke the startled forest Echoes
In their green bowers of shade ; the murmuring stream,
Soft as the song-like laughter of a child ;
The swallow skimming round her covert nest,
The hawthorn's flowers of snow :—to sights and sounds
And things like these he gave his thoughts,—in these

He found the happiness for which he sighed ;
 In loving these, he loved and worshipped Thee ;
 And thus he grew inured to high desires
 And aspirations such as Poets feel
 When soaring high in Fancy's boundless worlds.
 Oh, must a soul divine as this be lost ?

The All-Father.

I will not punish thee for this despair ;
 How can I punish thee for loving well ?
 But go—and, if thou canst, persuade the Judge
 Before whose seat he stands to pardon him,
 (For I have long resigned what claim I had
 On his immortal spirit, and have yielded
 Him up entirely to the Gods he served).
 The time may come, after purgation done,
 When he may yet rejoin thy soul in Heaven.

GRETCHEN *flies off.*

How wondrous in its strength is woman's love !
 Through the long years since Margaret's spirit left
 The earth, and dwelt in that blest Sphere of Light
 To which her beautiful life of virtue led,
 I've watched her well, and saw how much she pined
 For him who was not worthy of her truth.
 He in his pride of place despised the girl,
 His heart grew hard and haughty, fierce and cold
 As marble, till it felt no sympathy
 With any thing on earth, and thus it waxed
 Wretched, as all unsympathising hearts
 Must ever be.—How say ye, Sons of God !
 Hath she done well to pardon and pray thus ?

The Sons of God.

She hath.

The All-Father.

Behold, she stands by him already ;
Her angel soul illumines the black Abyss
With rays celestial in their purity,
And the dusk Shadows gaze on her with wonder
Mingled with awe, but cannot hurt, for, lo !
The snowy armour of pure innocence
In which she always walked protects her now.

The Sons of God.

Blest and successful be her mission thither,
While we, rejoicing in the Father's love,
Chant a new hymn amid the heavenly realms.

Heaven closes.

SCENE IX.

SPACE.

MEPHISTOPHELES, HERMES, *and* GOETHE *flying rapidly along.*
A Troop of weird-like Shapes and Spirits before, around,
and after them. Distant thunder.

Mephistopheles.

Onward still, and ever onward,
Like three shooting stars, we go ;
Space around us—space beyond us,
Space above, and space below.

Hermes.

Yonder swings the globe : how little
Seems that deity of man !
Hardly even its loftiest mountain
From this distance can we scan.

Goethe.

Brighter, bolder grows my spirit
Since it left its mortal mould ;
This is the true sphere of freedom
I so panted to behold.

Mephistopheles.

Who that gazes on that fragment,
Like a mote in broad blue space,
E'er would dream that for its atoms
Hate should move the human race ?

Hermes.

Lo ! for this the conqueror murders,
Despots slaughter, robbers slay ;
Statesmen perjure, virgins sell them
To the spoiler day by day.

Goethe.

Fraud and slander, lust and lying,
Theft and cheating, base deceit,
Falsehood, blasphemy, and bloodshed,
Give its tiny mites their meat.

Mephistopheles.

There the rank and lewd seducer
From the mother buys the child ;
There the felon smiling husband
Sells and sees his wife defiled.

Hermes.

There the bloodhound priest of Error
Prays and preaches plague and pest ;
Shooting falsehood's venom'd arrows,
Till they poison every breast.

Goethe.

There the strutting pigmy princeling,
Thinks mankind his slave and tool ;
Robs, oppresses, smites down thousands,
And they let him !—which is fool ?

Mephistopheles.

There the black and viperish lawyer,
Robs, protected by King Law ;

Widows, orphans, men, and infants,
Daily fill his dragon maw.

Hermes.

There the monied man grown fetid
With the pride of wealth and state,
Thanks his God so many people
Yearly starve to make him great.

Goethe.

There the fat adulterous courtier
Daily whores his very soul,
That some dozen knaves may see him
In a gilded chariot roll.

Mephistopheles.

There the fawning false physician,
Hired to stay his friend's disease,
Gives him poisons to increase it,
That he may increase his fees.

Hermes.

There the staid and portly merchant
Cheats and lies in myriad ways ;
Cent. per cent. by trick ;—on Sunday
See how piously he prays.

Goethe.

There the mitred saintly prelate
Preaches meekly to the town ;
Step behind the scenes, and see him
Knock a starving curate down.

Mephistopheles.

There the gross and greasy glutton
Spends on one luxurious feast,
What would keep a wise poor scholar
For a twelvemonth at the least.

Hermes.

There the grey and rat-like miser
Squeezes from the poor their all,
That his heir may spend it gaily
On a harlot, pimp, and brawl.

Goethe.

There the parasite who spaniels
At some beastly rich man's knees,
Swears that in his lord and master
God personified he sees.

Mephistopheles.

There the empty perfumed dandy
Finds in his sweet monkey air
Graces that might make a seraph
Clothed in heavenly light despair.

Hermes.

There the false and filthy-hearted
Swears affection, faith, and truth;
Look within—you see a scorpion
With false eye and deadly tooth.

Goethe.

There the judge, who should be honest,
Makes the very devils blush,

That his son may have another
Footman clothed in lace and plush.

Mephistopheles.

There the venal cut-throat soldier
Struts in purple and brocade,
Gold and silver—people never
Think that murder is his trade.

Hermes.

There the scorpion-tongue of woman
Stings the life of life to death ;
Honour, modesty, and virtue,
Wither in her poisonóus breath.

Goethe.

There the slanderous slime of envy
Slavers all that's good and true ;
More are done to death by falsehood
Than the plague-spot ever slew.

Mephistopheles.

What a very curious fancy
Made the Gods create mankind !
For what purpose, earthly, heavenly,
Could the knaves have been designed ?

Hermes.

Some say men are merely demons,
Sent for torture to the earth ;
Others think them speaking ourans,
Made to yield the immortals mirth.

Goethe.

Men and monkeys merely differ
In the faculty of speech ;
Though I think it might be better,
If each were not fiend to each.

Mephistopheles.

Onward still, and ever onward,
Like three shooting stars of light ;
Through the blue empyrean heaven,
Have we made our magic flight.

Hermes.

Nearer, nearer still, and nearer,
We approach the wondrous goal,
Where the judgment-seat of Satan
Stands and awes the guilty soul.

Goethe.

Ha ! what horror makes me tremble ?
What new fear—what place is this ?
Liar, traitor, now I know thee—

Mephistopheles.

(Who, having thrown off his disguise, appears again as Devil.)

This is Satan's Bower of Bliss !

SCENE X.

THE WORLD OF FAËRIE.

Hisses.

Weep, weep for the fallen Spirit,
Who bowed to the beauty of clay ;
Who, destined to soar through the splendours of heaven
Crouched down like a worm in the way.

Hecks.

Woe, woe, for the erring Spirit,
Our gold harps are tuned unto woe ;
From our emerald caves in the foaming waves
We weep, while the sad winds blow.

Strömkarl.

Waken the voice of the golden viol,
Breathing the soul of sorrow and shame ;
Curse on the demons of dark denial ;—
Bliss to the Spirit who weeping came.

The Tylwith Teg.

Weep, lonely hills ; lament, enchanted waters,
Break into tears upon the silent shore ;
Tell to our bright-eyed sisters, wives, and daughters,
The Heaven-souled is no more.
Oh, were it ours to bear thee, and enthrone thee,
Chief in the diamond halls and emerald domes,
Far in the Cymric mountains, 'midst the gardens,
Fruits, flowers, and music of our raptured homes.

Trovs.

To the deep ocean dells the blast of thunder
Sank, while it howled the Doomed One's fatal fall ;
Through the crystalline elements the lightning
Flashed, while it sighed, and in that sigh told all.

Alfs.

Splendid halls and golden mansions,
Ye have gloomy grown as night ;
Since the flame-clothed soul of heaven
Sought the Dark, and left the Light.

Fairies.

We rode through the air on our fleet white steeds,
While music, and light, and song,
Shed flower-sweet dews of beauty around
The least of our gleesome throng.
But the Angel's sorrowful, saddening strain,
Smote us in full career ;
And its tone of wild reproach and pain
Still rings in each heart and ear.

Brownie.

My new cloak and hood,
My honeycomb and cream,
My old tree in the wood,
Beside the singing stream.—
Gladly would I give
Each of ye and all,
To save the mighty Master,
Lest evil him befall.

Furley-Nymph.

Lament, lament, shape-haunted towers that crown
The bacchant Rhine ;
Lament, lament, grey clouds that wistly frown
Over its dells divine,
Of Undine, Sprite, and Fay ;
The saddening sunset of so fair a day.

Quergars.

Night gathers round the mountains, stars are peeping
From the blue vault, the birds are rocked in dream ;
We forge gold armour for the knightly-hearted,
But none for him who mocks the Gods supreme.

Morgue la Faye.

O Avalon ! fair Avalon !
Thy lodestar walls and vales of light,
That gleam for ever, pure and bright,
Since Enoch and Elias shone
Within thy towers, fair Avalon ;
Gladly to thee I would have borne
Upon the wings of dove-eyed morn
The prophet-soul, fair Avalon.
The hour is past, my tears are vain,
I dare not, if I would, complain.
Ah, me, my hopes are dead and gone,
O Avalon, fair Avalon !

Elbe Kings.

Over the sea, in our black-horsed chariots,
Trampling in spray its foaming billows,
Terrible Elve Kings whirl like lightning

Into our forests of living elder ;
 Summon our soldiers changed by faërie,—
 Follow the demon who enthrals him.

Trolls.

Ride on the lay, and not on the clay,
 On, ye dragons, that guard our gold ;
 A ransom of kings to the Troll that brings
 The spirit of him now dead and cold.

Leprechauns.

On from fair-hilled, pleasant Ireland,
 Grassy lawns, and lakes of foliage,
 Sacred mountains, warbling valleys,
 Hasten to the Minstrel's grave.
 Breathe the hymn of spotless sorrow
 Over him whose stately harp-strings
 Sang the fallen Queen of kingdoms,
 Prostrate, trampled, chained,—a slave.

Banshee.

Uch ! och ón ! och ón ! he dies,
 The star of life wanes from his eyes,
 The bloom of hope fades, falls, and flies,
 And all is dark within.
 The angels bright and amber-tressed
 That round him wept, and scared unblest
 And glimmering phantoms from his rest,
 Have left the haunts of sin.
 Uch ! och ón ! och ón ! he dies,
 A star of light hath left the skies,
 And *I* am sad and lone.

Courils.

Tu-whit, to-whoo——tu-whit, to-whoo——
 So sings to the moon the hornèd owl ;
 So singeth Sir Voland,
 When some soul and
 Body fall into his fingers foul.

Teüs.

Soul of the Poet ! art thou then departed ?
 Would I were near to shroud thee in my mantle,
 Ere into darkness and its monsters hurled.

Monaciello.

We merry monkitos, who dwell in the woods,
 With plenty of money and plenty of goods,
 Though we often shew stores of gold treasure to people,
 Which make them the tables of Moses to keep ill,
 Ne'er light on fat windfalls of souls, such as now
 Mephisto bears off in his budget, I vow.
 O Italy, Italy, hast thou no poet
 For *me* to play waggery on—and to shew it ?

Bride of Corinth.

From tottering fanes, and woods of olive,
 That sleep beneath the gentle moon ;
 And from the wimpling waves of Corinth,
 That softly hymn like sweet kanoon ;
 The Bride of ancient rhyme and fable
 Floats through the breathless air in tears ;
 Flings o'er thy pall and mouldering grandeur
 Fair faded flowers—and disappears.

Fatè.

From Demogorgon's palaces of wonder,
 Deep in the Indian mountains, we have flown,
 Drawn by the wild and melancholy moan
 Chanted by angels, till the rocks asunder,
 And the deep ocean chasms, were cleft in twain;
 We come, alas! to find our flight was vain;—
 The Olympic-souled is gone; the sun is set,
 The earth with heaven's dearest showers is wet;
 O Soul! O Sun! O Might! alas! alas!
 Thy life is done.

Græc.

As glide these waters, so glides life away, -
 These seek the ocean, this the immortal goal,
 And both absorbed, are lost in their new sphere;—
 Poor waves! poor human kind! thrice happy they
 Who bear no stains imprinted on the soul,
 But yield it back to heaven, bright, pure, sincere.

Judas.

The golden fountains of his being dried,
 The fiat passed—the Ancient Minstrel died;
 Did good preponderate, or evil deed?
 What the ripe fruits from such a mighty seed?
 Only is known unto The One above,
 Who tempers justice with unbounded love.

Fays.

From the womb of morning we,
 On the airy sunbeams flee;

Is the mighty Master dead?
 Rests he in the narrow bed?—
 All on Earth is vanity.

Stille-Volk.

Like the beam of emeralds, gems, and rubies,
 Is the light of him who walks with virgin Truth;
 Like the poisoned slime of snakes and adders,
 Is the soul of him who leaves her in his youth.

Kobolds.

But what will become of his Guardian Angel?
 What will the Gods bestow on her?
 Will they change her to stone,
 Body and bone,
 And leave her alone;
 As they did to the Angel they set over Adam,
 Who slept while The Snake was a-tempting poor Madam?
 Ho, ho—ho, ho,
 The Kobolds will know.
 We'll find out what happens above or below.

Mazikeen.

Weep not, oh, weep not the immortal parted,
 Truth will redeem him in the fitting moment;
 For lives like his are twain, the out and inner;
 Not by the first, but by the last God judges.

Portunes.

O winds, could you waft us a flaggon of ale,
 Stout English ale;
 You'd surely do better than howl as you're howling
 The Old One whom idly you weep for and wail,—
 Go bring us the flavour of English ale.

The White Lady.

In the harp's rich music floating,
From the ruined halls of eld,
Take these laurels green, denoting
Fame, for which thy bosom swelled.
Ah! the gift is vain and thankless,
Life and all its gauds have passed,
And the Worldly-souled, whose Aden
Was of earth, is earthward cast.

Paras.

Like the white lily of the field he flowered,
The wind passed over, and the flower lay dead.

Gilas.

Or like the purple rose in light embowered,
Fierce blew the storm, and all its splendours fled.

Elle-Maidens.

The mountain-rushing winds, they sweep
Along the swanlike sea ;
The sea-nymphs o'er the sounding deep
Wake lonely minstrelsy.
Away—away to join the choirs
Of silver-glancing light,
Beneath the Moon, whose vestal fires
Invoke the elfin rite.

Rusalki.

Hearken, sweet sisters, 'tis the voice of death
Wandering in sighs upon the lonely heath ;

Away, away to yonder sparkling rills,
Melting in music from the azure hills,
And chant a chorus full of strange, sad woe,
Over the light-eclipsed that sleeps below.

Cluricanns.

In faith it were better to sing to the streams
Than to listen to screams,
Or bother our beautiful noddles with dreams.
The arrow is sped, and the Minstrel is dead ;
Then away to our own island lakes,
And list to the song of the thrush in the brakes,
Who melody wakes,
When the cold chain of silence hangs o'er
The fair Child of Genius no more.

SCENE XI.

THE MARKET-PLACE AT WEIMAR.

TOWNSMAN *and* COUNTRYMAN *meeting.*

Townsman.

Good morrow, neighbour ! any news to-day ?
How go the crops, and how is Madam Plitt ?

Countryman.

The crops are middling, and my wife is well ;
The only news that stirs is, *he* is dead.

Townsman.

What, dead at last ! he lived a merry time ;
I do remember him these forty years,
A pleasant gentleman, who loved to have
His will above all things ; I'm sorry for him ;
His name brought many to our town who never
Would have come here to spend their English gold
Had he not lived among us. 'Tis a loss
To be lamented. We shall see no more
Those everlasting Wandering Jews ; I mean,
The travelling English, who're so rich, 'tis said
They eat bank-notes for dinner, and would drink
For breakfast molten guineas, if their throats
And lard-lined stomachs could endure the draught.
Certes, I'm very sorry that he's dead.

Countryman.

And so am I; the visitors were rare
 And generous customers, flinging cash like chaff
 Among us farmers; paying us for eggs,
 Cheese, cream, and butter, fifty times as much
 As the Grand Duke gives in his happiest moods.
 'Tis a great loss to all the world indeed.

Townsmen.

Not that the man himself was much to speak of;
 He never gave a pfennig, I'll be bound,
 To any man that wanted it.

Countryman.

Gadzooks!

And so he never did; he talked most finely,
 As I've been told; but deeds, not words, for me.

Townsmen.

And how is Jack, and Martin, and small Fritz?
 Come, shall we have a bottle of brown beer?
 When will they bury him? We'll see the show.
 The beer they bottle here is excellent.

Ballad-Singer.

A choice new song of Cupid.—Buy, sirs, buy.

Sings.

A fair lady once with her young lover walked,

Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;

Through a garden, and sweetly they laughed and they
 talked,

While the dews fell over the mulberry-tree.

She gave him a rose—while he sighed for a kiss,

Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;

Quoth he, as he took it, “I kiss thee in this,”

While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

She gave him a lily less white than her breast,

Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;

Quoth he, “’Twill remind me of one I love best ;”

While the dews fall over the mulberry-tree.

She gave him a two faces under a hood,

Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;

“How blest you could make me,” quoth he, “if you would,”

While the dews fall over the mulberry-tree.

She saw a forget-me-not flower in the grass,

Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;

Ah ! why did the lady that little flower pass ?

While the dews fell over the mulberry-tree.

The young lover saw that she passed it, and sighed,

Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;

They say his heart broke, and he certainly died,

While the dews fell over the mulberry-tree.

Now all you fair ladies, take warning by this,

Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;

And never refuse your young lovers a kiss,

While the dews fall over the mulberry-tree.

Countryman.

All Europe, Asia, Africa, America,
 And Australasia, will lament his death.—
 Come, let's make merry o'er our cakes and beer.

Eckermann.

So—he is dead, the glory of the world,
 The light of genius, and the heart of hearts ;
 Whose presence was as sunlight on the earth ;—
 One of the race of Giants, whose existence
 Ennobles man, and brings him near the Gods,
 Or the high spirits who are God's own sons.

Have I then looked my last upon those eyes,
 And on that form sublime, whose living flame
 Even as I speak, hath joined the glorious band,
 Byron and Schiller, Tasso and Voltaire,
 Before whose souls majestic, he bowed down
 In veneration, sympathy, and love ?
 'Tis but twelve days since last we met and talked ;
 How vividly I remember now his words !
 We spake of God, and Jesus named the Christ ;
If I am asked, he said, whether it be
Part of my nature to pay Jesus reverence,
I answer, Yea, I bow myself before him
As a most perfect symbol of the Pure ;
As a most holy manifestation shewn
In man to man of Him who is the Beautiful.
So I revere the Sun, which is a type
Of the Most High in splendour and beneficence,
By whose creating light we live and breathe.
But if you say to me : Bow down before

*A thumb-bone of the apostles Peter and Paul,
I cry, Stand off with your absurdities!*

Thus did he leave his thoughts of light on earth,
Hourly, that all might learn through him the light;
Where shall man seek it, now that he is dead?

Can I describe the sorrow of my soul,
When first I heard he had departed? Never,
Shall the sad memory of that lonely hour
Leave me, but still exist within my spirit,
Even as his image dwells in my mind's eye.
Scarcely hath passed an hour since I beheld him;
An irresistible desire impelled me
To look once more upon his earthly form,
Ere the grave wrapped it in enduring night.
I sought the chamber where he lay in death;
He seemed as if asleep; repose and peace
Lay like a heavenly light upon the features
Of that sublime and heroic countenance:
The mighty brow seemed yet to harbour thought.
I drew aside the sheet in which he lay;—
Gods! what divine magnificence of form
Crowned every limb with beauty. The broad breast
Arched into grandeur; the full muscular limbs
Rounded like marble by some hand inspired
With heavenly fire. Before me still as night
He lay, a perfect man, like the past heroes
Of the Homeric age. A rapture passed
Over my soul, as reverently I looked
And half forgot that the immortal spirit
Had left its earthly tenement. I laid
My hand upon his breast, but it was ice,

Solemnly silent as an ancient statue.
I turned away, and let my tears flow free.
O Goethe ! thou art gone : be all thine errors
Forgotten in the grave wherein they lay thee :
And only be remembered thine example
Of aspirations after light and truth ;
Of lofty fancies, commune with the heavens ;
Of practical wisdom, and devoted love
After that knowledge which lifts man to God !

SCENE XII.

TARTARUS OF HADES.

MEPHISTOPHELES, CHARON, GOETHE. *A countless multitude of Shapes and Shadows.*

Mephistopheles.

So we have crossed the famous river Acheron,
And Styx flows by within a score of toises ;
So far at least we've wended safe and sound,
Our brows with garlands of white poplar crowned.
The screaming Shadows and infernal Voices
That hovered o'er our path have passed away ;
We're near our journey's end—sing and be gay ;
Don't be afraid—your soul's safe yet—I'll back her on
Until she stands before that Judge profound,
Wiser than any now on earthly ground,
Who strips men's hearts of all the burnished lacquer on,
And shews them bare and naked to the day ;
Exhaustless mines of lust, hate, filth, and falsehood,
A sight enough to make black hairs turn grey.—
Here is the Styx—a brown and stinking river.
Yonder's Cocytus, echoing deep with groans
Enough to melt the hearts of stocks or stones,
Priests or hyenas :—you can smell the stench ;
They've buried in't that famous King of the French,
Louis Quatorze, whilom so grand and flourishing ;
That powerful monarch's fetid heart and liver
Pollutes this pleasant atmosphere around you,
And makes the waters loathsome, dark, and rotten.

Plug up your nostrils with this lump of cotton—
Quick—or the royal fragrance will confound you.
There is Canaan, whom angry Noè curst,
When filled with wine enough to make one burst.
There is Pharaoh, and the wife of Lot,
A woman of whom Rabbis old relate
Scandalous tales, which I would rather not ;
Calumny being a thing I fiercely hate.
Here is the wanton wife of Captain Potiphar,
Ox-eyed like Juno, stately in her beauty,
Large and majestic. Would you wish a knot of her
Dark flowing ringlets ? They no more owe duty
To her bold husband, who was one of those
(Millions on earth, although you never knew
The thing before) whom God, in his omnipotence
And multiform divinity, creates
In shape of man, but soulless. While they live
They have earth's pleasures ; when they die, they die ;
Passing at once into Annihilation.
The great majority of human kind,
Dear Sir, are animals of this dull order ;
Only a small minority have souls.
A lucky thing ; for were they all immortal,
They'd soon exhaust our Tartarean coals.

The Eastern Doctors tell a curious story.
Believe it, as you will, or don't believe it,
I care not with what faith you may receive it.
When Adam dwelt in Aden, throned in glory,
He saw one morning at a single glance
His whole posterity, as small as ants ;
Who, when they swore dependence on the Lord,

Were gathered up again in Adam's loins,
Just where the pelvis with the column joins.
The tale is found in many an old record,
With several thousand others just as true
Which the grave Rabbis mention ; they will swear ye'em,
If you look doubtful ; and some sages say
It quite agrees with that profound brand-new
Discovery made by Liebig t'other day,
De animalculis in semine marium.

Gods ! what a drove of ghosts, men, women, children,
Sweep through this starless atmosphere of death ;
Lurid and purple like the poisonous breath
Of plague-corrupted wretches, gasping, dying.—
What deep and rending screams ! what wasps and hornets !
Borne headlong on the impetuous blasts of Hell ;
Lycanthropi, grey Wolf-men from weird Thrace ;
Hither and thither with winged Serpents flying,
Hunting the damned in diabolic chase,
Rending their shrieking ghosts with fury fell ;
Darkness streamed o'er with gleams of coppery light,
More horrible and monstrous than the night
Of Afric deserts, when the Storm-Fiend raves ;
Rain, snow, and hail, that swell the Stygian waves ;
And dusky vapours. Blasphemies obscene
Against the name of God, themselves, and all
The race of mortals.—Swift, St. Patrick's dean,
Ne'er drew such scenes as this with pen of gall,
And flame-clothed spirit. Curses, such as cornets
Swear in their drunken mess-rooms ; groans bewildering,
All mixed together in one gross hotch-potch,
Like haggis, prized so much by the savoury Scotch.

Charon.

Now then, to cross the Styx—hillos ! hillos !
 You rascal dead who wish to pass this way !
 Hillos ! hillos ! hillos ! hillos ! I say.

Mephistopheles.

Lord, what a crowd ! they scramble to and fro
 In shoals, since there's no obolus to pay ;
 Blackbeetles scared by candle-light and brooms,
 Could not run quicker in confused pell-mell
 Than these poor Shadows to the Gates of Hell.
 Numerous as leaves that fall when autumn winds
 Rattle amid the faded forest branches,
 Or wild birds seeking isles where summer blooms,
 When hoary winter, fraught with rage, unbinds
 His nipping gales, and o'er the æther launches
 Eurys and Boreas, huntsmen of the skies.—
 And what a motley mixture ! Kings, thieves, grooms,
 Cobblers, pimps, soldiers, nobles, bishops, tinkers,
 Scavengers, cabmen, duchesses, deep thinkers,
 Pensioners, courtiers, aldermen, and harlots,
 Lords of high lineage and the lowest varlets ;
 Monks, misers, Calvinists, and millionaires,
 Brahmins and opera-dancers, judges, bullies,
 Gamesters, fat butchers, procuresses, cullies,
 Bankers and usurers, quakers, bulls and bears,
 Cardinals, actors, maids of honour, clowns,
 Fools, misers, bawds, prime ministers, hard drinkers,
 Felons in grey, and lawyers in black gowns.

Charon.

Hillos ! hillos ! hillos ! Now then, ye rabble,

Strip to the skin ; no articles of dress
Must come on board. The king must cast aside
His golden cap and robe, the dame her shift,
The beggar his old rags, the priest his cloak ;
The virgin—if there be such a phoenix here—
Her long and cherished ringlets ; and the clown
His painted grin, and laugh-provoking daub :
Bare as ye entered life so leave ye life ;
Dustman and king are equal here in hell :
Such are the stern commands of Death and Fate.

Mephistopheles.

When will you take my bardic friend on board ?

Charon.

Not now—first come first served, is the rule I make ;
I will not break it even for you, my lord.

King.

Fellow, make way—what ho !—where are my guards ?

Charon.

What bullying knave is this with portly air ?

King.

I am the mighty King of——

Charon.

Six foot length
Of earth by two in breadth ; your majesty
Will meet scant loyalty on the river Styx.

King.

Am I not then to cross in royal state ?
Is majesty in Hell a thing of nought ?

Charon.

Enter at once, or else I'll break your head ;
I have no time to bandy words with you.

King.

What ?—how ? vile slave, dare you thus talk to me ?

Charon.

Ho—hangman !—you with the halter in your hand,
Cast it around this king and haul him in.
So—so, well done ; now gag and handcuff him,
And if he dares to murmur, baste his head
With this tough thong of leather. Who are you ?

Coxcomb.

A man of fashion travelling to Elysium ;
I'll teach the saintly sumphs the art of dress.

Mephistopheles.

But they wear none in the Elysian Fields ;
Virtue and purity need no disguise.

Coxcomb.

Then if you please, I'd rather go to hell,—
London or Paris ; for this place——

Charon.

Won't do

For folks like you ; but don't look blank, *we'll* take you

Where you shall have most noble company,
Popes, emperors, czars, fine women, and fair men,
Smug dandiprats that will delight your eyes.

Coxcomb.

And tailors ?

Mephistopheles.

Several millions at your service ;—
Our many-mansioned palaces contain
Ladies and gentlemen of all degrees.

Coxcomb.

Fellow, don't prate ; you tire me,—let me pass.

Statesman.

I don't think death so hideous after all ;
'Tis not so pleasant as our palace though.
I wish, indeed, I had lived to cheat Prince B.
In that long treaty which the fool would sign,
Hoping to trick me by ambiguous phrase.
I've missed a brilliant order. Is it vain
To sneak for rank and honour in this place ?
Why should it be so ? Spirits are but men
Quit of their bodies ; men are knaves and asses,
The exquisite tools with which we do our work ;
Doubtless I'll find sufficiency of both
In this broad land to serve my purposes.

Thief.

A rummy place is this, but dark enough
For very pretty filchings ;—no police,
No gaslight, and no telegraph to tell ;
I find no fault with it, if this be hell.

Virgin.

Snatched in the beauteous morning of my years,
Fate bore me hither, veiled in saddest tears ;
But yon bright angel-choirs, whose lips and eyes
Salute me sister, turn to bliss my sighs.

Shepherd.

Farewell ! sweet country-life of health and ease,
Sunshine, and dance, and song, and flowers, and trees ;
Day-dreams beside the cool and whispering brook,
And flocks obedient to the guiding crook ;
Hours of delight and innocence enjoyed,
Of toil that tired not, bliss that never cloyed,
Farewell—a long farewell ! whate'er may be
My lot in death, my thoughts will turn to thee !

Lover.

O Virgin, fairer than the Morning Star,
O lovely image ever in my breast ;
Let me enfold thee in these longing arms
Which will have paradise when they have thee.

Mephistopheles.

A very silly bumpkin. Yonder Phantom
Inspired the youth with memories of the past,
And painted on his soul a beaming image
Of her who was his mistress. See, he flits
Beside her, fancying it is she—a notion
Wild and fantastical. The ladye-love
For whom our lover feels these melting fires,
Lives, laughs, eats, dances, sleeps, and has hot dreams,
And quite forgets her gallant, who departed

Life in a fit of sentimental bliss,
Hoping she'd follow him to heaven or hell.
I look into the vistas of the future,
Some thirty years from this mild day in March,
And see a fat old woman, pimple-faced,
With dugs for breasts, and elephantine legs,
And waist as graceful as a dromedary's,
Thick calves, beef cheeks, and brandy-smelling breath,
Grog-nosed, with some fifteen obstreperous brats,
And awkward hoydens. What a change is here
From our poor lover's fancy-fashioned Venus
Of shining eyes, white teeth, and rose-sweet lips.

Misanthrope.

I'm not surprised that men love dogs so much,
For dogs, like men, are pitiful sneaking rogues.
There lives no man who has not in his breast
Some secret locked, which, if revealed, would make him
Despised and hated by all humankind.

Mephistopheles.

Two maxims first propounded by our friend
From Weimar, learned, no doubt, from his own heart.

Misanthrope.

And is this Hell? 'tis not half black enough
For the best man I ever happed to know.
Weak as they seem, those mortal worms have oft
Made a worse Hell than this on their own earth.
Does Satan lack invention? Let him go
To Rome or Spain, and ask the Inquisition;
They'll teach him how to torture two-legged knaves.

Pantheist.

The wonders of the Universe are boundless,
The space illimitable ;—as the mind
Cannot conceive Eternity of Time,
That no beginning had, and fears no end,
So the small human eye is blinded, lost,
And valueless, when peering into Space,
That seems itself as vast as Time or God.
Lo, the astronomer with his glass ! he sees
In one short hour before his field of view
An army of bright stars, as vast and countless
As the thronged millions of the Xerxean host,
March on before his dazzled eyes, and light
The wide celestial vault with splendour ; each
A world itself, or centre of new worlds,
Larger than man's small earth as *it* exceeds
A grain of sand ; and who shall say that these
Marvellous realms of glory, order, beauty,
Are not the homes, the happy, innocent homes
Of spirits great and noble, wise and good,
Proportioned to the spheres in which they dwell,
Archangels, Seraphs, Cherubim, or Gods ?
They are not wrecks of worlds—they gleam all perfect.
They are not germs of worlds, but orbs complete
For happiness and life. The God who makes
Even on our earth, our feeble, shadowy earth,
Nothing but what to use and beauty tends,
Has not designed and clothed such mighty mansions
Simply for show, to taper-light small men
To feats of gallantry, or theft, or blood ;—
All earth is full of life, land, sea, and air ;
Why should Death reign in god-like space alone ?

Visionary.

A boat—a boat on a golden stream,
And it floats to where I stand ;
And it wafts me flowers of the brightest gleam
From the beautiful Paradise land ;
And it bears a tree of the priceless fruit
That grows in that bower divine ;
Which my own true love hath sent to me,
To bud on these brows of mine.

Now my soul is one of the host of stars,
And it soars in the moonlit sphere,
Come hither, come hither mine own true love,
For thy spirit's twin is near ;
And it heaves like the sea when the dreamy moon
Fills its bosom with love divine—
Let me clasp once more that soul of light
To this panting soul of mine.

Trabeller.

Wonders on wonders ! ocean, earth, and sky,
Have nothing equal to these shadowy realms,
Interminable, boundless, vast, cloud-zoned ;
The tumbling cataracts of flame from high,
The frowning mountains on whose awful peaks
The Titan Phantoms of the Past sit throned,
Solitude, silence, sadness, solemn gloom,
And death-like coldness—all proclaim the Eternal Tomb.

Old Man.

Since the rosy garlands of my life
Long have withered, children, friends, and wife ;

What have I to do with being? Naught ;—
 Life itself was but one saddening thought.
 Blest, since in Death's arms I find once more,
 Fresh and youthful, all I loved before.

Critic.

In this infernal, stupid place,
 God-fashioned for the human race,
 So many glaring faults I find
 As must disgust a critic's mind.

Student.

Be silent, railer ; why shouldst *thou* pollute
 With ribald tongue the Mysteries of Death.

Critic.

Nay, but hear me first ; be civil.
 Here's confusion worse confounded ;
 Pagan, Christian, god, and devil,‡
 In one stupid mess compounded.

Mephistopheles.

Cease your vile, æsthetic ranting,
 Critic's cant is worst of canting.
 Here's a pretty sneaking fellow,
 Who must needs complain and bellow,
 If Hell don't, to his vexation,
 Suit *his* notions of damnation.

Artist.

A scene for Rembrandt—darkness vast, yet visible.
 Oh that I had my brush and pallet here !

Mr. Merryman.

I'll cap that with a wish as quaint and quizzible :
Oh, that *I* had a foaming pot of beer !

Maniac.

Henry, thou knowest for love of thee I died,
For thee I stained my young and virgin pride ;
Thou wert my life, my soul, my more than God,
The star of heaven, to which through fire I trod,
And trembled not.—Thou'lt not forget me.—No,
'Twas love of thee first brought me to this woe ;
May'st thou be happy now when I'm away ;
Alas, thou wilt not—old, and sad, and gray
Has grown thy Spirit, once as roses bright ;
Darkness has fallen upon thee ; cold and blight
Have nipped thy soul ; and thou art pale and sad
Even as poor I, but yet not wholly mad !
Alas ! I did not think that love was this,
That grief like ours should spring from what seemed bliss,
Like heaven on earth—that *thou* shouldst still live on
In speechless woe, and I be dead and gone ;
But yet—Alas ! where runs my wandering brain ?
I know not ; but I writhe with grief and pain ;
Here in my heart of hearts, where once I saw
Thine image only as my rule and law.

* * * * *

Tinker.

Here I am, a jolly tinker,
Travelling always, and a skinker
Of full flagons. Maids and lasses,
If you've any thing that passes
Water through it, I will mend it,

And from breakages defend it.
 Heigho ! the jolly tinker,
 Ever toper, never thinker.
 No one ever saw before
 A dead tinker in these regions ;
 We and donkeys never swore
 To the King of Styx allegiance.
 I'm the first that ever died.—
 Heigho ! the jolly tinker ;
 Yet I am not puffed with pride,
 Welcome, then, the flagon skinker.

Millionaire.

O Christ ! restore me to loved life once more ;
 I cannot bear the misery of this night.
 My soul is maddened, tortured with despair.
 The splendid palaces, the bowing train,
 The tapestried rooms, with gold and silver bright,
 Mocking the glories of the sunny skies ;
 The marble wonders from Ausonia fair,
 The forest, garden, steed, and bower, and hall,
 And gems that might have formed a monarch's prize ;
 Women and gold—whatever sense, or sight,
 Or touch, or smell could covet, once were mine ;
 Restore me to them, Thou whose hand benign
 Holds pardon ever for poor man. Lo ! all
 My treasures weep for me, and still my soul recall.

Mephistopheles.

Why, what a false and sneaking knave is this !
 He calls on Christ, who never gave a cent
 To Christ, a bit of bread or cup of water :
 Old Dives was a saint to this lewd sinner.

Charon.

Aye, let him howl ; 'twill exercise his lungs
For the loud shouting which the flames of Hell
Will train him to within a little time.

Mephistopheles.

Can any wonder, when a wretch like this
Is million-worshipped on the earth, that men
Wise, noble-hearted, great, but poor in purse,
Should grow, like the sage Greek Diagoras,
Atheists, when they see such perjured cheats
Prosper, get rich, and spend delightful days ?

Charon.

You're too severe, Sir, on this Christian age.

Mephistopheles.

Christian, forsooth ! Why yes, it bears the name ;
They laugh at the Pagans for the worship paid
Dumb wooden idols, things of clay and stone,
And dross of mines ; such senseless image-worship
Provokes contempt, while they themselves, good men,
Nurtured in knowledge of the true Divine,
Prostrate themselves, and prostitute their souls
Daily to things of flesh and rottenness,
God-Money, God-High Rank, God-Lust, God-Lies.

Charon.

Aye, sir, they rail at Judas, who sold Christ
For thirty shillings, while the cozening knaves
Sell Him and God each day for thirty pence.
And yet have not the decency to repent
And hang themselves, like poor maligned Iscariot.

Horatian.

*Mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.*

Lucretian.

*Licet quot vis vivendo vincere secla,
Mors æterna tamen nihilominus illa manebit.*

Englishman.

Talk honest English, comrades, if you please,
Not pedant saws and sentences like these ;
You, who quote Horace, sir, would aptlier say,
In homely speech, *Death smites the runaway,
Nor spares the faltering stripling's coward limbs ;*
While you, who chant Lucretius' sibyl hymns,
Might tell the mob, *Live long as e'er you will,
Nathelesse eternal death awaits you still.*
An atheist maxim, sir, which you and I,
Who find we still exist, must needs deny.

Antiquary.

A dredging-net to drag the Styx would draw
Rare wonders of old times to light. I wish
My nurse had wrapped one round me when I died.

Charon.

What Acarnanian hog comes floundering on ?

Glutton.

Venison, turtle, whitebait, punch,
Turbot, pheasants, brawn, champagne,

Gorgeous breakfast, dinner, lunch,
Shall ye ne'er be mine again ?
Grapes, pines, puddings, strawberries, pears,
Almonds, raisins, figs, and jelly,
Lost for ever !—or my heir's ;—
Oh, my soul is racked with cares.—
Would I ne'er had been but belly !

Mephistopheles.

This is a worthy visitor—a son
Of Gryllus, the companion of Ulysses,
Whom Circe changed into a sow, but who
Refused to be restored to human shape,
Preferring to high thoughts and noble feelings,
The squalid indolence of a filthy pig.

Burgomaster.

What ho, there ! clear the road ; a man of rank
And civic dignity sublime approaches :
Vagrants, keep off ; let none molest my path ;
Beware, I say ; tremendous is my wrath.

Charon.

Know you this strutting alderman, my lord ?

Mephistopheles.

I know him well ; he comes from Hardenburg,
Where they elect their mayors shrewdly thus :
On an appointed day the burghers sit
Around a table ; each man bends his chin
Well bearded on the edge ; a hungry louse
Is placed exactly in the central point,

And equidistant from the several beards ;
 Whatever beard the omniscient louse selects
 To burrow in, they choose its owner mayor ;
 Yon burgomaster was the last elected.—
 You smile incredulously—'tis a fact,
 And happens yearly just as I relate it.
 They choose as well as the wise men of London.

Charon.

Who is this knave with broad, square, brutal face,
 Eyes like a beast's, and fiendish smile that gloats
 On thoughts of blood, hypocrisy, and fraud ?

Mephistopheles.

A truly British judge, whose Stygian look
 Dropsied by poison welling from his soul,
 Is but a faint reflection of the foul
 Cocytian passions of his black bad heart.
 Baron, come on, we've room for you with Scroggs.

Fiar.

I feel delighted since I came to Hell ;
 I met the Decalogue upon my way
 (A portly gentleman like the Lord Mayor),
 Who told me I was sure of perfect bliss.
 He seems a very fine old hearty fellow,
 And shook me warmly by the hand, and swore
 That he would bring down Moses and Elias
 To sup with me, and drink a stoup of wine
 With old Sir Jonah Barrington, who lived
 For three days in the belly of a whale.

Child.

For six short years with gay and flower-like heart,
 The only joy of my fond mother's eyes ;
 Stern Death stepped in, and tore our souls apart,
 Heedless of her sweet prayers, or my sad cries.

Toper.

Oh, could I but barter my soul for a bottle
 Of brandy or gin, rum, whiskey, port, claret, or punch,
 I'd lose not a moment, but moisten my dearly-loved
 throatle,
 And give to Sir Cerberus body and spirit to munch.
 Ho—ho!

Moralist.

In all our actions life still passes on.
 We die, while doing that for which alone
 Our life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing,
 Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast
 In idleness as in employment. Whether
 We play or labour, sleep or dance, or toil,
 Or lift our souls in high commune with God,
 The sun posts on, and the sand glides away.
 One hour of wickedness is just as long
 As one employed in virtue, but the difference
 Between them both is infinite indeed.
 The first is vicious waste, the last lays up
 Treasures of bliss for all eternity,
 Of which not Fate itself can rob the soul.
 The husbandman who sows, but is content
 To wait until he reaps, is like the man
 Who lays his goodness out, with certain hope

That Heaven prepares him an abundant harvest,
Which will a hundredfold repay his toil.

Casuist.

Virtue and Vice are merely names of things
That never did, and never can exist.
For what is Virtue? What is Good? What Bad?
The mind of man can never hit the point
Precise, that separates the Right and Wrong.
We know not what is little, great or small,
Or long or broad. Tell me how many grains
Of corn will make a heap? Will one, two, three?
You answer, No. Will four, five, six, or seven?
And so by units I proceed to ask you :
At last we reach a thousand. You bawl out,
Here is the heap : but only just before,
When at nine hundred and the ninety-ninth,
You said there was *no* heap. How then can *one*
Poor little grain make such a great distinction ?
Now, if this reasoning be to sin applied,
We learn at once there's no such thing as Sin.
Will one sin damn your soul? You answer, No.
Will two, or three, or four? You still say, No.
But will a thousand sins? You shout out, Yes.
Will not nine hundred sins and ninety-nine
Do so? Of course they will, at once you say.
Then by degrees I pluck them one by one
Until you fail to fix the very number
That will condemn you to Satanic Flame.
If this be so, what nonsense 'tis to call
Anything sin, or think we shall be damned.
The thing has been invented all by priests,

And howsoe'er a man may sin, I'm certain,
He'll go to heaven by the aid of grace,
And the atonement made by Mary's son.

Mephistopheles.

This gentleman, I think, will find our judge
Pay scant attention to sorites logic :
Or the nice quiddities of Rabbi Paul.

Generalissimo.

An excellent spot for ambuscades, methinks :
Gods ! what a beautiful defile is here.
I'd undertake, with but one staunch brigade,
To kill ten thousand of the foe with ease.

Assassin.

Hide thy diminished head, poor Venice ; hide
Thy brows, imperial Rome ;—thy colonnades
And sombre ruins ne'er possessed such fine
And tempting corners for stiletto work,
As in these beautiful nooks I see around.—
Oh, for a purse of gold, a man, and knife.

Courtesan.

Blest be the Gods, thrice blest, sweet virgin Death,
The only friend the poor possess on earth ;
Gladly I seek the death-stream of repose,
Gladly I fly that worst of hells, the world.

Miser.

O Gold, my gold, sweet glittering, musical gold,
Shall I indeed enclasp thee never more ?

Never again those chests shall I behold,
Brighter than God himself with Indian ore?

Pauper.

Now that all my cares are fled,
And I'm numbered with the dead,
Merrily, merrily, all the day,
I will dance, and sing, and play.
Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,
Dance, and sing, and laugh, and play.

Lawyer.

O God! condemn my soul, but spare my body:
It was the soul that led me into sin.

Parson.

O God! absolve my soul, but rack my body,
But for my body I had been most pure.

Mephistopheles.

Wretches! in vain you grow sophistical;
The soul and body in all guilt are partners:
Neither can err without the other's aid.
Once on a time a certain lord who had
A beauteous garden rich with luscious fruits,
Placed a blind man and one who was a cripple,
Within its blooming bounds, and went his way.
The lame man tempted the blind man to raise him
Upon his back and bear him to the trees,
From which they robbed and shared the dainty spoil:
When in the evening the great lord came home
He missed the fruits and called the two before him.

Lord ! 'twas not I, exclaimed the first arch thief ;
How could I see the fruit trees ? I am blind.
Lord ! 'twas not I, exclaimed the crippled knave,
How could I walk unto them ? I am lame.
Then the great lord placed on the blind man's back
The crafty cripple : thus, said he, the theft
Was done, and as you mutually shared
The spoil, so shall you share the penalty.—
And so he gave them over to the Judge.

Italian.

O Liberty, immortal child of heaven,
Once more I taste thy boundless blessings, freed
From chains, and Spielberg's dungeons, hell on earth ;
And him, the devil-hearted Emperor Francis,
Who held me, like a beast immured from light,
From friends, home, parents, brethren, children, wife,
And the sweet commune with soul-charming books,
In solitary bondage, till I grew
A moping idiot, laughing, howling, weeping,
Cursing the God that gave me to the world,—
A brute in shape of man. And what my crime ?
Murder—Theft—Blasphemy—Adultery ? No ;
My crime was Virtue.—Can there be a crime
More odious in the eyes of tyrants ? Mine
Was vicious in the extreme. I loved the land
That gave me birth, the land of fatal beauty,
My Paradise, mine own fair Italy,
The Vesper-Star amid the world of nations,
That gaze but feel not. With a holy love
I felt her like a passion in my brain,
And laboured for her freedom from his gripe

Remorseless, like the Arch-Fiend's on a soul
 Innocent, beauteous, young, but weak and frail;
 I lost—he conquered—chained me—I am here ;—
 O God eternal, free my much-wronged land !

Hungarian.

God of the warriors of Arpad, look
 Upon thy servant, from thy throne of stars,
 Who humbly owns the omnipotence of thy love :
 And, as I died for mine own noble land
 By rack and steel, have mercy on me, God,
 Whose sun is radiant o'er the earth that holds
 The bones of my heroic brethren fallen
 In fight for Hungary. The blue heavens are smiling
 Above the fields red with the sacred blood
 Of us and of our fathers ; send, O Lord,
 Thy genial rays, that flowers divine may spring
 From that all-hallowed stream, too grand to flow
 In mere corruption. Holy drops like these
 Sanctify earth, and purge it of all sin ;—
 O God, great Father of my father, God
 Of Heaven, of Earth, and of the Sea, I ask Thee
 Mercy for thy frail servant in the flesh ;
 But, oh, whate'er the fate ordained for me,
 Shower down thy light upon my land beloved,
 That she may rise and take her stand once more,
 A Queen amid the nations of the world !

Polish.

Mercy for Poland, with my dying breath
 I cried, but stern revenge upon the hands
 That tore her beauties piecemeal ! Here in Hell

If they be prisoned, send me too to Hell,
 Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe !
 Set me but face to face and hand to hand
 With Russian, Austrian, Prussian ; my revenge
 Shall be so great, I ask no other heaven.

Charon.

Silence! we do not suffer roistering here ;—
 Here comes a grave and stately gentleman.

Mephistopheles.

One of those things they call Philosophers,
 Wise in their speeches, fools in very deed,
 Like noodle Anaxagoras, who preferred
 A grain of wisdom to a ton of gold :
 Or that old numskull Chrysippus the Wise,
 Who held that fathers should espouse their daughters,
 And the cold bodies of the dead be eaten
 In place of being buried. He it was
 Who died of laughter when he saw an ass
 Eating ripe peaches from a silver plate.
 At eighty years the sage should have known better.

Charon.

When Cicero was crossing here, the fellow
 Said one good thing, while whining o'er his head,
 Which he brought with him in a greasy napkin :
Nihil tam absurdè dici potest,
Quod non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum.
 Since such are wise men, I will mate with fools.

Philosopher.

Heaven, how I thank thee for this boon divine
Of death, that frees me from the chains of life,
And sends my spirit like an eagle forth,
To soar into stupendous worlds, with gaze
Fixed steadfastly upon the sun of Truth.
How have I prayed for this eternal change,
At morn, at noon, and in the silent night,
When my thoughts wandered to the burning stars,
And I grew purer, nobler, better, wiser,
By gazing on them, till my spirit leapt
In fancy up, and walked amid their light.
Freedom—the boundless freedom of the mind
Henceforth is mine for ever, and I live
With those whose souls were my soul's worshipped idols ;
Socrates, Shakspeare, Plato, Dante—all
Who trod the earth like gods, to make men gods.
Eternity of Rapture, to behold
Their spirits daily, hourly, wandering free
Beneath the ambrosial heaven, and in the scenes
That make Elysium rival Paradise ;
Beauty, repose, light, music, perfume, joy.
Reverently bent to catch from their bright lips
The words of wisdom, virtue, faith, and truth,
That lift their natures almost up to God's.
The jarring strife that forms the daily world
Of man, his bickerings, passions, vices, crimes,
Removed for ever from my aching sight,
Were bliss itself ;—but commune such as this,
With the sublimest souls that earth e'er saw,
Makes my soul drunk with rapture, and I feel
All heaven within the sphere of my glad thought.

Mephistopheles.

I know that fellow, Charon, very well ;
He passed his life in reading and in moping :
I tempted him for several years in vain.

Charon.

These bookmen seldom fall into your nets,
Unless, like your stout friend there, they abjure
The priesthood Nature gave them, and fall down
Before the grinning idols, Wealth and Power.

Mephistopheles.

Well, it *is* pleasant when they *do* recant,
And worship me as George Buchanan worshipped.
There is a famous English bard at present,
My Poet Laureate, whom you'll see some day
Snug in the Hell of Arch-Apostacy,
With several of his brethren. Who comes here ?

Priest.

A reverend priest ; I died in sanctity ;
St. Paul himself is not more sure of bliss.

Charon.

I'm glad to hear it, holy sir ; I hope
You were most tolerant to your erring brother.

Priest.

I should indeed despair, sir, if I thought
That those who held a different creed from mine
Had any chance of mercy ; *my* religion
Alone is right, all others damned deceits.

Mephistopheles.

Charon, for *my* sake let that spirit pass ;
I find from what he says that he is mine.

Charon.

'Tis very true,—he bears your lordship's badge.

Boat.

For Pluto's sake, old master mine,
Take in no more, my sides are cracking ;
My bottom's breaking, and the brine
Of Styx my way-worn ribs is racking.
I'd not complain if 'twere good wine,
But this stale bilge is worse than blacking.
I've several thousand souls on board,
Who'll sink me to the river's bottom ;
I ne'er before conveyed a horde
Of souls so very foul—Od rot 'em.

Charon.

Be quiet, Baris, you must bear
The burden meekly, this great lord
Must cross, although, upon my word,
I scarce can stow him anywhere.

Mephistopheles.

Oh, as for me, I easily can pass ;
My friend here was a worshipper of kings,
And will not like perhaps to sit astride
That mighty monarch's shoulders ; but I see
No other place for him in your well-crammed boat.

King.

What ! that old brawny fellow sit on me !

Hangman.

Be silent, friend, or you shall taste this cat ;
It has not nine tails, but 'twill make you smart.

Charon.

I really don't see how the man can cross.
Hilloa, are you dumb ?

Mephistopheles.

He's paralysed with fear.

Charon.

Well then we'll keel-haul him across ; there is
No other way.

Mephistopheles.

No, Charon, that won't do ;
Keel-haul this priest,—the fellow's greasy paunch
Usurps the place of two, and this my friend
Was in his time a very noted man,
And even in death more worthy than this guts.

Charon.

Your lordship's wish is mine ; the priest is gone—
I've pitched him overboard, and tied him neck
And heels to the helm ; there's space now for your friend.—
But who is here ? What beautiful Shape is this ?

Mephistopheles.

This is the Spirit of his earliest love,

Whom he forgot, despised, and wronged, but who
 Comes even now from Heaven to plead for him.
 We'll have a merry trial, Master Charon.
 See, she is there already—the grim Judge
 Grows genial in her presence. Row away,
 We have no time to lose. How very bad
 This river smells—our priest has made it worse.

Charon.

The fellow will look sulky by the time
 We get to shore.

Mephistopheles.

But where's your pretty troop
 Of choristers, who warble from the slime
 Of Styx?—I mean the frogs.

Charon.

Oop! oop! oop! oop!

Frogs.

Brekekekex! coäx! coäx!
 Brekekekex! coäx! coäx!
 O Father Charon! to your call
 Your children come, and croak and squall;
 We heard your "oop" in the innermost marsh,
 And here we are with our screamings harsh.

Coäx! coäx!

Swimming in millions around your boat,
 Each in his speckled brown great coat;
 With lantern jaws, and shining eyes,
 And purse-like mouth that gapes for flies.

Coäx! coäx!

Mephistopheles.

O musical children of the lake,
 Ye speak as if 'twere an angel spake.
 Come, let me rub your beautiful backs,
 As soft as velvet, or the rose
 Of light that in purple Pæstum glows ;—
 Oh, once again your warblings wake !

Frogs.

Brèkekekex ! coäx ! coäx !
 Brekekekex ! coäx ! coäx !

Charon.

The strain, methinks, is smooth as flax.

Mephistopheles.

Talk of the Cherubim that play
 Their harps in heaven's symposiacs,
 They never poured forth such a lovely lay.

Frogs.

Brekekekex ! coäx ! coäx !

Mephistopheles.

Prate of Apollo's enchanting lute,
 The booby who did were an ass-eared brute ;
 Its notes compared with these were clacks.

Frogs.

Brekekekex ! coäx ! coäx !

Mephistopheles.

Orpheus was skilled in the harp, 'tis true,
The minstrel had three or four knowing knacks,
But he never could wake such hymns as *you*.

Frogs.

Brekekekex ! coäx ! coäx !

Mephistopheles.

The lyre of David was certainly sweet,
And preserved King Saul from the fiend's attacks,
But it never gave *me* such an exquisite treat.

Frogs.

Brekekekex ! coäx ! coäx !

Brekekekex ! coäx ! coäx !

Our voices are exquisite, soft and clear,
Our songs are melody—these are facts :
To Phœbus, the Nine, and the Seraphim dear—
Brekekekex ! coäx ! coäx !

King.

This horrible croaking makes me sick.

Hangman.

If you whine any more, you shall feel some whacks
Of my one-tailed cat—take *that*, my chick.

Frogs.

Brekekekex ! coäx ! coäx !

Ballad-writer.

Good Gods ! I never heard noise like this ;
'Tis worse than a drake's discordant quacks.

Mephistopheles.

'Tis sweeter than airs from the Land of Bliss.

Frogs.

Brekekekex ! coäx ! coäx !

Mephistopheles.

Ah, me ! the beautiful beasts are going ;
Won't they swim to these billowy tracks ?—
Back to their marshes see them rowing.

Frogs.

Brekekekex ! coäx ! coäx !

Voices (from the River).

Mercy, Gods, forgiveness, pity,
Unto us who writhe and shiver
Buried in this noisome river,
Dark and deep and fiery-burning,
Rolling in its waves of flame,
That our secret sins proclaim :—
Still we sigh for that Blest City,
From its shores our spirits spurning.—
Mercy, Gods, forgiveness, pity.

The Abenging Angel.

Ye are doomed and damned for ever !
Dare ye hope to reach that City

Where the pure and sunny-hearted
Only enter? Never—never!

Voices (on the River).

Mercy, Gods, forgiveness, pity,
Unto us who float in terror
On this river's frightful mirror;
Where we read, in lightning written,
The black pictures of our vices,
Till we groan with anguish smitten.
Still we look to yon Blest City,
Which in rainbow grandeur rises,
Where our souls may never dwell.
Mercy, Gods, forgiveness, pity!

The Abenging Angel.

Ye are doomed and damned for ever,
Weavers of deep schemes, and artists
Of deceits and frauds and ruins.
Lo!—while tossed upon these waters,
Black and deadly as the plottings
Which in life employed your spirits,
Ye behold the horrid symbols
Of that wickedness so fearful,
Which seemed then all clean and honest.
Dare ye hope to reach that City,
Where the crystal-hearted only
Knock and enter?—Never—never!

Voices.

Mercy, Gods, forgiveness, pity,

Tortured phantoms of these waters,
Oh, condemn us not for ever.

The Abenging Angel.

Ye are Hell's own sons and daughters,
Exiled from that Holy City
By your crimes—Hope—never, never !

HYMN OF THE LOST SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

Pilgrims of life are we !
We have trodden our toilsome path through tears,
We have walked amid thorns and flowers ;
We have lived in a world of hopes and fears,
Bleak wilds and beautiful bowers.
Misery, oh, misery !

Impassioned desires and dreams,
And the paradise-glimpses of bliss,
Were ours, for an instant ours ;
Who thought of no night like this.
But they faded away like the fabled streams
Of the desert, and mocked us with falsest gleams ;
And we woke to wander thus hand in hand
In the Still and Shadowy Land.

Misery, oh, misery !
Sorrowing Pilgrims of Life are we,
Who flit by this gloomy shore,
Despairing, like one on a boundless sea,
Without helm, or sail, or oar.
Darkness, cloud, and terror

Still hang o'er these solemn isles,
On whose misty coasts the gliding ghosts
Still dream of the past and gone,
Dreaming and dreaming on,
In a night that sees no day,
To illumine its horror with smiles,
But is darkness still alway.
Ever we wander,
Ever we ponder,
Cursing the madness that tempted astray.
No sunlight to gladden our eyes,
No rose to delight with its breath ;
No lute to wake with its silver sighs
The thoughts that are lulled by death.
Misery, oh, misery !
Sunshine, and garden, and dulcet strain,
Oh, shall ye never be ours again ?
Sparkling goblet and violet band,
Smile ye not here in the Shadowy Land ?

No ; Beauty and Bliss have fled
From the Pilgrims of Life, alas !
Like the shapes in a wizard's glass,
O'er the cold hard souls of the Dead,
Bright thoughts of their bygone pleasures pass ;
Till Despair effaces
The rosy traces,
As lightning withers the vernal grass ;
And sorrow and darkness reign
In our silent souls for ever,
That wildly desire to regain
What the Destinies yield them never.

And we wander about, like accursed and banned,
In the Dark and Silent Land !

Pilgrims of Life are we,
But sons of Eternal Night ;
The Future that looms in the distance afar
Of remotest times and ages opes
No heavenly vista of cheering hopes,
That a day may come when the stain and blight
That darken us now, oh, misery !
May vanish, and each shine out like the Star
Of Morning washed in the emerald sea.
No—no,
Woe ! woe !
We are Despair's
Unhoping heirs ;
Souls of the Dead for ever lost,
On our own anguish tempest-tossed,
Cursing the ever existing flames
Of God's great essence that glow within,
Bearing wherever we go hot Shame's
Deep-set brands as the Sons of Sin.
Oh—oh,
Woe ! woe !
Ever and ever we wander wailing,
Such is the just Divine Command ;
Grief for the Past is unavailing,
When we are once in the Shadowy Land.

Mephistopheles.

This river Styx is like the Thames at London,
That every day grows dirtier and more stinking.

Quick, Charon—lose no time—row quick, and quicker,
 I feel inclined to faint, my pulse is sinking.
 Oh, that I had a flask of strongest liquor,
 Such as they sell at Auerbach's in Liepsic,
 Which many a time has saved me from being gripe-sick.
 Row on, you rogue.—Why, Charon, you seem thinking,
 Rapt in a reverie—a thing uncommon
 In one of your hard nerves.

Charon.

I don't deny it.

Do you remember to have seen a Phantom,
 Lovely and young, beside the river weeping,
 As we put off from shore?

Mephistopheles.

I recollect her,

She seemed a very charming sort of spectre ;
 She sought the boat, and for a time stood by it,
 But did not enter.

Charon.

Does your Highness know her?

Mephistopheles.

I cannot say I do ; she moved me greatly,
 A thing that's rarely done by any woman.
 Seldom indeed I've seen such sweet eyes steeping
 Their starry light in tears that spake more sadness.
 Deep must have been the grief could thus affect her.

Ballad-writer.

I think I know the story of her madness.

Charon.

Do you, Sir Minstrel ?—tell it.

Ballad-writer.

Sir, with pleasure,
'Twill entertain us on our gloomy voyage ;
And yet it is a tale of truth and sorrow
Might make the stoniest-hearted melt in pity ;
For she was stung to death by a base viper,
Whose name was something like the river Jordan.

Charon.

Out with it, quick—we want no further prologue ;
And if it pleases me, I'll speak to Minos
To overlook the fact that you're a Poet ;
For that alone in these discerning regions
Is proof conclusive that you are a knave,
And well deserve damnation sevenfold.

Ballad-writer.

Nay, sir, but why condemn all poets thus ?
Poets are God's interpreters on earth.
They soar aloft, as if on angels' wings,
They bring us tidings of eternal things ;
They mould our souls to beauty, goodness, truth,
And train them for their new ethereal birth
In that star-world where dwells unfading youth.
Dreamers of dreams-divine, and pictured scenes
Of heroes, love, the knightly sword, the lance,
Sports in the greenwood, faërie, ladies fair,
Enchantment, sylvans ; all that Queen Romance,
In olden tomes of legends rich and rare,

With rainbow pencil paints, the Poet gleans.
 Whate'er with skilful hand the Bard portrays,
 Forth like quick life, the perfect pictures stand,—
 Genius, that gifts and guides his well-trained hand,
 In all her splendid hues each scene arrays.
 Angels themselves attend his high career,
 Prompting him ever thus.—Awake, arise !
 Evoke the voice of song, that sleeping lies
 In the gold lute, and charm heart, spirit, soul, and ear.

Charon.

Do they indeed ? I never knew an instance ;
 You'll find it rather hard to humbug Minos.
 He hates all poets, as they say the Devil
 Hates holy water—nathelesse I'll befriend you,
 And save you from some years of Purgatory,
 Provided what you tell is worth the hearing.

Mephistopheles.

Nay, we can't have this nonsense, 'twere a bore
 As bad as Druso's, the rich stupid poet
 Who forced his debtors, when they could not pay him,
 To hear and praise his tedious compositions.

Charon.

Pardon me, my good lord, the way is long,
 The journey melancholy, and this fool
 Will joyously buffoon the weary hour,
 Provoking laughter at himself or theme.

Ballad-writer.

Most humbly, sir, I thank you for your kindness,

And thus commence the Story of the Ladye,
Whose name was no true omen of her life.

STORY OF THE LADYE.

There late lived One, a fair and wondrous creature,
A being all enchantment, from whose soul
Flashed such a beam as lighted up each feature
With mind's pure essence ; like the stars that roll
Over the heaven when the solemn stole
Of night hath wrapped it. She was young and fair,
And in her heart, like some white virgin-scroll,
Dwelt nymphal Innocence ; and still where'er
She turned Delight was near, and round her, like the air.

'Twas said the Muses danced about her cradle,
And played on their gold harps their sweetest lays ;
Apollo fed her from a diamond ladle,
While Love stood by, and fixed his rosy gaze
Right on the Infant slumbering in the blaze
Of glittering sunshine and Hymettian flowers ;
And, oh, be mine the welcome task, he says,
To watch and tend this crescent born for hours
Of love, and innocent joy, and blest Idalian bowers.

Venus herself came down from heaven, and brought her
The charm-conferring cestus that she wore ;
And take, she says, this magic gift, my daughter ;
Take it, and all who see thee shall adore ;
The sleeper's marble limbs she bound it o'er,
Till, like a sunbeam in a shady place,
Or Hesper imaged on the glassy floor
Of the broad ocean, when the sky's embrace
Hath veiled the Moon, appeared the Infant's form and face.

The Mountain-nymphs, the Fauns and Dryades,
Zoneless and golden-sandalled, and rose-crowned,
The blue-eyed train of Thetis from the seas,
The white-armed Nāiads, with their locks unbound
And rustling in the Zephyrs, flocked around ;
And silver-shafted Dian from the plains
And leafy valleys where the streams resound
Brought her bright nymphs—those beauty breathing
trains,
While sweet Euterpè played, and Phœbus sang his strains.

And flower-encinctured Dreams, and Visions golden,
With stars for eyes, and lips more red than rose,
Such as from high Olympus to the olden
And god-like Poets, wandered to disclose
The thought divine, whose burning splendour glows
Still in their songs ; all these were there, beside
The woodland bed whereon, in soft repose,
Reclined this favoured babe, her thoughts to guide
Up to the heavenly homes to which she was allied.

Beside her stood the snowy-bosomed Graces,
With arms enwreathed, and smiled upon her sleep ;
While Faunus made a thousand gay grimaces,
And wild with mirthfulness was seen to leap.
Meanwhile the Infant on a fragrant heap
Of violets, roses, and green eglantine,
Slumbered as in some dream radiant and deep,
And ever and anon, like sweet sunshine,
A laugh lit up her face, which seemed indeed divine.

And light-winged birds, and humming honey-bees,
And wandering echoes catching all sweet sounds ;

And flowers and fruits are there, and emerald trees,
Olive and myrtle on their grassy mounds ;
A babbling stream from rock to rock that bounds,
Making delicious music in its way ;
An atmosphere like perfume, that surrounds
This sacred spot ; an ever-living ray
Of heavenly light dwells there, and changes night to day.

Thus passed her infancy, 'mid happy scenes,
Companionship divine, and sweet delight ;
Year rolls on year, and girlhood intervenes ;
And then the Woman steps serene and bright
Forth to the world, nor dreams of aught to blight
The blissful visions that her youth beheld :
A voice came down from heaven—Belovèd, write
The things that thou hast seen and known of eld ;—
Then proudly flashed her eye ; her beauteous bosom
swelled.

And then she did obey the great behest,—
This heaven-eyed Ladye touched her sounding lyre ;
Songs flow like sunbeams from her throbbing breast,
While her looks glisten with celestial fire ;
Lo ! with what ecstasy her tones inspire
The hearts of old and young ; how sweetly fall
The swanlike harmonies that never tire,
The breathing words and burning thoughts that all
Who stand within their spell, like magic straight enthrall.

Her soul was Music's temple ; it was filled
With all ethereal, all enchanting lore,

With dazzling thoughts and pure, as if distilled
From morning sunshine : still and evermore
Her spirit mused on deeds and days of yore ;
Goodness and gentleness their starry veil
Of brightness round her threw ; like golden ore
Her eloquent discourse, or like the gale
That blows o'er groves of spice, and bids their sweets
exhale.

And to this soul was given a fairy form,
Fawnlike in lightness ! fawnlike were her eyes ;
A beauteous rainbow shining in a storm ;
A star that glitters in tempestuous skies
Could scarcely win more wonder and surprise
Than this fair Woman in a stormy world,
Still in her own pure radiance ; Frauds and Lies
Came forth like toads, and their vile venom hurled,
Still like a Star she shone, with light undimmed, unfurled.

The faërie-dreaming Painter, from whose hand
Falls splendour, poesy, and breath, and thought,
The Bright, Sublime, the Beautiful, the Grand,
Into his canvass like quick life enwrought,
Came, and unto her shrine his offering brought ;
The Scholar skilled in many an ancient tongue
With reverent feet her classic altar sought ;
The Northern Minstrel his wild garland hung
Above her head, and wept, while sadly still she sung.

And hers were songs of other scenes and lands—
The Golden Violet, the Chivalric Vow,
Proud knights, and frowning forts, and armoured bands,
And kings and empires, all departed now ;

Till Glory came, and o'er her laurell'd brow
Shed rays immortal ; and the wondering throng,
The Wise, the Virtuous, and the Great that bow
Before the priestess of so sweet a song
Her praises, like wild echoes, still and still prolong.

And love was in her hymns, undying love,
Spirit and heart-absorbing, passionate, wild ;
Such as Immortals feel in realms above,
Such as on earth, alas ! but seldom smiled.
In dreams like these her lone hours she beguiled ;
For sorrow dwelt within her soul, and when
Her laugh, like the clear laughter of a child,
Was loudest and most silvery, even then
A cloud came o'er her thoughts, and made her weep again.

Much had she struggled from her ripening years,
With the cold world and worldly wants and cares ;
Her path to fame had been a path through tears,
The flowers that round her grew were choked with tares :
But Genius never falters or despairs ;
But like a King wends onward in its march ;
Immortal lightnings in its hand it bears,
Seas that oppose, or deserts wild that parch,
It braves, and wins at length triumphal bust and arch.

And it was so with her ; the world that first
Hailed her with welcome, and delight, and praise,
Now frowned upon her ; like hot thunder burst
Its angry voice, while sadness and amaze
Consumed that heaven-eyed Ladye many days ;

Her soul, her clear bright soul, must never more
Shine out in all its primal strength and blaze ;
Never again shall pass from her heart's core
The vulture Grief that now her inmost vitals tore.

For there was one on whom that Lady's smile
Of innocence had fallen. O wretch accurst
Of God and Man ; hell-doomed—thou viper vile,
Spawned from foul poison, on foul poison nurst !
The chasms of hell that for thy carcass thirst
Never before received, nor ever again,
Shall they receive within them, since their first
Pale, cowardly tenant, murder-spotted Cain,
A baser, bloodier wretch—well matched the miscreant
twain.

With glozing tongue, true copy of Iscariot,
This lewd and cogging villain, like a fiend
Whispered away her fame ; on foot, in chariot,
On wingèd steed, the festering falsehood gleaned
From his foul lips and heart, with lies obscenèd,
Rushed through the multitude, from one to one,
And thence to thousands ; at its outset screened
In secresy, and seeming light to shun,
It grew apace, and then—the heaven-eyed was undone.

Oh, weep ! oh, weep ! the sharp envenomed shaft
Of vilest slander hath been foully shot :
A wound whereat the very devils laughed,
To see their latest child in hell begot
So deftly weave and wind his fiendlike plot ;

The caves of Erebus resound with glee ;
The triple-headed dog to bark forgot,
And thought a pleasant thought in his heads three :
This is a man indeed after mine heart, quoth he.

Oh, weep ! oh, weep ! oh, what a wound was there !
The graceful, glorious creature sits and weeps ;
Ah me ! that grief should torture one so fair ;
She hath sown beauty, blight and death she reaps :
She sits alone and lonely ; Sorrow steeps
Her spirit-lighted eyes in briny tears ;
Her breaking heart its maddened vigil keeps :—
This honest world believes whate'er it hears,
Except the truth ; it hails the lie that blasts and sears.

Her heart is broken—time and tide move on ;
The slander lives, the slanderer is gay ;
Pining alone still sits that weeping one,
Her heart is broken now ; to dust and clay
All her bright hopes are turned ; her hair is gray :
Oh, weep ! oh, weep ! sweet Heaven, to see thine own
Thus done to death by boasts and lies that slay ;
All her fair hopes to madness turned or flown,
Her rose-like beauty crushed ere it was fully blown.

Where are her gentle dreamings ? gone for ever !
Her innocent hopes and wishes ? gone, all gone !
A rainbow imaged on a crystal river
Was not more frail—it shines—and now *has* shone.
Present and Past seem blended into one,
So quickly faded happiness away :
Such is thy life, poor walking skeleton

That callest thyself Man. Alas the day !
And thou wilt smile, and wed, and war, and kill, and sway.

And years roll on, and she hath given her hand
To one who wooed her ; but no heart she gave ;
Her heart was dead within her ; her own land
She leaves, and o'er the dark and boiling wave,
To where Lionè's crags the ocean brave,
The heaven-eyed Ladye goes—three short months pass,
And she is sleeping in her lonely grave ;
And there are tales abroad—the poisoned glass,
And wild revenge, and hate, and scorn, and death—alas !

She sleeps on Afric's shore ; the purple billow
Dashes its crest beneath her silent tomb ;
And the bright stars smile o'er her earthly pillow ;
But no fresh flowers about her bud or bloom ;
No rose from her own land sheds sweet perfume
Over her mouldering beauty ; all is bare,
Arid, and tinged with some funereal gloom,
Like her own dark career of grief and care ;—
Sad fate reserved for one so innocent and fair.

The wandering night winds o'er her head that blow
Make mournful music like a spirit's wail ;
Alas ! to the bright heart that sleeps below
How little can such requiem avail !
Many have wept who hear her tragic tale,
And thousands yet unborn for her will weep ;
The eyes drop tears, the cheek grows ashy pale,
And icy shudderings o'er the spirit creep—
Who sent her beaming youth to its eternal sleep ?

Thou, Murderer, 'twas thine envenomed lips ;—
 Thou by thy villainous falsehoods didst the deed ;
To *thee* we owe this beauteous star's eclipse ;
 'Twas *thou* who mad'st her heart and spirit bleed ;
 Suffer for it thou shalt, thou and thy seed,
Unto all generations ; like red flame
 The memory of the Dead shall leap and feed
 About thy slanderous spirit, and thy name
Become to after-times the synonyme of Shame.

O thou Eternal God, in thunder throned,
 Look down from heaven, and with thy vengeful wrath
Pursue this leprous villain—cursed, disowned,
 And howling let him die ; make smooth his path
 To flame eternal ; if he daughters hath,
Let Infamy and Want sit by them ever !
 Plunge them accursed into the fiery bath
Prepared for Satan and their sire ; and sever
Their triple serpent-spirits never, never, never.

SCENE XIII.

THE POET'S PARADISE.

CHATTERTON *under a beautiful tree, playing on a golden lyre,
and singing.*

I dreamed a dream
As fair—as bright—
As the star's soft gleam,
Or eyes of light.
At the midnight hour
The Queen of Love,
From her faërie bower
Of smiles above,
With Cupid came,
And with grace divine
Kissed me, and whispered,
“Henceforth be thine
This little child
Whom I bring thee here,
A willing pupil
To minstrels dear.
Teach him to sing
The strains thou hast sung ;
Like a bird of spring
O'er its callow young.”
She vanished in light,—
That witching one,—
Like a meteor of night,
That shines and is gone.

The Sprite of the skies
Remained by me,
His deep blue eyes
Radiant with glee.
His looks were bright
As roses wreathèd ;
A wild delight
From his features breathèd.
Legends I taught him
Of nymph and swain ;
Of hearts entangled
In love's sweet chain.
Fables that charm
The soul from sadness ;
Stories that warm
The coldest to gladness ;
Songs all glowing
With passion and mirth,
Like music flowing
From heaven to earth.
Such were the treasures
Of wit and thought
I gave : yet dreamed not
My task was nought.
Cupid listened,
And clapped his hands,
And his wild eyes glistened
Like burning brands.
Fanning the air
With snow-white wings,
He seized my lyre,
He swept the strings :

He looked, he glittered,
Like golden morn,
As he chaunted the loves
Of the heaven-born.
His voice was sweet
And perfume-laden,
And light as the feet
Of dancing maiden,—
“Hearts there are
In Heaven above
Of wild desires,
Of passionate love.
Hearts there are
Divinest of mould,
Which Love hath among
His slaves enrolled ;—
Love hath been,
And ever will be :
The might of Heaven
Shall fade ere he.”
Then the Boy
Nearer advancing,
The Spirit of Joy
In his blue eyes dancing,
Told me such secrets
Of Heaven as ne'er
Were before revealed
But to poet's ear ;
Revealings of beauty,
That make the soul
Like the stars, that on wings
Of diamond roll.

In song—in splendour,
 The god departed ;
 The spell was o'er,
 From sleep I started.
 Thoughts like sunbeams
 Around me hung,
 And my heart still echoed
 What Love had sung.
 Oh ! what could Heaven
 Deny to us,
 To whom it hath given
 Its secrets thus ?

Pausing.

Well, I think Minos was extremely just.
 The Devil's Advocate was too severe ;
 He pressed the case as if he were Attorney
 For Hell, and not for Truth. The Judge said well ;
 "Man's life is to be judged
 Not by his deeds alone,
 But by the circumstances, times, and seasons
 Which do accompany those deeds.
 Nor should we contemplate it but in halves,
 But as a whole, a great and wondrous whole ;
 Contrasting light with dark,
 As in some picture old,
 And gathering thence sound knowledge of the entire."

Aristophanes.

Why, my bold youngker, do I find *you* musing ?
 What mighty speculation moves your thoughts ?
 Tell, if 'tis not a secret.

Chatterton.

Ah ! my Grecian,
With the three lovely Graces in your bosom,
You are almost the only Spirit here
I should have cared to meet just now, except
That madcap wag of Meudon ; such a trial
As I have witnessed seldom's seen in Hell.

Aristophanes.

A trial !—before Minos, I suppose ?

Chatterton.

Minos was judge ; the culprit an old poet
Of whom we've heard so much from German critics,
Who swear in hendecasyllabic oaths,
Donner und blitzen, Heaven, and Earth, and Hades,
He was the greatest wit the world e'er saw,
Forgetting Rabelais, Swift, yourself, and me,
Cervantes, Butler, Fielding, and Voltaire.

Aristophanes.

This must have been their clay eidolon, Goethe,
Whose fanatic worshippers have split our ears
For the last forty years with senseless praise
Of what was commonplace, obscure, and stale ;
Prepared to prove by fists, and cuffs, and clubs,
Since Homer stole his plot from old Corinnus,
The earliest minstrel of the Trojan War,
This Frankfort rhymer was earth's greatest son.

Chatterton.

The same.—We've all indeed been sadly bored
With eulogies on him, as once we were

With goose Du Bartas, surnamed the Divine,
Cowper, the mad translator, Aretino,
Boileau, Phil. Sydney, admirable Crichton,
And creatures of that class, who had their day
On earth, but who, to ears polite or witty,
Are never mentioned now, except in jest.

Aristophanes.

What was this trial that amused you so ?

Chatterton.

Come, sit with me beneath this golden vine,
Clustered all o'er with purple grapes, that bring.
To memory Attica's delicious suns,
And landscapes rife with beauty, music, love,
And pastoral life ; thus, while we breathe at ease
The Elysian atmosphere of rosy light,
Melody, fragrance, bliss, and splendour blent,
I'll tell you (if I do not change my mind)
All that I saw of this new comedy.

Aristophanes.

'Twill pass a pleasant hour away ; content.
Sit you beneath the vine, while I stretch here
Upon this mossy bank with violets starred.

Chatterton.

So many years have passed since last I saw
Charon and Styx, that in a merry mood
To-day I ventured through the black Abyss
Of fire and mist that separates this place
From Tartarus. The several dangers past,

I stood at last upon the river's brink,
Where gaped a multitude of expectant souls
Waiting to see the new arrivals land.

Aristophanes.

Man still is man, wherever he may be,
The same strange motley and inquisitive fool.

Chatterton.

When the boat came it bore a curious group,
All naked ; nothing could I learn of those
Who filled it, whether kings, or slaves, or knaves.

Aristophanes.

Waste not your breath ; the last comprises both.

Chatterton.

But there were two who struck me very much :
One was that devil, Mephistopheles,
The merriest, bitterest, most outspoken Elf
I've ever passed an hour with.

Aristophanes.

Was he there ?

I wish you had brought him hither ; 'tis an age
Since I've conversed with one that pleased me more.

Chatterton.

I could not tempt him to these classic quarters ;
He had important business with the Shade
Of Goethe, who accompanied him from earth.

Aristophanes.

Ho!—ho!—I see ;—these were the two new comers,
By whom you were attracted from the first.

Chatterton.

They were. Mephisto, calling me aside,
Told me to slip into the crowd, and pass
Unnoticed into court, where I should hear
A very curious trial ;—Goethe prisoner,
The Devil's Advocate accuser, and
A certain Lady counsel for the accused.
I mingled with the crowd, and by the aid
Of Mephistopheles stole in ; and there,
Beside the Judge, radiant in heavenly light
That far outshone the diamond's blinding blaze,
Stood One, whose beauty was a Paradise
Of all and every thing that bears the form
And soul of splendour, loveliness, and youth ;
I'll not describe her—even *you* would fail ;
Not all the roses that you ever spoke
Could equal her in freshness, light, or charm.

The comedy began : stern Minos rose,
And in ten minutes sentenced some ten thousand
To several torments : only one proved pure,
A Ballad-writer, whom they starved on earth,
As they did me in Brook Street, near Gray's Inn ;
And him they sent to the Fields of Asphodel,
With fair Letitia Landon, whom he loved.
Then Goethe was brought up. The Advocate,
A small thin devil, with a sharp shrewd brow
And sensual mouth, hyena's eyes and laugh,

That seemed to chuckle with contempt of God,
Rose up, and saddling on his short cocked nose
A pair of spectacles, and sneering much,
Laid Jack's life bare ; recounted all his deeds,
Committed and omitted : such a list
Of accusations has not been delivered
'Gainst any man of literary note
Since Chancellor Bacon or since James the First
Was damned ; 'twas such as poets seldom have
To answer ; selfishness extreme, disdain
Of all things human, save the few that tended
To his own pleasures : Men, the Devil said,
Should be like stars whose beams illume each other
But this man's whole existence from his birth
Had centered only in his worshipped self.
His life, if marble smooth, was marble cold ;
His songs were rhyme, but in their moral bad ;
His maxims were made up of farce and hate.
His cold flirtations and sere heartlessness
To women were unveiled, and vain confessions
Of the frail many who believed his vows.
Gretchen, Annette, Lucinda, Frederica,
Emily, Charlotte, Lilli ; a fair list,
As long as Leporello's in the play,
Of women duped, and then held up to laughter,
In that great heap of lies ycleped his Life.
And when he might have served the human race
He would not, but preferred to pass his time
Musing on carrots, analysing dungs,
Playing the lacquey and the lickspit to
The paltry court of Weimar and its Log.

Aristophanes.

What followed ?

Chatterton.

This—the Poet was reprieved.

Aristophanes.

Reprieved ?—how mean you ? Was there no defence ?

Chatterton.

Oh, yes, a very splendid speech by Gretchen ;—
One of the women whom the fellow fooled.
And a most Minos-like amazing judgment,
Which I forget—

Aristophanes.

Nay, you are jesting with me.

Chatterton.

Of course I am—the whole thing is a jest ;
It came to me through Virgil's ivory gate.
And if I am not owl-eyed, there is Virgil
Reclining yonder by the sparkling waters.
If you desire to hear the rest, why, faith,
You'll have a run for it, dear Aristophanes.

SCENE XIV.

THE COURT-YARD.

An open space in front of the Judgment-Seat of MINOS.

Evil Spirit.

Villain, Knave, Dolt, Rascal, Monkey!

Devil's Advocate.

How now?—how now, gentle Nunky?

Evil Spirit.

Scoundrel, Stinkard, Ruffian, Booby!

Devil's Advocate.

Spoil not those ripe lips of ruby.

Evil Spirit.

Dunghill, Coward, Dunce, Rascallion!

Devil's Advocate.

Why, you're rampant as a stallion.

Evil Spirit.

Vagabond, Beast, Goose, and Blackguard!

Devil's Advocate.

Truly, lad, you *do* attack hard.

Evil Spirit.

Atheist, Sot, Thief, Jew, Turk, Papist!

Devil's Advocate.

Why, you'll call me soon Red-tapist.

Evil Spirit.

Blunderer, Liar, Jolthead, Bully!

Devil's Advocate.

Nay, have done, you crippled Cully.

Evil Spirit.

Traitor, Harefoot, Craven, Pig-head!

Devil's Advocate.

I shall have to punch your thick head.

Evil Spirit.

Own that you're a Rogue as shabby—

Devil's Advocate.

As there's in Westminster Abbey?

Evil Spirit.

Hypocrite, Quack, Carrion, Rebel!

Devil's Advocate.

Faith! you're wise as Madame Sibyl.

Evil Spirit.

Cutpurse, Sloven, Drunkard, Brawler!

Devil's Advocate.

Will none stop this Caterwauler?

Evil Spirit.

Mountebank, Cheat, Bravo, Vermin !

Debil's Advocate.

Here's respect to robe and ermine.

Evil Spirit.

Snip, Bullbeggar, Tossplot, Schemer !

Debil's Advocate.

Gad, your tongue wags like a steamer.

Evil Spirit.

Scab, Buffoon, Clown, Rat, Louse, Felon !

Debil's Advocate.

All my choicest virtues tell on.

Evil Spirit.

Lunatic, base Mooncalf, Noodle !

Debil's Advocate.

Cockadoodle! doodle! doodle!

Evil Spirit.

Churl, Clown, Roarer, Boaster, Cadger !

Debil's Advocate.

All must own that you can badger.

Evil Spirit.

Wretch ! I'll grind your soul to powder.

Debil's Advocate.

If you do, you'll bawl no louder.

Evil Spirit.

Then I'll thrust you into blazes.

Debil's Advocate.

Well—I'd like to know its mazes.

Evil Spirit.

Gulligut, Scamp, Filthard, Bardash !

Debil's Advocate.

Why your fœces thus like tar dash ?

Evil Spirit.

I will tear your heart to pieces.

Debil's Advocate.

All this trash your bile increases.

Evil Spirit.

I will scrape your nasty eyes out.

Debil's Advocate.

Sir, you're pouring all your lies out.

Evil Spirit.

Pander, Gaberlunzie, Jangler !

Debil's Advocate.

Satan, save us from this Wrangler.

Evil Spirit.

Eunuch, Goggle-eye, and Pauky!

Devil's Advocate.

Prating Pimp, you grow quite mauky.

Evil Spirit.

I will fry your wicked liver.

Devil's Advocate.

The rich fat would make you shiver.

Evil Spirit.

I will roast your brains by inches.

Devil's Advocate.

I will grind you in hell's winches.

Evil Spirit.

I will crucify you, Gabbler!

Devil's Advocate.

I will hang you up, old Babbler!

Evil Spirit.

Mangy Glutton, drunken Royster!

Devil's Advocate.

You're well suited for a cloister.

Evil Spirit.

Druggel, Lubbard, Lout, and Varlet!

Debil's Adbocate.

This is blustering like a Harlot.

Evil Spirit.

Cozening fox, Calf-lolly, Milksop !

Debil's Adbocate.

Cease your flouting, blockish Bilk's Lop.

Evil Spirit.

Nincompoop, Lusk, scoffing Braggard !

Debil's Adbocate.

Goosecap, Jobbernot, and Raggard !

Evil Spirit.

Lobcock, Loon, Slabberdegullion !

Debil's Adbocate.

Son of a Scavenger and Scullion !

Evil Spirit.

Hell-dog, Spindleshanks, and Hunchback !

Debil's Adbocate.

Every lie I'll make you munch back.

Evil Spirit.

Let me near him,—I will thrash him.

Debil's Adbocate.

Friends, hands off,—I want to smash him.

Evil Spirit.

I will drink your blood, vile Fellow !

Devil's Advocate.

I will thump you black and yellow.

Evil Spirit.

I will chop you into thunder.

Devil's Advocate.

I will saw your bones asunder.

Evil Spirit.

I will flog you ten times over.

Devil's Advocate.

I will flay you, Goblin-drover !

Evil Spirit.

I will hang and roast you Noddy.

Devil's Advocate.

I will cut you into shoddy.

Evil Spirit.

I will spur you like a pony.

Devil's Advocate.

You're a pretty Macaroni.

Evil Spirit.

I will pull out all your bowels.

Debil's Adbocate.

I will prick you well with rowels.

Evil Spirit.

I will turn you into tinder.

Debil's Adbocate.

I will roast you to a cinder.

Evil Spirit.

I will scalp you and devour you.

Debil's Adbocate.

'Pon my life, the dose will scour you.

Evil Spirit.

Clodpole, Oaf, Grub, Ragamuffin !

Debil's Adbocate.

Ne'er knew I you had such stuff in.

Evil Spirit.

Pig-face, Driveller, Sneak, Imbecile !

Debil's Adbocate.

Now you're gravelled—now you guess ill.

Evil Spirit.

Diddler, Looby, Wittol, Schemer !

Debil's Adbocate.

Your invention's failing, Dreamer.

Evil Spirit.

Bugbear, Humbug, empty Bladder !

Devil's Advocate.

Never was a March hare madder.

Evil Spirit.

Clapper-dudgeon, base Burgullion.

Devil's Advocate.

Coof, Cocklorrel, Firebrand, Cullion !

Evil Spirit.

Idiot, Lickplate, Jack-a-dandy !

Devil's Advocate.

Names as sweet as sugar-candy.

Evil Spirit.

Knock-knee'd Beggar, Mongrel, Bungler,

Devil's Advocate.

You're a most melodious Jongleur.

Evil Spirit.

Starveling, Swindler, Blackleg, Blockhead !

Devil's Advocate.

Save us from your tongue's foul pocket.

Evil Spirit.

Dunderhead, Botch, Jail-bird, Scarecrow !

Debil's Adbocate.

Worse did cock on dunghill ne'er crow.

Evil Spirit.

Pig-sconce, Cotquean, Gulch, and Skipjack.

Debil's Adbocate.

Moonling, Maple-face, and Lip-cack.

Evil Spirit.

What induced you thus to flounder?

Debil's Adbocate.

Now your wisdom 'gins to founder.

Evil Spirit.

Is he not reprieved, vile Caitiff?

Debil's Adbocate.

Yes, he is, of Hades native.

Evil Spirit.

Was it not *your* stupid 'peaching?

Debil's Adbocate.

No—'twas Peg's confounded screeching.

Evil Spirit.

Get away to Hell, you Ninny.

Debil's Adbocate.

And the same to you, my Hinnie.

SCENE XV.

THE HALLS OF MINOS.

Gretchen.

Alas, sweet hours,
Sweet olden hours,
For ever and ever
Farewell, sweet hours.

And thou, fond vision
Of love and light,
Art quenched in gloom,
And all is night.

In earth's dim moments,
In heaven's pure zone,
My dream of sweetness
For ever flown.

Like a star in tempest,
A smile in grief,
A tear in rapture,
That one belief.

Alas, sweet hours,
Sweet olden hours,
For ever and ever,
Farewell, sweet hours.

My heart a harp
Of love and gladness ;
The strings are broken,
All is sadness.

My heart a harp
Of silvery song ;—
The harp is shattered
Long and long.

Alas, sweet hours,
Sweet olden hours,
For ever and ever
Farewell, sweet hours.

My soul is a-weary,
Dark with woe ;
My wild thoughts wander
To and fro.

My eyes are streaming
Full with tears ;
And art thou gone,
Dear dream of years ?

And art thou vanished,
Thou mine own ?
And am I for ever
Left alone ?

Alas, sweet hours,
Sweet olden hours,
For ever and ever
Farewell, sweet hours.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE RIVER LETHE.

Mephistopheles.

Baffled, duped, tricked, deceived, outwitted, swindled.—

By snow-browed Morning, by immortal Day,

And by the boundless Air that clasps the earth

Within its dewy arms ; by Hecat' gray,

By Cerberus the eternal foe to Mirth,

I swear I am a most ingenious Devil ;

My master should reduce me to the level

Of lowest Imps who masque as tabbies brindled,

And deal with only agèd women and witches ;

What !—can it be that I who had fresh kindled

The prettiest fire for this old Wag of Weimar,

And almost felt his twinges, aches, and twitches,

When put down fresh upon the broiling coals,

Should now be laughed at by all waggish drolls

Who see me schemed by a Parnassian chimer,

Skilful in prating, powerless in speaking ;

And a sly thing from t'other side, who pitches

Such heaps of nonsense into Justice Minos

(Now grown as silly as the ass-eared judge) ;

The doting fool is flattered by the fudge,

And with those sprites to curry favour seeking,

Declares forsooth, the sentence is postponed ?

What could JAH mean, when he would thus assign us

A magistrate who should have been dethroned ?

The thing is monstrous—I protest against it ;

It is a shame—a desperate shocking scandal
Upon all truth and justice.—Goth or Vandal
Never pronounced such nonsense, or dispensed it
In form of law. Postponed ! For what ? Or why ?
For whom ? To when ? How ? What is the reply ?
Why this—*it is his will* ;—and we must bow ;
And then he turns us out of court, and calls
Some other ghosts before his worshipped brow,
Looking like mustard, or like pungent sauce,
Or cayenne pepper, at his *pia fraus*,
And damns them all, despite their squeals and squalls.
How dare he make exception in this case ?
The exception is deceitful, harsh, and base.
I wonder was he bribed by this mad girl ?
These devilish women will do any folly
For men—except live chastely and die holy.

I feel inclined to drink a brimming draught
Of Lethè, and so wash away the bother
Entirely from my brains ; the liquor quaffed,
Goethe goes free, and I must seek another.
No—that would prove me stupid, mad, or daft ;
To lose him now would sully my past glory,
And offer endless food for fun to chaps,
Devilkins of the smallest rank in Orcus,
Who envy me, and would parade this matter
(As ravens croak against the lordly eagle)
From east to west, where'er Fame's trumpets clatter ;
Till Satan's rage would prompt him to pitchfork us
Into some place unknown to charts and maps ;
Where in the thunderbolt's undying flame,
I might at leisure chew the cud of shame.

I've acted somewhat like that crowned curmudgeon,
The mighty king of—I forget what nation,
Who marched with a great armament of soldiers,
Elephants, camels, horses, princes, lords,
Into the mountains—merely to take physic,
Where he might have the benefit of fresh air.
O fool, O mooncalf, jolt-head, dolt, and gudgeon !
By Satan, I deserve his thickest bludgeon,
For being thus bamboozled after years
Of thought, and months of arduous preparation,—
The unreposing wheels of Vengeance seize me
If I don't smite this Judge who dares to tease me.

He's here—I see him coming—sadly, lonely,
A noble form, in all his primal vigour.
Styx makes amazing changes ; fifty years
At least have been lopped off since here he came,
And he looks now as brave and stout as ever
Man in his summer's prime. I feel ashamed
Of my base calling, and could hate the hour
That saw me fall, as I do Him who framed
This Universe and us, and Him who tempted,
And all my brethren. Hate, Revenge, fell Hate,
Are my sole pleasures now : Evil my god,
O'erwhelming Vengeance, Scorn, Crime, Fraud, my being.
By holy Satan, I could wish 'twere granted,
To wrap all Nature in a robe of darkness,
And, armed with fire, to play some eftish tricks
With men and angels, stars and heaven itself.

Goethe.

O my lost love, my Gretchen ! have I then

Beheld thee but to lose thee evermore ?
 Reft of thee during life, does Death too part
 Our souls which I had fondly hoped were one ?
 Yet, no—she comes ; her rosy presence fills
 The air with sunshine ; from her snowy plumes
 Such splendour is diffused, as when the Star
 Of Morning rises in the twilight dim,
 And beauty flashes from his beaming eyes ;
 Sweetly she smiles, yet sadly, like the music
 Of an enslaved old nation, that reveals
 The soul of sorrow in its liveliest songs.

Evil Spirit.

Speak of the devil—they say he is present ;
 Speak of a woman—that moment she comes ;
 Here flies this silly one—this is unpleasant ;
 I must go hide myself, biting my thumbs.
 While she is with him there's Paradise round him,—
 Half of my labour she'll crumble to bits ;
 While *we* are near, all his follies confound him,—
 Would she were off to her heavenly chits.

Goethe.

Once more we meet—once more, mine own sweet love,
 I feel in soul as in those early hours,
 When wandering blest beside thee, life seemed love,
 And, Margaret, thou wert all the world to me.

Gretchen.

We meet, alas ! to part. The moment comes
 Which the Judge gave thee for this sad farewell ;
 And the dark Tempter will be here anon

With myriad plottings to seduce thy soul
In the strange pilgrimage to thee allotted.
Alas ! alas ! that we should part, and thus !

Goethe.

Nay, do not weep, my soul is now herself ;
Tempt as he may, the Tempter shall not triumph.

Gretchen.

Marked you the madness that suffused his brow
And glowed in his hot eyes when Minos waved
His golden wand, and the decree postponed
Which, as he hoped, would give thee to his realms ?

Goethe.

I saw it ; Hell methought stood there, not he.
Never before was rage so dire expressed
In aught created ; rage, revenge, and hate,
Orcus itself grew darker as he frowned,
The Manes shuddered, and the Dead fell stricken
With pallid fear, as if that awful trump
That sounds the general judgment, and the end
Of all things had sent forth its piercing blast.—
But what is this strange sentence ? Bodes it good
Or fatal evil ?

Gretchen.

Nay, I cannot know.

Whether it be to fright thy soul with scenes
Of such dread horror as no brain conceives
Till eye hath seen them, and increase thine agony ;
(Would that 'twere mine to bear it for thy sake !)

Or whether the False Tempter hath permission
To mock thee by the wizard arts of Satan,
And try thee further, who can say ?—it may be
That one of these is written, and thy soul
Be spared, and rise triumphant o'er his plottings.

Goethe.

O Gretchen ! would to heaven we ne'er had parted ;
My soul had drawn such virtuous strength from thine,
That Vice, though giant-limbed, had failed to bow
Or break me to his side. That thou and I
Had dwelt together in some country bourn,
Under a straw-thatched cottage, rose-entwined,
And nestling amid trees ; few friends around,
A hedge of thyme to tempt the humming bees,
An orchard purple with autumnal fruits,
Blue mountains circling us, the sky above,
Our innocent children prattling at our knees,
Our hearts all purity, content, and peace,
Love our sole thought and heaven our final hope.

Gretchen.

But see, the Tempter comes ; a mocking smile
Lights his dark features and his fiendish eyes ;
His mighty wings o'ershadow the bright suns
That shine around us ; black and vast and dense
As the thick clouds that rush upon the sea,
Whelming affrighted ships, eclipsing heaven,
Bearing destruction in their sullen wombs,
That howl and howl and howl till all is lost.

Goethe.

Farewell—a long farewell : remember me.

Gretchen.

Remember *me* and hope. I fly to heaven
Prostrate before The Aleim, the heaven itself
Shall end ere I despair of winning grace.

Goethe.

She's gone—she's gone! Shall we not meet again?
O beautiful Spirit of my only love!

Voice (in the distance).

Farewell, dear love; remember me and hope.

Mephistopheles.

'Tis time that we should enter on our journey;
The way is vast, the regions without number.
And though we travel faster than the earth
Whirls round in space—some seventeen miles a minute—
Yet is it fit to waste no moments here,
Uselessly moaning by this sluggish River.
Confess now, didst not hope these things were myths?
That Pluto, Zeus, and Hermes all were fables?
That old Mythology was incongruous fiction?
That all the ancient poets were smart liars?
Thou seest it is not so, but all is real.
There is no fantasy in Minstrel's dreams,
They are revealings from the Spheres of Heaven.
Nay, don't be angry with thy red-cloaked friend.

Aside.

This solemn mood of his will never do—
I'll rouse him by some merry antic joke,
To fling aside his philosophic mask.

SCENE II.

THE EMPYREAN.

The GUARDIAN ANGEL and GRETCHEN meeting.

Guardian Angel.

Beautiful Spirit, clothed in sunny splendour,
Musing so sadly through the golden air,
Why art thou pining? Can thy Sister render
Aught that will charm away thy fixed despair?
Sorrow upon *me* too has ploughed its traces,
Tears have but lately streamed from my full eyes.
Turn to me, fold me in thy fond embraces,—
Whence the deep secret source of those quick sighs?

Gretchen.

Angel, star-pinioned daughter of delight,
In whose mild looks such gentle love is throned,
I see thy soul of virtue all unzoned,
And hide me in thy bosom soft and white,
That throbs to mine responsively with love.
Comfort me, loveliest Spirit, for such sorrow
Weighs on my wounded soul as words can paint not:
Strength from thy counsel gladly would I borrow.

Guardian Angel.

Counsel and love I'll give thee, Sister; faint not;
Sympathy binds us, for the night of woe
Is round me, and but late my lot seemed anguish,

For I have seen a bright star's overthrow,
A star beloved by me :—I pine and languish,
Weeping its fatal fall from highest heaven,
Unto the hell to which it turned its light,
Even as the olden angels, when sin-driven,
They mixed with Seraphim in mortal fight.
But *thou*—why weepest thou, fair trembling dove ?
Why pants thy breast so wildly against mine ?
Why does thy gaze from those blest realms above
To yonder mournful mansions still incline ?
Tell me, oh, tell me, while thus hand in hand
We soar where heaven's bright portals wide expand.

Gretchen.

The home where I was born, the German home
Of truthfulness and love, lies far away
Amid the mountains, in that grand and gray
Old world that shines the nearest to the Moon.
And there, until my fourteenth year, I dwelt
Delightedly, while every month seemed May,
Or that sweet time of flowers, bewitching June.
And when the vesper hour o'er hill and vale
Descended, and the stars shone, and the calm
Of blessed peace was in the heaven, I knelt
Before the blessed image of Christ's Mother,
Who smiled on me serenely, with her pale
And gentle face, whose beauty was like balm
To wounded wayfarers. To her, no other,
I gave my prayers ; and so my faith grew strong,
And my young soul was innocent and pure.
They said that I was beautiful, some praised
My shape, my eyes, my hair ; and many gazed

With looks that did not, as 'twas said, belong
To heaven ; but I was virtuous and secure
In conscious modesty that knew no wrong.
So, till my fourteenth summer, passed the time ;
But happiness did never yet endure
Within that fated sphere. It happened then
My darling mother died. The bell's sad chime
Pealed o'er her loved remains, and I was left
Alone in that deserted woodland home,
An orphan, poor, and weeping sadly, when
An uncle, who had known us ere bereft
Of my dear father, came, and said our cottage
Was his, and his alone, and I must go
Forth on the wide world to seek out my bread,
As many a better one had done before ;
Idleness was a crime, and milk and pottage
Were things that virtue could not conjure ; so
He said, and turned me from my mother's door ;
And would not let me pluck one little flower
Which we had sown together, she and I,
One morn in spring preceding : she was dead,
And I was friendless. Yet I did not weep ;
My heart had been relieved by that sweet shower
Of tears that never came, I know not why.
I prayed for them ; they came not—parched and dry
Were those poor fountains which you late saw streaming
With agony and love. I turned and sought
The road that led to Frankfort, rapt in thought
And terror, ere the morning star was beaming.

The Pastor of our village was my friend,
He gave me letters, and, ere many days

Had passed, I had a home, where one might spend
Contented hours. The toil was slight, my heart
Was strong with faith ; the Virgin-Mother's gaze
Of love divine seemed printed on my being.
I worshipped her in silence and apart.
It seemed as 'twere she now fulfilled the place
Of my own darling mother, and I never
Looked on that mild, angelic, heavenly face,
That radiant seemed with love undying ever,
Without remembrance of the dead and gone,
In my enraptured fancy once more seeing
Her who lay hidden 'neath the cold hard stone
That shrouded that once warm and throbbing breast.
Infancy's, childhood's, girlhood's dearest nest ;
Alas ! 'twas then I felt indeed alone.

I was sixteen, and then I met with one
Who was my fate. He saw me, and I knew
'Twas love that like swift lightning darted through
My spirit ; ere I thought, my heart was won,
Spell-bound to his for ever and for ever,
By ties that not Eternity could sever.
His father was a burgher, rich and proud,
In the free City of imperial towers ;
And sooner would he see him in his shroud
And coffin cold, than smile on love like ours ;
For I was very poor and friendless still,
And had no gold, nor any hope of gold,
And he was wealthy, haughty, high of rank,
And saw men bow to his unbending will.
Love he believed not, starving merit stank
In his nice nostrils ; worthless, vain, and cold,

A connoisseur of art, I think they said
He was, which means—I scarce know what it means ;
But it has always less of heart than head,
And coins, intaglios, and prints it gleans
From several sources ; while, as I've been told,
Its human feelings all are stark and dead.

We loved—oh, never tongue could aptly tell
Our happiness, our rapture, our delight ;
It was a Paradise of sweetest joy,
A sphere of sunshine never clothed in night,
A world of golden scenes without alloy.
And when we wandered through green grove and dell
Under the stars, or silver moon, at eve,
Or in the glittering noontide, or at morn,
Poësy could not paint, or thought conceive,
Such ecstasy of bliss as fused our souls
Into one burning spirit ; both seemed born
In the same hour beneath one star of beauty.
Such was our love, fair Sister, still it knolls
Like a sweet bell of heaven within my frame,
Making such musical thought, allegiance, duty,
Unto the Highest for a time seem drowned
In that o'erwhelming trance of transport ; shame
Awakes anon, and I arise confused,
As one from visions deep : so strange the swoond
In which my spirit for that moment mused.

This did not last : the fatal moment came
That saw us parted ; 'twere a tedious tale
To hear, and sorrowful indeed to speak.
He whom I loved alone on earth, with love

Such as is seldom felt, more seldom seen,
Left me, sweet sister. Why?—his heart was frail
And young, and there were those who dared assail
His constancy with frauds, nor blushed to wreak
Revenge on me. He raised his thoughts above
The sphere in which I moved, a humble maiden
Dowered with only truth, and some sixteen
Innocent summers; had my purse been laden
With gold, perhaps a different fate had been
Ordained for me. But so it happened—we parted,
And never met again. He trod the road
Of wealth, rank, power, renown; with kings abode,
Lived in the sparkling round of worldly pleasure;
Draining enjoyment's sweet but poisoned measure,
Heedless of me, absent and broken-hearted.

I left fair Frankfort; wandered much, and wept,
And sought my native village; the old pastor,
Who loved me from my cradle upward, slept
In the churchyard, beside my mother dear.
I knelt upon the grave, and sob and tear
Fell from me like a blinding rain. Meanwhile
The news was spread of this my sad disaster,
And calumny was rife, and many a jest
And bitter scoff were hurled at me. My breast
Had not grown hard or cold; the bad and vile
Said I was like themselves—Heaven knew my truth
And purity; but I endured it still.
Perhaps, sweet Sister, all was for the best;
And fit it was to change my stubborn will,
And bow it down before the only shrine
Where peace on earth is found—the shrine of Christ.

I sought it there, and found it ; a divine
And heavenly feeling bathed my soul in light,
And shewed what idols had my heart enticed
From the fair walk of heaven, wherein I walked
When with my mother dear I sat and talked
On the carved bench, beneath the spreading vine,
That wreathed above our porch its clusters bright.

With this delicious feeling came another—
Forgiveness of the past ; I calmly scanned
The state of him I loved ; I sought to smother
Within me all that wounded anger fanned ;
And I succeeded. A bewitching calm
Stole o'er my spirits, and I knew 'twas fate
Divided us, not coldness, falsehood, hate,
Or faithlessness in him : and so my old
True love came back. I prayed for him all day ;
His image lit my dreams ; encrowned with palm
And laurels of renown, outglittering gold,
His name was seen : I shared his joys, was gay ;
Old times returned, and all my life was May.

My life at length was at its end—I died ;
My last fond prayer was breathed to heaven for him,
And God had mercy on me ; I was sent
To yonder Star, where happiest spirits bide
In sunshine everlasting, and in bliss
Whose heavenly splendour never may grow dim.
Then came the sadness of my discontent.
On earth I knew not what was false or true,
But lived in dazzling mist as millions do ;
Thinking what men call good was very good—

Alas ! the word's on earth misunderstood ;
And then I knew my lover was misled
Like others, placing his sole happiness
In what was truly evil, though it wore
The robe and visor of ambrosial truth ;
I saw that even in life he was as dead,
Poisoned by Pleasure's vile and cankered tooth ;
I saw, and anguish wild my spirit tore.

He died—I sought the burning thrones of God,
And asked for pardon. The All-Father gave
Permission to cross o'er that gloomy wave,
And plead for him. I came ; through Orcus trod,
And gained brief respite from the Judge sublime,
Who sternly told him that his deeds had been
A slander on the soul he bore. I climb
Once more to Heaven to intercede with tears ;
For never can I my fond spirit wean
From his, to which alone 'tis firmly knit.
Hence I lament ; from this my sorrow springs.
Come, sweetest Sister, mount with me on wings
Of love, and where The Aleim all grandly sit
On thrones of thunder, supplicate with me.
The Powers will bend when suppliants twain they see,
And Goethe be restored to heaven and me.

Guardian Angel.

Didst thou say Goethe ?

Gretchen.

Such the name he bore.

Guardian Angel.

Alas ! I fear thine errand will be vain.

Gretchen.

How canst thou tell ?

Guardian Angel.

His angel stands before
Thy wondering eyes.

Gretchen.

What, thou ?

Guardian Angel.

I do not feign.

I was his Angel Guardian, and beheld him
Wilfully treading Error's devious ways.

Gretchen.

Thou shouldst, methinks, have sternly then withheld him,
Ere he was blinded by the Gorgon's gaze.

Guardian Angel.

I tried and failed ; I wept as well as thou ;
Fruitless were all my efforts ; to the end
I persevered ; hope still ; and even now
Will join thee in thy way, and counsel lend.

SCENE III.

DARKNESS.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* GOETHE.

Goethe.

Is this the Hell of which you spake so much ?

Mephistopheles.

By no means, friend ; the road to Hell is downwards ;
We are ascending a bare mountain gorge.—
I mean to shew you a most dainty spectacle.

Goethe.

With excellent intentions, as you'll swear.

Mephistopheles.

I fear I've missed the way ; hilloa ! hilloa !—
Did you not hear a voice reply to mine ?
Or was it fancy, or a mocking echo ?

Goethe.

I heard a Voice that mocked you much indeed ;
And here comes one who seems its mocking owner.

Mephistopheles.

Who is this fellow ? Surely I should know him.
Hilloa ! you, sir, who are you ? what's your name ?
What do you here ? mousing for moor-hens, eh ?

Momus.

I once was a god, dwelling high in Olympus,
My father was Somnus, some say he was Nox,
I do not care which ; but I grew like a fox,
Waggish and tricky, as cunning an imp as
Ever sang *la, lalla, la, la*.

I laughed at old Juno, I tripped up young Cupid,
I limped, and made faces at Vulcan the smith,
I flirted with Venus and nymphs of her kith ;
I told all the husbands whom Zeus nincompoop-èd
In masquerade, *la, lalla, la, la*.

I mocked at the house built by Pallas Athenè,
Because it was not upon wheels to remove,
When it got among neighbours one could not approve,
Till the vinegar virgin grew snappish and spleeny,
And called me a *la, lalla, la, la*.

I swore at stout Vulcan, and dubbed him a donkey,
Because, when he fashioned a mortal of clay,
He had shut up his breast from the light of the day,
'Stead of placing a window there ; brainless and drunk
He must have been, *la, lalla, la, la*.

At last for my truth-telling tongue I was tumbled
One day from Olympus, and pushed into space ;
And here I am now with a mask on my face :
For many a long year at my downfall I've grumbled,
But uselessly, *la, lalla, la, la*.

And now that you've heard all my pitiful story,
I think that you may as well peacefully pass ;
For never before did I see such an Ass,
Like an open-mouthed, ugly-eyed, grinning John Dory.
So pass, Ass, *lalla, la, la*.

Goethe.

This fellow answers you in your own vein.

Mephistopheles.

So much the better ; mockery and I
Are ancient comrades, and will never fight.
Pardon, Sir Momus, but I knew you not ;
I did not hope to find you in these wilds.

Momus.

Nor I to meet Sir Voland at this hour.
But whither go you with your courteous friend ?
He looks like some young scholar of the Muses.

Mephistopheles.

I wish to introduce him to the Witches,
Who hold their orgies somewhere in these hills ;
But 'tis so long since I've been to these quarters,
I scarcely know the route. Can you direct me ?

Momus.

Turn to the right—then down to the left,
Then up to the centre where ten roads converge ;
If you choose the right road, and omit the wrong nine,
Through a chasm of twelve chasms you'll quickly emerge,
Where the Witches are dancing and drinking witch wine.

Goethe.

This Grecian god can juggle like yourself ;
The road he speaks of seems extremely clear.

Mephistopheles.

I see a wandering gleam of pale blue fire
Cresting yon craggy peak, and can discern
Dark phantoms whirling in the Bacchant dance,
Around twelve brazen caldrons breathing flame.
These are the ladies surely—hence, away ;
And while we go sweet music shall escort us,
Making us think we're not in Hell but Heaven.

As they ascend the mountain, a SIREN, invisible to GOETHE, sings the following song, accompanied by delicate music. Nymphs, of extreme loveliness, seem floating in the atmosphere around both.

A Spirit with starry eyes and wings
Comes to me oft in dreams ;
Her face is as fair as the sweet young spring's,
Her laugh like sunshine gleams.
Her cheeks are a garden of flow'rets rare,
Sweet music is in her sighs ;
Her smiles illumine the golden air,
And heaven is in her eyes.

A pause—music.

Her beautiful neck and breast of snow
Are as bright as the milky way,
When its thousand stars shine forth, and shew
A lustre exceeding day.

Her dark brown tresses and little hands,
 And feet of exquisite mould,
 Make her seem, as she walks on the silver sands,
 Like sea-born Venus of old.

A pause—music.

She treads the earth as angels tread
 The bowers of bliss above ;
 And such beauty and goodness are round her shed,
 That I think she's the Spirit of Love ;
 But ah ! when she ought to be warm, I find
 That she's colder than winter snow ;
 How *can* she look so winning and kind,
 And tease a poor dreamer so ?

The Phantoms hover around GOETHE, wreathing him with garlands, fragrant and splendid, courting and tempting him with the most bewitching movements. Young CUPIDS, waving torches and pelting each other with roses, flutter in the air : all seems beauty and sunlight.

Mephistopheles.

These are words of gems and flowers ;
 Wouldst thou wish to hear another ?

Aside.

Do no fig-leaves flourish here ?

Siren.

Lonely on the vernant side
 Of the crystal-springing Ide,
 Gazing on the towers of Troy,
 Lay the princely Shepherd-boy.

On a bank with flow'rs o'ergrown,
Carelessly his pipe was thrown ;
Like a singing bird asleep
When the stars their vigils keep.

Though around him sunshine lay,
Little heeded he the ray,
Or the fragrance of the rose,
On whose lips the bees repose.

Though a fountain murmured near
With a music soft and clear,
Little recked he its sweet sound,
Buried in his thoughts profound.

Love alone was in his dreams,
Tincturing with Elysian gleams
All the fancies fair that roll
Through the amorous Shepherd's soul.

While thus rapt in golden thought,
On a beam of sunshine wrought,
Four Immortals from the skies
Wafted were before his eyes.

On the flowers descended there,
Juno, Pallas, Venus fair ;
Stately all, and bright of blee,
Each a very galaxy.

Hermes fourth was in the band,
Bearing in his godlike hand
A gold apple—the bequest
Destined for the loveliest.

From the green and dewy lawn,
Like a startled forest fawn,
Jumped the boy in mute amaze,
Dazzled by the heavenly blaze.

But before a word he spoke,
Wingèd Hermes silence broke—
“From our own Olympian home,
Shepherd, to thy fields we come.

Zeus has sent us unto thee,
Beauty’s happy judge to be ;
From this gentle choir select,
As thine eye and taste direct.

This fair gift of brightest gold
For the loveliest behold—
Take it, and bestow it where
Centre charms beyond compare.”

Thus he said, and vanished straight,
Like the stars when Morning’s gate
Opes, and young Apollo speeds
On with lightning-footed steeds.

Then the goddesses prepared,
Each with snowy bosom bared,
By the longing youth to pass
As he stretched upon the grass.

First came Juno, Heaven’s queen,
Rivalling the sun in sheen ;
In her eyes was Power enshrined,
On her brow imperial Mind.

“Thrones and empires shall be thine,
If thou mak'st this apple mine.”
Speaking thus, along she passed
Like a trumpet's mighty blast.

Next Athenè came, blue-eyed,
With that mild and gentle pride
Which on Wisdom always tends,
Elevates, yet ne'er offends.

“Knowledge, which is Power,” she cries,
“Shall be thine, if mine the prize !”
Like some old delicious song,
Gracefully she moved along.

Lastly Aphroditè came,
With an eye of sapphire flame,
With a cheek which rosy hues,
Lovelier than the Morn suffuse.

With a breast more lustrous far
Than the glittering Evening star,
And a form than snow more white,
Sleeping in the cold moonlight.

“At my feet the apple throw,
I'll on thee a Nymph bestow.
Whom all hearts confess to be
Only less divine than me.”

Gaily on the Goddess moved,
In her hand the prize beloved ;
Who would not for Beauty bright,
Crowns and Wisdom gladly slight ?

Mephistopheles.

I spare no pains, you see, to give you pleasure,—
The flowery accents of sweet song, the light
Of stars divine that gem the Olympian air
Through which we're treading to soft music's measure,
The Dorian lute's enchantments, that invite
To dreams, like those that honey-breathing sleep
Wafts through the frame, and when we reach the end
Of this fine tour, I'll treat you to a feast
Of nectar-dropping cups, more rich than any
The dome sublime of Father Zeus contains.

Goethe.

By heaven, I feel once more a man !

Mephistopheles.

Of course

You do ; the nonsense that they preached has passed,
And like the swiftly-dying race of mortals,
Leaves nought behind it but—I'll show you scenes
Where my own favourite children, such as you,
Pass very happy hours, as blest as gods ;
They know no night ; an ever-gleaming Sun
Shines o'er their homes ; the sunbright meads are green,
And damasked o'er with roses, fragrant, red,
And white, like the rich breasts of Aphroditè.
The land is shaded with thick groves of trees,
Glittering with gold and rich with fragrancy ;
And there they wheel the chariot o'er the plain,
Or tame the prancing steed, or strike the lyre
When blue-eyed Dian's light illumines the eve

The ocean breezes fan those blessed isles,
 Where flowers of gold glisten from emerald trees.
 While jocund plenty blooms all round, and perfume
 Is scattered from the altars of their gods,
 That blaze for ever with star-glancing fires.
 And all these glories shall be thine for ever,
 If thou wilt but fall down and worship me.

Aside.

If this poetic nonsense don't subdue him,
 I know not what will make his wine-bag mine.

Goethe.

More music—let me hear the voice of song,
 And the flute's sweetly-flowing breath again.

Mephistopheles.

Behold two lovers seated on that hill,
 A youth and female ; she is violet-tressed,
 And purple-zoned, and in her milky hand
 She holds a silver beaker ; they are those
 Of whom the Voice invisible late hymned ;
 He courts her to his arms—I think, indeed,
 If we but listen, we shall hear his strain.

THE SONG OF PARIS TO HELEN.

Come hither, come hither, and sit by me,
 Under the shade of the greenwood tree ;
 I've a secret, Dearest, to murmur to thee,

On those twin lips dewy and tender ;
 And thus while I sit, to thy bosom prest,
 With all thy love in thy look confest,
 Oh, wonder not if I feel more blest

Than kings on their thrones of splendour.

Thy voice has a music to stay the hours,
 Thy smiles are as sweet as those garden bowers,
 When broidered by May with the rosiest flowers

That summer skies ever beamed on ;
 And in those eyes, as the morning bright,
 Is sitting a Cupid—a sunlike sprite—
 Oh, never hath Bard, in vision of light,
 A lovelier Image dreamed on.

The books, the songs, I loved so well,
 The evening walk in the leafy dell,
 The midnight planets, whose radiant spell
 Could cheer my solitude lonely,
 Are changed—and no more their joys impart
 When thou art away, who my angel art,—
 There stands a Temple within my heart,
 And thou art its idol only.

A Phantom of Beauty, more bright than May,
 Flits round me like sunlight, and gilds my way—
 Her smiles, her glances, wherever I stray,

Like showers of roses fall o'er me ;
 Come tell me, dearest, come tell me true,
 The name of this Phantom that meets my view,
 Or need I declare that while sitting by you
 The Real of this Phantom's before me ?

Mephistopheles (aside).

The acrid poisons of dark human passions
 Dye the white soul so deeply, that it grows
 Even of their own nature ; and when death
 Resolves it from the body, still desires

The Idols which it worshipped in the flesh.
 So he, who for so many years has dwelt
 In contemplation of mere worldly things,
 Still is enticed away, as in his life,
 From the ideal-lovely to the actual.—
 Sing on, again, my pretty wanton Siren.

To GOETHE.

See, the young Shepherd courts his love again ;
 While archer Cupid lies in both their looks,
 Ready for mischief. Ah, poor Menelaus !
 I'd pity you, but that I shake with laughter.

Siren (still invisible).

. Those tresses, soft and beautiful as morning ;
 Thy teeth that with the pearls may vie in whiteness ;
 The rosy buds thy milky cheek adorning ;
 Those sweet fond eyes, insphering sunny brightness,
 Shall not be always so, Beloved !—but render
 Up to the grasp of Time their dazzling splendour.

Go, seek the garden in the time of roses—

Of Beauty, in her prime, a type portraying ;
 Pace it again, when Winter there reposes,

And the once lovely flowers are all decaying.
 So shall it be with *thee*, when Time shall scatter
 Years o'er thy head, and all thy roses shatter.

Swifter than hinds, along the meadows flying,

Fleeter than pards from hounds and hunters leaping,
 Time rushes onward, in pursuit undying,

His track of death with stricken mortals heaping ;
 Will he who crumbleth monarchs, warriors, nations,
 List to a gentle woman's supplications ?

No!—fierce, relentless, blood-stained, on he hasteth,
 Gorged to the throat with spoil of youth and beauty!
 Ere then, Beloved, thy gentle charms he tasteth,
 Hearken—oh! hearken unto love's sweet duty!
 Fondly thine arms of snow around me twining,
 Enjoy thy May of life while May is shining.

Goethe.

Will she consent?

Mephistopheles.

Did Helen e'er refuse?
 See—she is folded in his arms; away,—
 The scene grows rather warm; methinks a cloud
 Of roses should spread o'er their happy transports.

Young Witch (*extremely beautiful*).

Ah, come here, you pretty fellow,
 Wondrous sights I'll shew you; charms
 Such as ne'er, since earth was mellow,
 Stooped to any mortal's arms.

Goethe.

Canst thou read the hidden Future?
 If thou canst, and wilt expound it—

Mephistopheles.

This is nonsense, man, confound it,
 Do not ask her—'twill not suit your
 Purpose;—be advised by me.

Old Witch (*aside*).

Artfully Sir Voland acts it,
Feigning anger to excite him.

Young Witch.

Yes, I know it ; will your lordship
Let me shew what must delight him ?

Mephistopheles.

Since he presses, I agree.

Young Witch.

This is the sole true art of divination,
Taught to us by Pythagoras of Samos ;—

Mephistopheles.

Whose Romish doctrine of the Transmigration,
Makes his name here, as in Crotona, famous.

She takes a mirror, which she inscribes with blood ; and bidding GOETHE stand behind her, she shews the mirror to the Moon, which appears cresting the distant mountains. GOETHE looks steadfastly, and perceives his own name written on the Moon's disk in characters of blood, and a motto, importing that, act as he may, his soul is now everlastingly lost.

Mephistopheles (*aside*).

'Pon my word this Witch has finely
Done the very thing I wanted ;
Where in hell she got the Moon though,
Even without a *nomine Domini*,

I know not—the fool's enchanted.
 This will sure destroy his visions
 Of Miss Peggy and of Heaven,
 And persuade him to make any
 Bargain with me while he's able.
 Fal, lal, lal, resume your dancing !

Merrily round the Witches dance—

Nay, Old One, restrain your prancing ;
 Trust me, that 'tis not enhancing
 Perfect charms like yours, which never
 Can require the least endeavour
 To fill all with love entrancing.

Merrily round the Witches dance.

Old Witch (aside).

His eyes are riveted on the scene, for some
 Of these false Witches brighter are than angels ;
 And Paris did not gaze on more seducing
 Creations of fine beauty than are now
 In naked witchery set before our Minstrel.
 Arise, vain form and shape deceitful, rise,
 With unreal splendour mock his dazzled eyes.

*A phantom-picture ascends from the caldrons, stretching away
 to a great distance in airy splendid colours. The whole
 atmosphere seems illumined with sunshine. He beholds
 the GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES.*

Goethe.

A Garden pranked with flowers of loveliest hues
 And fragrance is before me. Who are these
 Three wondrous Goddesses, with charms all bare,

Who bring me this gold apple, and entreat
That I may give it to the fairest one ?

Mephistopheles.

Know you not Venus, Juno, and Athenè ?
What moon-white splendours in each neck and breast !
They come from Zeus to you, as erst they did
To Alexander in Mount Ida's dells ;
Begging you to bestow the golden gift
Upon the loveliest ; see, it is inscribed
In graceful Greek.

Goethe.

Then, Venus, it is thine.

Mephistopheles.

The Aphrodisian goddess thanks you much,
And will bestow in recompense for this
Immortal apple one ambrosial kiss.

Goethe.

O Gods ! I dream—an ecstasy of madness
Seizes me as I fold within my arms
The cestus-bearing Queen. Away—away !
Another moment—press me—press me yet.

Mephistopheles.

Come, sir, I wait you.

Goethe.

Wait me ? how now, fool ?
Was it to mock me, then, you brought me hither ?

Mephistopheles.

Mock thee, indeed—I'd rather die than mock thee ;
But there are certain matters which thou knowest
Preface the Paradise I promised thee ;
For instance, thou must first fall down and worship.

Goethe.

Worship ! I will not—

Mephistopheles.

Then I'm very sorry
But I must do my duty, and escort thee
To the Abyss, and through it.

Goethe.

Nay, but pause :
Is there no other way ?

Mephistopheles (*fiercely*).

There is not, fool !
And though there were I would not now bestow it,
Nor would I take thee. Hence, away, away !
Thou hast refused the proffered boon of heaven ;
My heaven, which I would then have given thee.
I were a rascal, shame to all my tribe,
If I allowed thee to play fast and loose.

Aside.

I have him sure. I swear it by the Goose
Of Socrates, and that anserian bird
On which wise Lacidas, the Cyrenian sage,
Bestowed a funeral, whose trappings vied

With those of kings ; the sot is drunk already
With the mad honey from the Witch's lips ;
The frenzy seizes him. Avaunt ! mild Wisdom,
This disappointment will but whet him more ;
And I've another little witchery waiting
To crown the bent of these ensnaring potions.
Gretchen, methinks thy prayers are idle air.
Now to the Hells—I'll shew him fire and smoke,
Caldron and pit and ocean, rack and wheel,
And with fine promises, such as lovers swear
To credulous maids by moonshine, win his soul,
And mock old Minos when we meet again.

SCENE IV.

THE ABYSS OF HELL.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* GOETHE.*Mephistopheles.*

The Ancients thought that it was the same distance
From Heaven to Earth as 'twas from Earth to Hell ;
Greatly they erred ; but they had not the assistance
Of John's Apocalypse, so could hardly tell ;
Vulcan, although he met with no resistance,
Took ten whole days when down from Heaven he fell ;
Whereas I've seen some millions, nay, have reckoned,
Who, dead on earth, were here within a second.

I've known it take ten thousand years to get
To heaven from earth—nay, more. The greater part
Of saints do not reach sooner ; even yet
I don't think Adam's there, with all his art
Of magic, though his heart on heaven was set.
If *you* could back from this to Weimar start,
'Twould occupy a space of time, I fear,
Very much more than that which brought you here.

The thing's a miracle beyond explaining,
Why people should come here so very quickly,
And go so slowly hence ; I'm not complaining—
I leave it to the sentimental sickly ;
But strange it is that Virgil, who, in feigning,
Confined himself to facts and fiction strictly,

Makes the remark, descent to hell is facile ;
Ascent is difficult for the most gracile.

We'll not dispute, however, on the matter,
Enough for you and me that we are here ;
I'll shew you things that might suggest a satire,
Could you get back again to your own sphere ;
But as you can't, and as you love to chatter,
And above all, at man to laugh and sneer,
You'll find rich food for mirth in this our journey,
Provided for you by Hell's Chief Attorney.

You shall behold the Spectres of Mythology,
The Monsters of the Air, and Earth, and Hell ;
All pictures faint of our true Demonology,
As half an hour ago you heard me tell,
The Zeus and Pluto of the past Theology,
Were only names for some of *us* who fell,
And shewed ourselves on earth to men who straight,
Like silly flat fish nibbled at the bait.

Some of the scribblers of the modern schools,
Declare, as you have heard, these tales were Myths,
And prove it cleverly by grammar's rules,
Laughing at Styx and its infernal friths ;
When you've seen all, you'll dub the fellows fools,
Whose volumes should be given up to smiths
To light their fires with ; every god in story
Belonged of right to Satan's territory.

In Greece we fooled men in the name of Zeus ;
In Rome they worshipped us, and called us Jove ;

So we seduced, and ever will seduce,
The mortal race from Him who's Lord above ;
The monstrous things which poets introduce,
Incests, intrigues in temple, stream, and grove,
Are all true facts, and were achieved by us,
Though many people think them fabulous.

Go to the East ; you'll see us grandly shrined
In temples built of marble and of gold ;
India, Japan, Cathay, have bowed the mind
To us—and think 'tis God that they behold ;
Go to the West, and if you're so inclined,
You'll see our images in every fold,
Erected by the shepherds for their sheep,
Where, for our Lord, their flocks secure they keep.

We're standing now upon the threshold dark
Of very Hell and its ten thousand Mansions ;
The Harpies scream, Snakes hiss, and Bloodhounds bark
In chorus not so musical as scansions
Of Homer's verse ; the fires roar up, and chark
The soul to cinder, curbing its expansions,
And making it a very squalid "fragment
Of air divine," such as the ancient wag meant.

Goethe.

But how can fire material harm the soul,
Which is immortal—an ambrosial air ?

Mephistopheles.

You think it can't be crisped into a coal ;—
That was the nonsense talked by old Voltaire ;

A sophism sly, contemptible and droll,
Worthy of sages smart and débonnaire,
And always shallow ; but I think you'll feel
Yourself ere long that even souls can squeal.

'Tis not for me to expound to you theology,
Or chemistry, or cards, or divination ;
Or preach the recent theories on geology,
Which carry back so far the world's creation ;
Proving by proofs well founded on conchology
That Moses drew on his imagination ;
This, Baron most renowned, is not my business ;
The very thought has made me feel a dizziness.

Little care I for Joshua, John, or Moses,
The swine-changed devils, transubstantiation ;
Or where the soul of Dives now reposes ?
Or whether there is truth in transmigration ?
Did Daniel's fiery furnace turn to roses ?
Or to what end was Jonah's navigation ?—
All puzzles these of most sublime divinity,
O'er which divines will wrangle through infinity.

Nor will I meddle with frail Eve or Adam,
The Arian or the Athanasian creed,
Abel or Cain ;—and why their parents had 'em
Outside of Aden—not within ? a deed
Regretted much by every man and madam ;
Or why the Jews were not allowed to feed
On wholesome ham ? or by what odd command
The sun that does *not* move was made to stand ?

Was the world made in winter or in spring ?

Were Noè and Deucalion the same ?

Or was he Saturn, that ill-treated king ?

Did rainbows shine before The Deluge came ?

Where did the unclean raven rest her wing ?

Had Eve and Adam navels ? Was the frame

Of Ark immense enough to hold the beasts

And birds, and food to give the creatures feasts ?

Whether the fruit forbidden were an apple,

Which made the ancient Romans call it *malum* ?

(The casuists on the subject stoutly grapple ;

Arguments and bad language never fail 'em ;)

Was Balaam's ass brown, grey, red, white, or dapple ?

What makes the blacks ? Did Noè's curse assail 'em

In vengeance for the wickedness of Cham ?

Was Samuel's ghost ventriloquism and bam ?

How old was Abel when his brother slew him ?

Whether fifteen, or fifty, or five hundred ?

When Eve conceived by Adam ? where she knew him ?

How often, when he named the beasts, he blundered ?

Was he an androgyne ? Did God imbue him

With several sexes ? If so, why they sundered

To two ? What means the rib Jehovah took

From Adam ? Who wrote Tobit's truthful book ?

Or whether the vast ocean called Atlantic

Flowed from Eve's tears for hapless Abel's fate ?

(If so, her eyes must have been most gigantic ;)

Whether Cain struck him in the guts or pate ?

Was't jealousy or envy drove him frantic ?

Did widow Azrun marry him, or wait
Till Eve produced a husband for her ? these
Are Gordian knots 'twere vain for us to feaze.

I'll not deny omnipotence, like Paine,

By saying an island can't be made without
Water around it ; nor waste time in vain
By reasoning which might make a baby doubt ;
The Origin of Evil and of Cain,
Are not such themes as I intend to spout ;
My mission simply is to shew you Hades,
And name its tenants, gentlemen and ladies.

For you and your vile race I feel such scorn

As souls like mine, the Sons of God, must feel
For creatures who, like toads and apes are born ;—
Fit only to be trampled under heel ;
You doubt of God—poor worm—and would suborn
The intellect He gave, your hearts to steel
Against Him, and rise up in fierce denial—
Pray tell me, don't you merit wrath's full vial ?

We pamper you on earth to this conceit,—

Pride and revenge compel us to these things ;
But when we have you here our work's complete ;
We let you loose from all false-leading strings :
In hell mere blasphemy is obsolete ;
We tried it once against the King of Kings,
And failed—We want not here such imitators ;
Enough for us that, living, you were traitors.

He conquered us—the day was his ; but ours
 Has been revenge indeed ; the world He made
 For you has left His worship for The Powers
 Infernal ; we alone are there obeyed :
 If the great soul I bear stoops, crawls, and cowers
 Before your race, 'tis that it may degrade
 You—them, and all, beneath the vilest beasts ;—
 We do so—on your souls our vengeance feasts.

On earth we did your work, and were your slaves ;
 Here, in our own dominions, we are lords,
 And rule supreme ; the cheated fools and knaves
 Who form our prey, and are our bondaged hordes,
 Tremble beneath our bloody swords and glaives :
 The game is won—things rule with us, not words ;—
 Truth, Mercy, Justice, God, we fight, scorn, hate ;
 But to *deny* is not allowed by Fate.

Therefore, my dear Companion, 'tis no use
 To be a sceptic here,—we're all believers ;
 The devil who doubted were indeed a goose,
 Or mad as men when raving in brain fevers ;
 I love a little laughter—no abuse
 Of what's above us ; I and mine are weavers
 Of pleasant mockery, jibes, and jests, and jokes,
 Which we play off upon terrestrial folks.

Goethe.

Well, certainly for one who lately bragged
 So much about his temper, it *is* funny
 To hear tirades like this ; had you been dragged,
 As I have been, from scenes and gardens sunny,

You might have roared with reason, and have wagged
Your tail with rage, like one who's lost his money;
But thus to kick your heels for one sly jest,
Proves that your temper's scarcely of the best.

However, I'll keep mine in good condition.

Mephistopheles.

Aye! and you'll need it, ere you have done with *me*;
You're entering on a very ticklish mission,
From which I hardly think you'll soon get free;
You don't at present know your true position,
But will, when your own fire you come to see;
And feel that it can roast your soul like pork,
Performing well its long-allotted work.

I'm glad, I own, to see you bear damnation
So very pleasantly:—and yet I think
That till you've gone through the first mild probation,
And found yourself so tough as not to shrink,
You may as well defer your jubilation;
For *my* part, I'll rejoice to see you wink
And hold your iron out, mine ancient Pistol,
Trampling the flames like some suspected Vestal.

I guess, however, ere I've shewn you over
These fruitful plains, which you must know will be
The future home of such a wayward rover
As you have been, you'll sign and seal with me;
You could not always hope to live in clover,
Worshipped with such insane idolatry,
As wise Egyptians lavished upon cats,
Crocodiles, monkeys, weasels, worms, and rats.

I told you, nay, my Paradise I disclosed,
Although I did not shew you all its stages ;
That is a duty which I've not imposed
Upon myself until I get my wages ;
Had you agreed to what I then proposed,
You should have lived there pleasantly for ages,
In pastime grave or jovial, wise or learned ;——
Better by far than this mere wild-goose errand.

I've always liked you literary people,
And sometimes I revise your books of rhymes ;
At Castalie I've taken many a tippie ;
'Twas *I* invented mysteries and mimes ;
I taught the Orient the *Ænigmas Triple*,
And how to call forth Memnon's mystic chimes,
Which sounded from the hollow head, when Dawn
Shed forth her splendours soft as eyes of fawn.

I followed Homer, and for many a year
Expected I should win him to my side ;
Ascræan Hesiod next was my compeer,
I taught him myths, and was his faithful guide ;
Tyrtæus, battle's fiery chanticleer,
Archilochus and Sappho, beauty's pride,
I lived with, shewing them the primrose road
That leads to Styx, but they abjured my code.

I passed to China, and Confucius taught
Some of the true Mythology of Hell ;
But all my labours were bestowed for nought,
That pig-eyed lawgiver I could not quell ;

The sacred plains of Israel next I sought,
And was with Solomon when first he fell
To worship idols as his ladies told him ;
But for his wisdom I had hither bowled him.

I rambled back to Greece, and spent the hours
With old Democritus' the laughing sage ;
The wisdom that he preached was wholly ours,
To laugh at life as one would at the stage
Where farce was played : his life thus passed on flowers,
Instead of being cursed with grief or rage ;
I laboured much to get him, but somehow
He 'scaped—and got to Limbo, where he's now.

From him I passed to bald-pate Socrates.
The Graces were enshrined within his breast ;
You may be sure they gave me little ease,
To drive them out I did my very best :
They kept their place, and after his decease
They raised him to the Islands of the Blest,
Where with immortal Spirits, throned in light,
He lives, and thinks me but a blundering wight.

Disgusted much, I left the earth, and vowed
I'd tempt philosophers and bards no more ;
But Satan all excuses disallowed,
And sent me back ;—I wandered o'er and o'er
The world, until I singled from the crowd,
Diogenes the Dog, whose atheist lore
Pleased me so much ; I stayed with him until
He died, and was condemned in fire to grill.

With Plautus next at Rome I long sojourned;
Then took my quarters up with gorgeous Sallust,
Who common decency so boldly spurned,
He seemed that Roman idol hugely phallused,
Who met you in whatever grove you turned;
And made you think your virtue useless ballast,
Which you might very fairly fling away,
And give yourself entirely up to clay.

With Doctor Martin Luther, the bold friar,
I had some conferences, as he writes;
I proved the Pope was Antichrist's true cryer;
I proved the Mass a heap of Pagan rites;
I made him fill his beer-can higher and higher;
We walked and supped and slept in bed o' nights;
And were, as he relates, the closest friends,
Working together for the self-same ends.

His soul, however, which was like a burst
Of sunshine on the night of human mind,
'Scaped me, and now stands forth in Heaven the first
Among those priests of Rome who dared unbind
The soul from fetters, which the very worst
Of reverend fiends around their serfs entwined;
Erasmus laid the egg, but Luther hatched it;
The first for glory longed, but Martin snatched it.

From thence till now I've made my choice to dwell
With Christians only, who delight me most;
Their theories have so divine a smell,
Though not so wonderful as parsons boast;

Their practices, however, lead to Hell ;
We've more of them than any other host ;
For never yet lived one of them who did
The holy things that Christ expressly bid.

I was with Swift, when mocking much, he wrote
That wondrous tale of tales, the *Tale of a Tub* ;
I was with Somerset, when, with viper throat,
She begged Queen Anne that splendid priest to snub ;
I brought the Duchess here, and gave my vote
That she should cage with Cerberus our cub ;
I also seized the soul of Brandy Nan,
For daring to put Swift beneath her ban.

I whispered something into Dante's ear,
When with rough Virgil he passed through this place ;
I dictated some jokes—not too austere—
To him whom Frenchmen queerly call Boccace ;
Rabelais, Dan Chaucer, Milton, bent to hear
Some of my waggeries ; Voltaire's sharp face
Lighted up when I came ; near Byron's pen
I sat, and mocked at all within his ken.

But *you*, since Arouet, were my dearest bairn,
I liked you better even than Ferney's lord ;
I prized your fine contemptuous unconcern
Of everything in old or new record ;
Had I gone up to earth myself to incarn,
I could not have—believe it on my word !—
Made a sublimer scamp than you, and hence
My wish to help you in your exigence.

I could have got you comfortable lodgings,
 Almost as good as those you owned at home,
 Where you'd have had some very pleasant dodgings,
 With this young Witch, and that old cunning Gnome :
 But when you raised a heap of doubts and bodgings,
 About a trifle, I began to foam ;
 And vowed I'd leave you to the fate which Minos
 Cut out for you, as your appropriate *finis*.

You would not bargain with me ;—well you know
 My mind, that's all ; I don't mean to deceive you,
 Or under falsehood work your overthrow ;
 The Furies three will finally relieve you
 From *my* companionship ; I'm not your foe,
 Nor did I ever while you lived aggrrieve you ;
 I hate *all* men—but you, who are my friend ;
 And therefore 'twas I wished some aid to lend.

So you had better bargain with me ere
 It be too late. I'll give a capital price
 For your *no* chance of getting hence elsewhere ;
 Do it—I'll take you with me in a trice
 To a green maze, built by those Witches fair
 Whom you so leered at ;—in whose Paradise
 You can enjoy yourselves in spite of Moses,
 And at the Gods turn up your mocking noses.

Aside.

I would not like to bet a heavy wager,
 That he'll not change before ten minutes more,
 'Tis hard to fathom such a hackneyed stager ;
 But I can see he shudders o'er and o'er.

And when I shew him Sphinx, that spirit-cager,
 I'm sure my work will prosper—he'll adore ;
 However now he may pretend he won't
 From affectation, shame, or *mauvaise honte*.

Aloud.

You're scarcely worth the pains sincere I take
 To lighten your damnation ; but I'll not
 Get angry—you are doomed to fire, and stake,
 And flaming dragon, and the seething pot ;
 That's quite enough—I won't arouse the snake
 That never dies to wound you more. Your lot
 Is cast, and if you had a grain of sense,
 You'd close the bargain, and say, Bear me hence !

And so I would to Paphian groves and places,
 Where with the Witches you might pass your time
 Unknown to Minos, all your past disgraces
 Effaced from memory, even like your own rhyme ;
 Or join the charmers in their grave cinque paces
 Round the tall Phallos, or its summit climb :
 If you fall down and worship me, 'tis done.
 You won't—Why, you're more stupid than a Hun !

If you're still bent on dreaming that some stroke
 Of Fate or Fortune waits us when we reach
 Our journey's end—dream on : I will not joke
 Or interrupt you by sarcastic speech ;
 I have you firmly like a pig in a poke,
 However *you* may scold, or Peggy preach ;
 And so we'll re-commence our dismal tour—
 The scene grows blacker than a blackamoor.

Here are the jaws of Orcus ; Griefs, Diseases,
 Horrent, cadaverous, spectral, black and pale ;
Famine, with wolfish fangs that garbage seizes ;
 Mad Discord howling in her iron jail ;
And squalid Want, whose icy aspect freezes ;
 And viper-folded Madness, breathing bale ;
And Murder, robed in blood, and ghastly Fear ;
And Nightmare, scattering portents far and near.

Here also is the frightful prodigy Fame,
 Than whom no fouler breathes the infernal air ;
Pigmy at first, she hides her head in shame ;
 Anon she swells to size beyond compare ;
A million watchful eyes encase her frame,
 Which seems indeed all eye, but that where'er
She turns her gaze, a million tongues and ears
Drink in, and spread hopes, frenzies, lies, and fears.

She whispers—nations tremble and bow down ;
 She shouts—an empire totters, swoons, and dies ;
From this she robs—to this she hands a crown ;
 Her voice enwraps the globe and fills the skies ;
Restlessly gadding on from town to town,
 Sleep binds no golden fillet o'er her eyes,
Nor labour tires her tongues, nor noise confounds
Those ears that gape for all deceitful sounds.

Near her sits Envy, skeleton-limbed and pale,
 Covered with eyes that ne'er look straight ; a scowl
Grins on her brows ; an ear for every tale
 Of Calumny, a tongue those tales to howl ;

Black clots of poison mark her gall-dewed trail ;

She never smiles but at some treason foul,
Such as her darlings plan when she instils
The self-tormenting hate that beauty kills.

She has a nook in every human breast,

Till Virtue drives her out ; the statesman grave
Receives her in his holy heart a guest ;

The lawyer feasts her, and the soldier brave
Wears her at times upon his waving crest ;

The reverend priest, whose soul no sins deprave,
Takes her at church-hour to that hallowed shrine,—
“ And, oh, that yonder greasy stall were mine ! ”

The atmosphere all round is thick with Cares

And wild Suspicions ; Vengeance, stained with gore,
And deeply gashed with wounds ; black Hate, that tears

Even her own vitals ; Avarice, clotted o'er
With gold that looks like blood ; fierce Lust that rears

His savage front ; Ambition—Falsehood hoar,
And many-changing ; Malice, with snake-smile ;
Anger, blood-venomed, and fair-seeming Guile.

And mixed with these are Spectres without number,

Not to be named and nameless ; black and hideous,
Such as on earth pollute the sick man's slumber,

Rendering the sleep that should refresh him tedious
And horrible ; false Phantoms that encumber

The waking reveries of the mad religious
With maniac vision and confused sorites,
Making such things as Southcote and Stylites.

Dreary vacuity, never-ending gloom,
And pestilential-breathing clouds obscure,
Hot copper-coloured mists, that dimly loom
Like dark miasmas from a wide-spread moor ;
A charnel-vapour, worse than aught the tomb
Exhales, of all that's odious and impure ;—
Such is the general aspect of this quarter
Where we roast fools who soul for body barter.

We're treading now upon the giant Typhon,
Whom Juno, jealous that her husband Zeus,
With whom she kept a constant round of strife on,
Could from his brain the blue-eyed nymph produce
Without the intervention of that syphon,
Which until then had been in general use,
And fearing women might be superseded,
Swore she'd beget as good a thing as *he* did.

She prayed to Heaven, she supplicated Earth,
And then invoked the gods, and begged the devils
Would kindly help her in her anxious birth ;
For which, she said, she'd ask them to her revels :
Pluto, who dearly likes infernal mirth,
Resolved, despite old Proserpine's grave cavils,
To aid her ; Juno struck the ground, and lo !
Typhon sprung up and shouted loud, Ho ! ho !

A beautiful production seemed the chap,
And ten times taller than the mountain Andes ;
Whene'er he liked he gave the stars a rap ;
He smote with fright Olympus and its grandees ;

His whisper was an awful thunder-clap ;

What he'd have done if fed on beef and brandies,
I do not know ; but when his right hand touched
The North, the South was in his left hand clutched.

A hundred dragons dangled down his shoulders,

A thousand vipers coiled around his thighs ;

His feathered body frightened all beholders,

And fierce volcanoes belched from his big eyes ;

His mother, once supposed the Queen of Scolders,

Was fairly conquered by this youth of size,

Who swore some blasphemous oaths that made hell quake,

He'd have great Jupiter for a beef-steak.

A fiend so wild and horrible as this

You may be sure caused general hate and flight ;

Yet there was many a matron and chaste miss

Who felt no apprehension of the knight,

But wished him theirs with all their soul ; the bliss

They sighed for did not come ; the gods through spite

Conspired together, and with red-hot thunder

Struck him, and buried him this mountain under.

If he had lived, and if his goddess mother

Compassionating his monastic state

Had only made by similar arts another,

I mean a female Typhon, for his mate,

And they had bred young Giants, one or t'other

Of these two things had happed despite of fate,

They would have swallowed the whole tribe of gods,

As easily as boys bolt down peascods.

Or else the gods would have devoured them all,
Father and mother, sons, and stalwart daughters,
Feathers, and snakes, and vipers, great and small,
And washed them down with wines and hot strong
waters,
Ending the supper by a heavenly ball
Commemorative of the Typhon slaughters ;
A festival I should have liked to see,
But one that now, alas ! can never be.

The massive Gates of Bronze that frown all round,
Lifting their mighty arches mountains high
And oceans wide ; clanging with brazen sound
As the damned droves within their shadows fly,
To sleep henceforth in flame and gloom profound ;—
Are graven each in fire that blinds the eye :
Lust carved on this, on that Ambition ; there
Gluttony, Gaming, Theft, in lightning blare.

All the choice vices which you Mortals practise,
Have each a separate gate and separate road ;
So that when any comes no doubts distract his
Clear brain how he may reach his new abode ;
It burns in flame before him ; and the fact is
They never *do* mistake—the way is strowed,
As you may see, with thousands in distress ;—
You and I pass through this marked Selfishness.

I once supposed we'd pass through gate Ambition,
The gate of Infidelity, or Meanness,
All of which lead to the same goal—perdition,
By several long dark alleys of uncleanness ;

But since you've stood before our Inquisition,
 I've scanned you with such eyes of eagle keenness,
 I entertain no doubt the gate I've named
 Is that which your own instincts would have claimed.

Right in our pathway, fronting yon dark Cavern,
 Stands Cerberus, the horrid Dog of Hell ;
 Courteous as some spruce waiter at a tavern
 To all who're entering in, but fierce and fell
 To those who would go out ; he casts his slaver on
 Their sneaking souls, which makes them leap and yell,
 Like Pantaloon in horseplay pantomimes,
 Or readers of good taste o'er Twaddle's rhymes.

Cerberus.

Bow Wow ! Wow ! Wow ! what news from earth, old
 Rabbi ?

What ragamuffin's that with coat all rusty,
 Who roosts upon your tail ? Bow Wow !

Mephistopheles.

Sweet babby !

Don't bark so loudly ; this my friend's a trusty
 And faithful one, who, though his air be shabby,
 And his soul's odour rather rank and musty
 To heavenly nostrils, is resolved, from love
 Of you and me, to quit the realms above.

Cerberus.

Bow Wow ! Wow ! Wow ! we've rogues and scamps enow ;
 Our realms are chockfull. Wow !

Mephistopheles.

They are indeed.

Cerberus.

'Twas scarce worth this one's while to come, I trow,
So far to see 'em. Was he of the breed ?

Mephistopheles.

He was a Poet, on whose broad bald brow
His countrymen stuck bays—a worthless weed.

Cerberus.

And starved him ?

Mephistopheles.

No ; he sold his soul for money,
Even as your dogship might for cakes of honey.

Cerberus.

Well, he did right ; for rascal mortals treat
Their bards so scurvily, they're fools indeed,
If they *can* sell themselves for bread and meat
To *any* power, to live in abject need.

Mephistopheles.

Were *I* a Poet, sooner than not eat,
And fill my belly to its utmost greed,
I'd mortgage all my future to Old Nick,
And swear by him alone through thin and thick.

Better be laureate to the Devil himself,
Than no one's well-fed rhymer, fool, or clown ;

Better convert your poems into pelf,
By running this rogue up and that one down,
Than live neglected, stuck upon a shelf,
Feeding upon that humbug vile, renown ;—
The greatest of earth's minstrels, blind old Homer,
Was all his life a beggar, scamp, and roamer.

Menander drowned himself in proud despair ;
Dogs tore Euripides ; the Ascræan sage
Was murdered ; Socrates drank poison ; fair
And lute-souled Sappho felt the public rage ;
Theocritus was hanged ; the mighty pair,
Demosthenes and Tully, in old age
Died one by poison, one by steel ; the knife
Cut Lucan, Brutus, Seneca from life.

Empedocles and Pliny burned in flame
Volcanic, and the Stagyrte self-drowned ;
Hannibal poisoned ; Naso sent with shame
To Tomos ; Galileo blind and bound
In chains by knaves who dare themselves proclaim
God's viceroys ; pure Lucretius, rainbow-crowned,
Struck by his own right hand—such things as these
Shew how Fate loads the best with agonies.

Plautus and Terence were unhappy slaves ;
And so was Æsop ; sage Boëtius died
In gaol ; Camöens, whose Parnassian staves
Are his accursèd nation's only pride,
Begged in her streets ; o'er Tasso's, Dante's graves—
Massinger's, Dryden's, Chatterton's, have sighed

Thousands, who on past ages bawled out "Shame!"
Then went their way and did the very same.

Butler and Savage, Spenser, Goldsmith, Lee,
Cervantes, Marlow, Otway, Drayton, Forde,
Chapman and Shirley, Fletcher, a bright Three
On eagle-wings to heavenly heights who soared;
Burns, whose great soul outshone the galaxy
In splendour——lived and starved, and died, abhorred,
Or what is worse, despised by human things
Who scorn the gods, but worship lords and kings.

Who own that Genius is the Child of Heaven
Sent down to earth to beautify its ways;
Like living Revelations born and given.
How does Man hail it? Like a fiend, he preys
Upon its loveliness. While some are driven
Into despair, and stalk in Frenzy's maze;
Others are crucified; the murderous Jews
Of old, could they come back, would greatly muse
To see good Christians walking in their shoes.

Rome trampled Scipio; Florence trimmed the stake
For Dante; Cork its weeping Curran scorned;
London expelled its Byron; Bristol brake
The soul of Chatterton; Rousseau, pain-thorned,
Was hissed from France; pure England like a snake
Stung Shelley: thus the world wags; while adorned
With fame and fortune move the hell-born tribe
Whose names upon our books the Fates inscribe.

But time spurs on.

Cerberus.

The cates ?

Mephistopheles.

I've brought you plenty ;

Here's a full packet moist with virgins' sighs
Breathed forth in forests green for rakes of twenty,
Seasoned with widows' tears and lovers' lies,
Made up besides of the most choice frumenty,—
Pluto ne'er tasted more delicious pies—

Cerberus.

Bow Wow ! Wow ! Wow ! Gob ! Gobble ! Gobble !
Gobble !

Mephistopheles.

Heavens ! how his jaws and belly swag and wabble.

Never before saw I such monstrous cramming,—
His fifty throats like air-blown bladders swell ;
I've seen artillerymen with ramrods ramming
Thirty-six pound shot down a cannon's well ;
I've seen fat bishops skilled in cant and shamming,
Gorging green fat through gullets deep as hell,
But ne'er before in things of fact or fiction
Dreamed I of jaws with such a power of friction.

Here at this Gate is seated One in white,—
A Saint, I think—we'll not inquire his name ;
Beside him stands a black and sneering Sprite,
Whose nostrils vomit a Tartarean flame.

One of the mouths of Hell opes to the right,
Ready to gulp down deaf, and blind, and lame,
Ancient and youth, as children swallow plums,
For all is grist that to our millers comes.

A nicely-balanced scale is swung between,—
The Saint has weights of gold, the Devil of lead ;
Soon as a trembling soul's approaching seen,
Shrinking back like the coward letter Z,
His deeds are weighed : the Saint and Imp, as keen
As rats about a piece of bacon-shred,
Watch how the tongue inclines, and save or damn,
Quicker than you could pen an epigram.

This landscape's not enchanting ; mountains, hills,
Rocks, caverns, chasms, great whirlpools, and deep dens,
With thick brown marshes fed from putrid rills,
Exhaling the worst odours of worst fens ;
Smoke, flame, mists, soot, and all the other ills
The damned are heirs to in these ghastly pens,
Where Satan folds his flocks like some good shepherd,
Or butcher rather, till they're burned and peppered.

Those who sojourn here seldom wish to stay
For any length of time ; an hour or two
Is quite sufficient ; few would spend a day,
Fewer a week, and none a twelvemonth through :
The bore is *this*—they cannot get away,
Although they labour for't with much ado ;
Our emperor likes their company so well,
He won't consent that they should go from Hell.

Sometimes they take to flight, with hopes to 'scape
Their term of torture, scampering many a mile,
But all in vain ; to elude the Devil's chape
Is hard indeed, however versatile
Their talents—demon-dragged by heel and nape
They soon return with looks of bitter bile ;
Cursing the moment of their late vagary,
Instead of praying to the Virgin Mary.

Our catalogue of punishments is endless,
Frying-pans, spits, great worms with poisonous fangs,
Stink baths of pitch and sulphur, which offend less
Than the steel traps which give such awful bangs ;
Added to which each ghost feels sad and friendless,
For talking's not allowed among the gangs :
The silent system, borrowed from the Yankees,
Prevails—for which they've got our hearty thank ye's.

In these steel Ovens there are several millions
Baked till their brains boil out through their skull-
bones.

Here are about ten thousand Imps—postillions
Who sit upon the Dead, like huge millstones
Around their necks ;—this novel sort of pillions
Amuses them, so, maugre kicks and groans,
They spur them on along a pathway bristling
With lances for a pavement, gaily whistling.

Our thieves are punished by beholding jewels,
Sardonyx, diamond, emerald, heavens of light
Within their reach—they grasp them : hell's worst fuels
Of hottest fire they grasp, not treasures bright.

Drunkards drink boiling lead and water, gruels

By no means pleasing to their appetite ;
The tongues of liars are cut off with shears,
And hypocrites weep molten brass, not tears.

Though I had several thousand iron tongues

To prate untired through lips of brazen steel,
And numerous bodies filled with leathern lungs,
And were moreover red with burning zeal,
To speak in language drear as Parson Young's,
The penalties undying which we deal
Upon our damned disciples, I should never
Get through the list, what time I took soever.

Continual quarrels, enmities, and blows,

Strifes, butcheries, robberies, and depredations,
Employ these wretches ; foes engage with foes
In deadlier fight than those of Christian nations.

Hot lusts arm others, when their frenzy glows,

And whirls them on such strange, untold stuprations,
As even I, with all my devil wit,
Would rather from my narrative omit.

Perhaps you'll ask me why it is The Elohim

Permit such monstrous scenes, or damn at all ?

Such queries might become an Epic poem,

Lucretius-like, or Atheists when they scrawl.

The Eternal Powers—omitting further proem—

Cannot themselves the Destinies enthrall.

Necessity constrains them ; Sin and Crime

Must be atoned for somewhere, at some time.

Omnipotence itself is bound by laws ;
It cannot pardon hideous vice ; its soul
Is virgin pure ; and hence you trace the cause
Why of necessity it feels control.
It does not thrust those knaves to Hell's hot jaws,
They thrust themselves into the Hadèan hole ;
The Devils they worshipped while on earth they follow
From habit still, until they reach Hell's hollow.

God sends not any man to Hell, no more
Than Law sends desperate criminals to jail ;
Their own base natures send them—'twere a bore
To lengthen further such a plain true tale.
You and your kith on earth may hiss and roar,
As loudly as you like, and mock, and rail ;
There's nothing truer than that Hell exists,
And that God's heaven is *not* for men grown beasts.

Like a fierce wind that scatters burning embers
In clouds of smoke along the dusky air,
Our demons wrench them, severing limbs and members,
Deaf to their cries of terror and despair ;
Each in his terrible torment well remembers
(It flashes on him with a lightning glare),
The evil deed done in his days of flesh ;
The limbs rejoin—they torture him afresh.

Their greatest worry is the devilish laughter
Of mockery and spite, contempt and hate,
With which the Imps salute their misery, after
They did their utmost while in mortal state

To serve them ; bad ambition, lust, theft, craft, or
Hypocrisy, have brought them to this fate
Of fire, dismemberment, and choking vapours ;—
And well the rogues deserve it for their capers.

Mark, how these Goblins gallop o'er their bodies,
Trampling them with their red-hot hoofs to jelly—
'Tis pitiful to see the knaves and noddies
Kicked, mauled, maimed, cuffed, and tomahawked so
felly ;
You are a disbeliever, and your god is
What English bishops venerate, the belly,—
What do you say to this, Herr Baron ? *you* know
On earth you swore 'twas all as false as Juno.

Sometimes they tear the wretches into pieces,
And stick the quivering limbs on fiery prongs ;
Sometimes they strip them of their skinny fleeces,
Beating them all the while with leathern thongs ;
Sometimes—for there's no end of their caprices—
They make them sing obscene or comic songs,
In which they took delight when clothed in flesh,
Nor thought them baits for Satan's iron mesh.

Sometimes they melt them as if they were metal ;
The melted fragments reunite once more ;
Sometimes they stew them in Megara's kettle,
Until with agonies intense they roar ;
Sometimes they whip them with a Stygian nettle,
That makes the blood gush out at every pore.
Ho—ho—well punished ; ye with souls like sewers,
Or, dirtier far, like quarterly Reviewers.

Mercy, they cry ; have mercy, spare us, Lord !

They may as well be silent—He'll have none ;
I don't see why He should ; in deed, thought, word,
The knaves did all the vice that could be done ;
The Angels, whose sad task 'tis to record

The courses which our dear disciples run,
Have prayed more earnestly than any priest,
From such disgusting work to be releast.

Murder, adultery, scandal, perjury, rape,
Swindling, theft, arson, blasphemy, frauds, lies,
Seduction, killing men by law or grape,
Pimping for lords through whom one hopes to rise ;
Playing the wolf, the jackal, or the ape,
Defying heaven for some three-farthing prize,
Are crimes of every-day occurrence, which
Must make these Angels' books as black as pitch.

So that I do not wonder they petition
The Gods to whom they bend their seraph knees
For new employment, or complete dismissal
From labour, where they've not a moment's ease ;
'Tis quite enough to drive them to sedition,
Particularly as they get no fees ;
But are obliged to toil by law and duty ;—
We've no such taskwork here with wronged Old Sooty.

Come, and ascend this Mountain. What a rabble
Of naked men and women here are waiting !
What is it for ? They gibber, grin, and gabble,
Like monkeys when they're solemnly debating ;

It brings to mind the nonsense talked at Babel,
When every man in different tongues was prating :
They seem in dreadful terror of some awful
Impending fate, which fills with groans each maw full.

Scarce have I said the words— a pestilent blast
Of fiery Whirlwind folds them in its clutches,
Bearing them quick as lightning to a vast
And stinking Lake, whose waters whoso touches
Ulcers enough to make God look aghast
Break out upon him ; nightman, slave, or duchess,
Washed in these noisome streams of Stygian colour,
Could scarcely have increase of rage and dolour.

The Devils you see first plunge them deeply down,
So that no inch of flesh escapes being wetted ;
And when they rise they crack them on the crown,
And sink them in once more, albeit much fretted—
But where's the use of anger here or frown ?
At these choice sports they play till, wholly fetid,
The souls emerge, encased in ulcerous clothing,
Which fills the most conceited with self-loathing.

These are the dandies, belles, and pretty fellows,
Coquets and coxcombs, fops and dancing-masters,
Whose only care on earth, old legends tell us,
Were paints, cosmetics, ribands, wigs, court-plasters,
Paddings, and perfumes—yet they never smell us
In these fine toys, nor dream they are Alastor's
(That is the Greek name of their Demon), till
They find themselves thus pitchforked from the hill.

Near them the African Lamia^s hiss and coil

 Their serpent bodies into many a fold ;

Their nymphal faces shew nor speck nor soil ;

 Their snaky skins are dappled o'er with gold ;

Simoniacs form their perquisite and spoil,

 They clasp them to their hearts as you behold,

And break their bones to pieces, gravely saying

That church preferment should be won by praying,

And not by money, interest, or scheming,

 As we see happen every hour above ;

Where all indeed are good in outward seeming,

 And preach with lips most redolent of love ;

Crafty as snakes—I hope I'm not blaspheming—

 But scorning much the meekness of the 'dove,

They look upon their cure of souls as nothing,

But a smart trade that brings in food and clothing.

Mark this nice party fastened over flames

 Of burning brimstone, by hot iron chains,

Heels up—heads down ;—to tell you half their names

 Would waste a year, and quite confound your brains,

The multitude's so great of knights and dames ;

 You might as well expect to count the grains

Of sand on the sea-shore, as count these Spirits

Who're hanging here, rewarded for their merits.

Others suspended are by arms and hands,

 Some by the hair above the brimstone steam,

Hot iron hooks through those—through these steel bands,

 That chain them firmly, loud as they blaspheme :

With whips of fire and serpent-wreathing brands

My people lash them, while they yell and scream,
Like frightened rats, confined in iron traps,
That see grimalkin lick her ravenous chaps.

And see this red-hot adamantine Wheel,

Whose spokes are like some giant's awful chisel,
Crammed o'er with howling Souls that seem to feel
The torture run through artery, bone, and gristle ;
Each, as you see, is wriggling like an eel

Skinned by a cook ; 'tis paying for one's whistle
A rather costly—don't you think so ?—price
For practising on earth one's favourite vice.

The flame of brimstone bubbling from below

Grievously roasts them, while the Imps, with bars
Of iron, something like a miner's crow,

Except that they are sharp as scymitars,
Keep the Wheel still revolving ; screams of woe,
Such as Tydides drew from wounded Mars,
Resound on every side, and pierce the skies
(But there are none) ;—the Demons mock their cries.

Yonder's the great Red Dragon seen by John,

Which, in the final day shall rise from Hell,
And breathe a blast on every mother's son

Who against Truth shall venture to rebel.
Seven heads he has, with golden crowns upon
Each fiery brow : his horns in height excel
Sophia's mosque, or huge St. Peter's dome,
From one of which, 'tis said, on earth he'll roam.

The Papists swear this Dragon's the Grand Turk ;
The Protestants declare he means the Pope ;
The Quakers say that they have seen him lurk
Near Canterbury, through Penn's telescope.
These reverend wranglers take up with the murk,
And never for the fruit of sweetness grope :
The Dragon is a—Dragon—nothing worse,
However priests may thunder, swear, or curse.

See, the pestiferous Porcupines of Hell,
Burrowing beneath those trees of poisonous stench,
Where gluttons are tormented—sots who sell
Their souls for a crammed paunch and filthy drench ;
There is a story I should like to tell
While we are flitting o'er this brimstone trench :
'Twill shew you to what pleasant tricks The Snake
Can turn, when wishing human game to take.

I knew a lord, a wretched miser, noted
For avarice and utter lack of charity ;
He laughed when asked for alms by those devoted
To holy lives and deeds ; it was a rarity
To hear him *not* blaspheme : his name was quoted
Through all the country for his strange barbarity ;
The monks who lived close by were almost starving,
While he the primest food was daily carving.

These pious men had nought but bread and herring,
And so their thoughts ran up to Heaven from earth ;
I thought it wrong ; and speedily transferring
An artful Demon to the rich man's hearth,

He stole thence roast, and boiled, and baked, averring
To the poor monks, his master felt the dearth
Of food they had endured, and thenceforth daily
Would send them plenty by this trusted baillie.

The monks rejoiced, and feasted full as swine,
Their thoughts were fixed on Heaven and God no more ;
The Demon brought them loads of meat and wine ;—
Each stuffed his maw with food enough for four ;
Mass they neglected ; how to sleep and dine,
And sup and lunch, and swill the dainty store,
Alone employed their thoughts ; so mine they grew,
And now we have them all in hell perdue.

The saintly priests of Rome have prayed the Virgin,
In tones pathetic, to release these men ;
But she, despite their daily, nightly urging,
Refuses yet to drag them from this fen,
From which they'll never find themselves emerging
Until St. Peter's paid, and prayed to, when
They'll have a famous chance of getting out ;
And asking Mary what she was about ?

You'd scarce believe the influence of St. Peter
With those above,—*that* Saint's indeed a trump ;
He prays all day and night, in prose and metre,
For all true Roman Catholics in a lump ;
Had *you* been one, your soul would smell much sweeter
Than now it does, and would have mounted plump
To heaven, instead of being condemned for ever,—
A wretched fate for one so mighty clever.

The gluttonous poet Alcman, he who died
Pediculose, is stewed in yonder pot ;
Here's Ananias, who so stoutly lied ;
And here the scheming wizard, Michael Scot.
Here's Bishop Burnet ; by his courtly side
Mortimer, Villiers, Sporus, Vere, a lot
Of matchless Ghosts, transformed to various shapes
Of rats, toads, lizards, monkeys, snakes, and apes.

Here is the robber Cacus, vomiting smoke
Pestiferous, and fire from his black throat ;
As erst when Hercules began to choke
The scamp well shrouded in his craggy moat ;
Here are the crafty Cecils, each in cloak
Of burning brass ; here's Caiaphas, whose vote
Condemned Messiah ; here is Pontius Pilate,
Whose well-washed hands our casuists here all smile at.

Here's Alexander Borgia, the hot Pope,
With his three handmaids (see Machiavelli),
Simony, Lust, and Cruelty ; the cope
Of hell contains no worse within its belly.
Here's Doctor Dodd, who felt the hangman's rope,
And here's the procuress who sold poor Nelly
(The monarch's mistress,) when she was fourteen ;
And here's the chap who bought her, a sly dean.

Here's Prior's Chloè—a mere frowsy drab ;
Here's Peter Pindar, an obscene buffoon ;
Here's the Pretender, all one cancered scab ;
And here's Lord Clive, blaspheming to the moon.

Here's Robespierre, as ugly as a crab ;
And here is Marat, tiger and poltroon ;
And Irish Grattan, who his country sold ;
And Sarah Marlborough, an old snuffy scold.

Here's Herod's daughter, by whose wicked wiles
John Baptist was beheaded one fine night ;
In an ice-lake she's buried, which encoils
The lady's neck about, sharp, cold, and tight ;
And having thus enmeshed her in its toils,
The icicles so keen the lady bite,
Her head is slowly, surely eaten off,
While John's dark headless phantom seems to scoff.

Here is the King of Persia, Parisatis,
Who caused Roxana to be sawn alive ;
Our elves perform the same kind office gratis
Upon the monarch, whom with steel they rive :
In vain he roars aloud, *Ohe ! jam satis !*
The grinning dears new ecstasy derive
From every gash they make in the king's corse,
And saw him through and through without remorse.

The damned Ones circling us amid the air,
My noble brethren, look on us with wonder ;
Their curious shapes I notice make you stare ;
Were *I* not near, with fright you'd drop asunder ;
Their eyes are haggard, breathing pain and care,
Their frowning brows are scarred with horrid thunder .
Such are Archangels, ruined, fallen, crushed :—
Yet these are they who once, with grandeur flushed,

Met the armed hosts of God, and fought them.—Fate
Denied the victory to us ; we fell—
No matter—*here* at least we hold our state ;
Worse 'twere to serve in Heaven than reign in Hell.
Yonder is Paymon, Spirit of Air, elate
With the fierce pride that urged him to rebel ;
On his two-headed Crocodile he hastes
With lightning speed across our hellish wastes.

Three-headed Baal and Bathan, Spirits of Fire,
Mounted on dromedaries winged with flame :
Marbas, the lion-faced, with eyes of ire ;
Flauros, whose leopard looks his soul proclaim :
Vapula, griffin-pinioned ; viperous Vire ;
Bull-horned Hagenti, of colossal frame ;
And wolf-fanged Procèl—these are they whose flight
Exceeds in strength the fiercest whirlwind's might.

Each has his legions ; numbering in their bands
Angels of all degrees, who in the Past,
When they were fresh and pure from God's own hands,
Shone with a gleam of beauty unsurpassed ;
But when they drew and lifted up their brands
Against the Father, and with Satan classed,
Were hurled from Heaven, they lost their handsome shapes
And so appeared like serpents, wolves, or apes.

Some are like mermaids, some night ravens seem ;
Some bear the form of ram, thrush, peacock, snake ;
Some are sea-monsters, some as she-wolves scream ;
Some like wild harts, the tails of dragons take ;

Some like the prodigies deformed that gleam
On madmen's eyes at night who lie awake ;
And all are of gigantic strength and size,
And filled cropful with murders, frauds, and lies.

Do we repent our fall ? Why no, by heaven !
We would not change the savage independence.
Of these Titanic realms, to be The Seven
Who round God's thrones bow down in base attendance ;
Men, when condemned, may raise their hideous steven
Of lamentation—*we* in pride's ascendance
Repent not—never *will* repent the day
That set us free from God's despotic sway.

Happiness, but with slavery, is theirs,—
Our lot is exile—but unconquered pride
Sustains us in defeat :—their golden chairs
Crowns, harps, and hallelujahs we deride ;
Free as wild eagles, through the Prince of Air's
Unbounded realms on tempest-wings we ride :
We are not happy—well, we are not slaves,
Like Heaven's detested sycophants and knaves.

Giant Oromodon, the King of Fire,
On cataracts enthroned, in yonder den
You may behold ; his nostrils huge expire
Torrents of living flame, consuming men ;
The peaks of Andes that to heaven aspire
Shrink into hillocks near this denizen
Of Ancient Tartarus, whose dragon form
Seems ever teeming with a scorpion swarm.

Here are the Demons, Gog and Magog, robed
In fire eternal, serpent-eyed and tailed ;
Within them such a mass of sin conglobed
The world will stink indeed when 'tis exhaled ;
In the Last Day, when by God's lances probed
They'll prove all rottenness, you'll see them nailed
On crosses of hot fire, where they must writhe
Convolved in agony, and no way blithe.

Here's Demogorgon of eternal gloom,
The Spirit of the Earth—a monstrous Imp
Of semi-serpent hideousness, to whom
We give up courtier, sycophant, and pimp :
Villains who fill the very largest room
We have in Hell. Though Justice slowly limp,
She never fails to overtake the prey
She hunts to Hadès from the light of day.

The daughters of Danäus stand before you,
Who killed their husbands on the wedding-night ;
But with the bloody tale 'twere vain to bore you :
The beldames blush at their disgraceful plight,
And look as if they would, but can't, implore you,
To free them from the toil which Hecat's spite
Imposes, to draw water in deep buckets
Bottomless, and for which they get no ducats.

They stand exposed to view upon a hill,
From which the water is discharged ; and never
Can they descend until their tubs they fill,
Which seems, in truth, a very vain endeavour ;

However, 'tis commanded—they must swill
The bitter draught for ever and for ever ;
I wish some earthly wives were here to take
A lesson, ne'er their husbands' hearts to break.

Here's Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,
A very pretty woman in her way,
Who raked almost as recklessly as you
With big-boned Englishmen and Frenchmen gay.
At last her sins, her nose's bridge broke through,
And so she wore and wears a mask to day,
To hide the awkward marks of Cupid's flame,
Not quite decorous in a wedded dame.

Here's painted Lais, Corinth's courtesan,
Who loved Diogenes, dirtiest dog of all
The ancient sages—more a beast than man,
But female fancies always make me squall :
Here is De l'Enclos frying in our pan,
Our flames enwrap her round as in a shawl.
Here are the mistresses of England's kings
All fat and frowsy porpoise-looking things.

Here is the Centaur Nessus, whom Alcides
By the swoln stream Evenus knocked down dead ;
Here are the mares of Diomedes (not Tydides),
All upon women, men, and children fed ;
Here's the Wild Bull of Crete, whose dearest pride is
To toss those souls of Mammon, and of lead,
Who pay no reverence but to gold and rank,
And scorn Messias' want of cash in bank.

You see that troop of Demons red and tawny,
With hairy arms, bleared eyes, and sooty frames,
Bearing huge hammers on their shoulders brawny,
That oft have cooled the heat of well-fed dames ;
Stout are the thews of Paddy, John, and Sawny,
And each have held high place in Lady Fame's
Bright roll, but there's not one would dare to tell
His name to these, the Hammerers of Hell.

To hammer tyrant landlords, an employment,
Which even the angels think a mark of honour,
Is their sole task ; it gives them great enjoyment ;
Woe to the soul, when they lay lands upon her !
Stroke follows stroke ; heart-weariness or cloyment
They never feel, but like stout Bishop Bonner
Hunting new victims, hammer, hammer still,
From year to year with right good arm and will.

Here is Pope Sixtus who unchastely wished
To have a son by England's good Queen Bess,
Swearing since Alexander's self was cuished
In golden arms and Babylonish dress,
No offspring would be like this baby fished
From deep Elizabeth by his Holiness—
The queen dissented from his message naughty,
Behaving *si non castè saltem cautè*.

And so, perhaps, all women should behave ;
The maxim's good, though borrowed from the schoolmen :
Her cousin would have missed a bloody grave,
Had she had artfulness enough to fool men :

But Mary was too frank to be a knave,
And so the Queen of England's crafty tool men
Beheld her walk by daylight to the pit
She might have 'scaped had she had Bess's wit.

Here's Nostradamus, the renowned Magician,
Who bartered soul and body to black Hell,
Surrendering both to Lucifer's ignition,
The moment that the sexton tolled the bell ;
In the agreement there was this condition,
Suggested by some cunning monk in cell,
That whether buried in the church or out,
He should be ours without delay or doubt.

When he was dead this scheming, rascally priest
Buried him in the centre of the wall,
And so for some two hundred years at least
We lost him, though we had an Imp in call
From hour to hour : at length his labour ceased ;
The church itself in time began to fall ;
The coffin tumbled out one wintry night,
And so we got possession of the wight.

Here's Joseph Borri, heretic and quack,
Chymist, astrologer, apostle, thief,
Who told his friends, when dying, he'd come back
From t'other world and ease their mighty grief,
By telling them if spirits white or black
Had him in bliss or pain : and which belief
Was best, the Christian, Pagan, Turk, or Jew—
The fellow never gave the interview.

When he was in the flesh he wrote a book
Proving most strangely that the Virgin Mary
Was the true Holy Ghost—the madness took
So many thousand dolts whose brains were airy,
Their homes and altars they like fools forsook,
Entangled in his nets so deep and snary ;
They vowed to God the swindler was inspired,
Which was the very thing that Hell desired.

Here is that wealthy merchant of the East,
Whom grave Mohammed sought to have enrolled
Among his followers at that heavenly feast,
Prepared for all who Islam's tenets hold ;
The crafty trader laughed, *Go ask the beast*
Is his god made of silver, brass, or gold,
And then I'll worship? scarcely had he said
The words, when Alla's thunder struck him dead.

And here I beg to say, that Alla did
The very thing that Justice says is right ;
And if He only used his bolts to rid
The earth of all such, earth would be more white :
Their bones alone would make a pyramid,
Reaching from hell to tallest heaven in height,
So many are the millions who believe
That creed alone, which lets them rake and thief.

Yonder's a troop of Spirits whom we keep
To purge from sin some centuries or so,
They'll pass from us to heaven in a heap :
The Angels greatly will rejoice, I trow,

To have their souls as innocent as sheep

Thus saved from us, who, while they're here bestow
A double portion of infernal flame
To cleanse them clear from every speck of shame.

Sometimes a beautiful Phantom, clothed in white,

And wearing a gold crown that shines afar,
Brings them a little book, whose leaves of light,
Glitter more lustrously than any star ;
And shews them therein written, clear and bright,
The virtuous deeds that shall in time unbar
Hell's brazen gates, and send them forth to share
Immortal bliss with Angels heavenly fair.

And then our Demons, howling hoarse with ire

To see one beam of comfort to their prey,
Bring them a Book, whose characters of fire
Their guilty thoughts and acts on earth portray ;
Shocked, shamed, confused, they sink, while laughters dire
And blasphemous mockeries, recall the sway
Of Powers Infernal, under whom they groan,
And must for ages yet, till they atone.

From us they pass to worlds of light and peace,

From which, as they progress in glorious thought,
They rise to other planets, like wild geese,
Till at the end so great a change is wrought
In their winged spirits, they obtain release
From all surveillance, and at length are brought
Into the presence of the Gods, from whence
They look on us no doubt with scorn intense.

Here are the Adamites, a funny sect,
Who naked prayed in church, because their first
Progenitor in Aden, the elect
Of God did so, but this was not the worst,
Their other doctrines were so incorrect,
That only those in Father Sanchez versed,
Could understand their very curious notions,
Of mixing courtship up with their devotions.

And here, the Ophites, who adored The Snake,
My cousin, bending low before his fanes,
In thanks, for making Eve and Adam take
The apple, maugre penalties and pains :
To which they traced—but this was a mistake—
Knowledge, which more than aught on earth sustains
The souls of men, and ranks them above brutes—
And so they offered Satan their first fruits.

Here is Carpocrates, the famed schismatic,
Who thought community of wives was best ;
And preached with eloquence the most dogmatic,
That no man had a chance of being blest
Unless with every odious crime stigmatic,
From murder down to thieving and incest :
A soul, he said, entirely black with vice
Had the most certain hope of Paradise.

I need not say how thoroughly we backed him
In this belief—indeed from us it came—
It brought him here of course, and so we sacked him,
And tried to roast it out of him in flame :

Peter and Paul came down and hewed and hacked him,
But still the wittol swears it all the same ;
And so do all his followers yet on earth,
Who hold that sin's the second saving birth.

Goethe.

Who are these lovely Creatures with boar's ears,
The wings of dragons, human arms and feet,
Grim female features, which red gore besmears,
And bellies like a festering winding-sheet ?

Mephistopheles.

Nay—don't be angry with the pretty dears,
But let them cheerfully their dinners eat ;
They're feasting on a famous English parson,
Whose madcap life religion was a farce on.

They are called Harpies—virgins of renown,
Who figure handsomely in old mythology ;
The perfume that they shed would knock you down,
Even though surrounded by a whole anthology ;
A curious compound they—black, white, red, brown,
And many-limbed, like nothing in zoology ;
Their talons are like scythes, and these they dig
Fondliest through those who've fattened on tithe pig.

Their favourite food is, as you see, fat clerics,
Whom pride, ungodliness, and gluttony nursed :
I've laughed myself at times into hysterics,
Seeing how they lacerate the knaves accursed,
Who come to hell crammed to their mesenterics
With fat enough to make a lord mayor burst ;

Fat gleaned from hungry curates and poor clerks,
Through which they dig their teeth as sharp as dirks.

Here's Cæsar Borgia and his harlot mother,
Plunged in a Lake of Poison, fire and blood,
In whose dark stream they vainly try to smother
Their souls immortal ; but the noisome crud
Of mingled horror flies from one and t'other,
Leaving them still condemned to chew the cud—
Lucretia Borgia lies between the pair,
A murderess with a most bewitching air.

His Holiness, their sire, Pope Alexander,
You've seen already, where our Porcupines feed ;
Tossed in the flame like any salamander,
Despite his triple crown and papal bead :
A strange new farce to see a reverend hander
Of sacraments, *etcetera*, in such need ;—
I laughed immensely when I saw him drain
The flask he mixed to be another's bane.

Yonder's Lord Chesterfield, who taught his son
The flimsy manners of a dancing master
And the loose morals of a Cyprian nun,
'To send the gentleman to Hell the faster ;
The pupil was absurd enough to shun
The goodly lessons of this virtuous pastor,
And died ere he was perfect in the vices
His father served him up in witty spices.

Here is the Duke of Rochefoucault, whose book
Of maxims bares that sink the human heart,

From his own soul his Grace the portrait took,
And drew it like a skilful artisan,
Here's General Grouchy, who his flag forsook
At Waterloo, from which the Belgians ran :
Here's Bloody Mary, chained to a stake and scowling,
And Justice Jeffreys, like ten devils howling.

Here's poor Kit Marlow, slaughtered when half drunk,
By a rough bully in a tavern brawl.
You know the gentleman—you robbed his trunk
When you sat down of me and Faust to scrawl.
I therefore think you had no right to crunk
So very loudly, as if heaven would fall,
When Byron, as you said, stole Manfred's plot
From Faust, which, by the bye, the bard did not.

From me Kit learned the story of the Doctor ;
From *him* you stole me, body, bones, and soul,
And then pretended to be chief concocter
Of what you were not,—much to Marlow's dole ;
The choleric bard, indignant to be mockt, or
Stripped of his feathers, from his gully hole
Raised such a clamour as astounded Hell,
And rather injured *you*, as I know well.

Here's Mahasoor, the Demon whom the Brahmins
Worship or fear,—the two are much alike ;
Ten thousand heads with mouths portending famines,
The monster has, with teeth like any pike ;
With fifty thousand eyes the Fiend examines
The wretches whom he guards, king, slave, and sheik ;

Shewing no favour, but tormenting all,
Though low for mercy at his feet they crawl.

Blue as deep night and flashing from his eyes
The terror of red fire, his neck is clothed
With thunders such as shake the Afric skies,
While blood in torrents gushes from his loathed
And loathsome mouths, like caverns in their size;—
Could I but see this Ogre once betrothed
To some Infernal Demoness, and raise
A crop of Mahasoors, I'd sound his praise.

Below his throne his hideous angels wait,
The Onderans and Dewtahs armed with flame,
Looking like ministers of awful Fate,
And fierce enough the Powers of Hell to tame;
Their souls are falsehood, cruelty, and hate,
Clothed in the darkness of a cloudy frame,
Obscure and horrible like volumed smoke,
That bursts from Hell when sorcerers invoke.

Here's Ahrimanes the Chaldean Devil,
Guarding the Magi and their turbaned train,
Whom he reduces to their proper level;
Duper and dupe alike are in his chain;
The reverend humbugs beards and locks dishevel,
And howl repentant at his knees—in vain;
He whelms them down in pits of liquid ice,
And asks them how they like his Paradise?

Round him you see the Dowzaks and the Dews,
Fire-breathing, serpent-fanged, with frightful wings

And claws of flame which they delight to use,
And howl with glee when they behold their stings
Reek with the anguish of the knaves they bruise,
And whom they hurl as they would stones from slings,
Or fiery balls from Geyser's boiling well,
Across the blinding atmosphere of Hell.

Here's Saint Quirinus, whom Amantius flung
Into the foaming ocean for his creed,
And to make sure a heavy millstone hung
About his neck ; the Saint took little heed
Of the vile tyrant's tricks, but still among
The waves he floated on his stony steed ;
Preaching before the people all the while,
And looking at Amantius with a smile.

At last when our good Saint the day had spent,
And found he did not sink, he grew afraid
The Lord was not to take him then content,
And that the martyrdom for which he prayed
Was not so near as suited his intent ;—
He 'gan the Virgin Mary to persuade
To sink the stone and drown him : with great pains
At last he got his wish, but not the gains.

For Astaroth, a Devil whom we all
Respect most highly, happened to be near,
And for the joke's sake thought he would instal
The Saint with some of the same kidney here ;
So flying by he kicked him like a ball
So very deep into the sea, we fear

The Water-demons found him on their manor,
And so presumed he fought beneath their banner.

How it has happened that we have him still

I do not know, but probably he suffers
With us the pains of purgatorial drill,
Which squeezes him, and like a pair of snuffers
Makes his light shine the brighter ; tears or skill
Avail him nought at present ; Satan's cuffs
Detain him till he grows intensely pure,
And then we shall not keep him, I feel sure.

'Tis true the Pope of Rome has canonized him,

And proved he is in Heaven—by a bull ;

'Tis also true the monks have idolized him

For several years, and sought mankind to gull ;
But these are shams, and have no way disguised him

With us, who hold that maxim to the full
Of Saint Augustine : *Multi adorantur*
In arâ qui in igne comburantur.

The multitude of saints whom millions pray to,

We have in Hell, would almost shock belief ;
But 'tis a fact which no one can say nay to,

Unless he be an unrepentant thief ;
Were you of those who'd rather starve with Plato
Than guzzle with the rabble on roast beef,
You'd credit *me* a thousand times before
The Scarlet Lady's legendary lore.

For she, like many another scarlet lady,

Lives but by humbug, paint, deceit, and sham ;

I fear, however, she has had her play-day,
 And can't much longer sober people flam.
 Much shall I weep for her, when her dark pay-day
 Comes, and she's given to the Devil's Dam :
 My grief I'll have to drown in strongest liquor,
 For never had we a more faithful vicar.

Yonder's Saint Benedict, whom once I used
 To visit in a little blackbird's shape ;
 Disturbing him whene'er I saw he mused
 On pious thoughts, until he stared agape ;
 Sometimes the holy man I so accused
 Of horrid crimes in likeness of an ape,
 He rolled himself in nettles, thorns, and briers,
 Which have a mighty force as purifiers.

Here's Bishop Boniface, of whom Saint Gregory
 Relates the following tit-bit : On a day
 He saw a fox—the tale is no allegory,
 But truth—his mother's best cock snatch away
 From the assembled hens in full category :
 The saint at once ran into church to pray,
Does this theft please thee, Lord ?—no more he said ;
 The fox brought back the cock and fell down dead.

Goethe.

What light gleams yonder, like a star of gold,
 Amid the encircling darkness ? Does it move ?
 Or am I dazzled by what I behold ?

Mephistopheles.

By no means, Jack ; I'm glad your eyes improve :
That is the Ram, of which such tales are told,
The golden Ram of Phryxus and his love,
Who gave a name to Hellespont—the Beast
Is, as you see, indeed superbly fleeced.

This Ram renowned, the pride of ancient story,
Galloped amid the crystal heavens so well
The winds could not o'ertake him ; so his glory
Has been the theme of many a poet's shell ;
Who sang his fame in flights as high and soary
As those he took, when beauteous Hellè fell
From his gold back, and sank into the Ocean—
A fair-faced thief, who robbed her sire Bœotian.

Phryxus, more lucky than his sister, landed
At Colchos, being advised by the sage Ram,
And locked his treasure up ; then basely handed
The gallant Beast on which through air he swam
Up to the priests, who burned him, but demanded
The gorgeous fleece ; they gave it with a damn
And looks ill-omened. The ungrateful miser
Was murdered ; thus was Nemesis chastiser,

Of an abandoned wretch, whose thirst for pelf
Made him commit a vile and treacherous deed.
The gods, who loved the Ram and loathed the Elf,
Threw Phryxus to him as a worthless weed :
Aries since then has well avenged himself,
And tears the wretch as wild wolves tear some steed
That wanders from his herd, and sees too late
The wolfish pack with eyes and fangs of hate.

What has become of Hellè is not known ;
 She dwells, no doubt, with other thieving wenches,
 Where she pours forth her melancholy moan
 'Mid fires and devils, worms and snakes, and stench;—
 The Ram's a bachelor still, and lives alone,
 His sole amusement the terrific wrenches
 He gives his former Rider through the air ;—
 And thus you have the story of the pair.

Goethe.

O ruthless Avarice, blindest thirst for dollars,
 Guineas, Napoleons, banker's books, and notes !
 Who taintest all the world save priests and scholars,
 And wearest such a multitude of coats ;
 Now throned in castles, hiding now in sollars,
 Now with the youth, and now with him who dotes,—
 The king, the soldier, lady fine, and flirt,
 In turn are thine. What giv'st thou them ? mere dirt.

Mephistopheles.

O noble, godlike Avarice, whose coffers
 Are lined with gold and silver, gems and plate,
 Diamonds and pearls and amethysts ; let scoffers
 Rail at thee as they may, because they hate ;
 Smile upon *me*—I'll not reject thy proffers,
 But take thee willingly to be my mate—
 Kings, queens, popes, emperors, bow to thee, and why,
 My Frankfort moralist, should not you and I ?

Cash rules the world, and Avarice gathers cash ;
 But for that thrifty lady there were none.
 To say the least of it, 'twas strangely rash
 In you, whose fate it never was to run

From bailiffs, thus the potent dame to lash—

You'd have thought otherwise had bum or dun
Ever pursued you ; then you'd own, perhaps,
That Avarice is a real true friend to chaps.

But you know nought of this. You ne'er were schooled.

By grave Adversity—a worthy dame,
Whose terror many a trembling dunce has fooled,
But who, in fact, is dreadful but in name.

Goethe.

Dare you deny that those by Avarice ruled
Are wretches void of honour, truth, and shame ?

Mephistopheles.

I don't ; but when I heard a spirit damned
Like you cry out on vice, I thought you shammed.

But moralise, pray, preach—'tis useless all,

You never can escape the Devil's clutches ;
To see you now a late repentance drawl,

Awed by the hellish flame that burns or smutches
Whate'er we see, provokes my very gall,

And makes me splenetic as Marlborough's Dutchess ;—
You're damned—that's clear, but I am open still
To any honest bargain if you will.

What think you of this place ? a Pit it seems,

In length and breadth like some outspreading sea,
But deep as hell, for so the ascending gleams
Of flickering flame would make it seem to be ;

Boiling up from beneath in scorching streams
That roar and howl like Devils at jubilee ;
While the broad flanks of this Infernal Vale
Are lashed by storms of deadly snow and hail.

The summit towers amid the clouds ; dark, deep,
And terrible is the valley down its side ;
Girt in by naked rocks which form a keep,
Where thick as locusts the stark Shadows hide ;—
Lo ! the volcanic fires that blaze and sweep
Tumultuously along with angry tide
Of red-hot lava, spouting, fuming, stinking,—
Even at this distance I can see you shrinking.

The sides are covered o'er on left and right,
With screaming myriads of damned human souls,
On whom the hurricane, like some withering blight,
Descends, till o'er them a fierce whirlpool rolls
Of coldest ice ; from such an awful plight
They ask of heaven a peck of blazing coals,
And heaven grants their wish, and flings them down
Deep in the flaming Pit to kick and drown.

Engulfed within the seething waves of fire,
They wish once more to feel the dreaded cold,
And Heaven most kindly yields to their desire,
Flinging them back to their ice-haunts of old ;
Scarce are they shivering in that frosty mire,
When love, more fierce than the fierce love of gold,
For their late lodgings in the burning Pit
Seizes them next, and Heaven grants them it.

Thus are they tossed for ever, from hot flame
 Into as burning oceans of sharp ice ;
And then from ice to fire :—a pleasant game
 For those who hold the reins in Paradise :
No interval of rest have they ; the same
 Quick alternations come as fast as dice
Leap from the box in some experienced hand,
In, out—out, in—in this the promised land.

The Pit itself abounds with hungry caymen,
 Exhaling fire accursed from tristful jaws,
Their monstrous throats gorge clerics, monks, and laymen
 As rapidly as whirlpools swallow straws ;
Malicious demons whip them on like draymen,
 So that their scythe-like grinders never pause,
But still *chop chop*, they snap up souls, *chop chop*,
Faster than winter raindrop follows drop.

Goethe.

But who are they on whom this humourous fate
 Has fallen, and what their mortal sin in life ?

Mephistopheles.

Oh, waverers merely—those who hold debate
 Between the good and bad ; in constant strife
Whether they'll pass the broad or narrow gate
 To Hell and Heaven ; their souls like man and wife,
Though one in name, are generally two,—
Half loves the False—the other seeks the True.

And so they live in a perpetual squabble,
 Not knowing how to choose, or when, or why ;

Now right, now wrong, now midway—thus they hobble
Along the road with feet and hearts awry ;
Vainly the priests attempt their souls to cobble,—
Masses and prayers are useless—so they die ;
And having been on earth the slaves of doubt,
Are punished thus, and tumbled in and out.

Englishmen, who are strange but knowing fellows,
Call folks of this kind, trimmers—that means knaves ;
They hang suspended, as, old legends tell us
Mohammed's tomb in Mecca's holy caves,
Between the earth and heaven—the Gods get jealous
Of such divided 'legiance in their slaves,
And in ill humour ram them down in Hell,
A thing which pleases me and Satan well.

We do our best to please them, blowing hot
And cold, and hot and cold, and hot again ;
But neither satisfies—the scalding pot
Of fire displeases ; so does ice and rain ;
Creatures so discontented with their lot
I never met ; you see they still retain
Their ancient fickleness, as much as ever,
Though Satan use for them his best endeavour.

Chief among these is Marlborough's famous duke,
A compound strange of avarice and cunning ;
Who spent his days in scorn of God's rebuke,
One half in cheating, t'other half in gunning ;
Behold his well-patched coat and old peruke,
And vulpine eye, *your* eye so sily shunning ;
And hear him still howling for blood and gold,
His gods, while in the alternate torrents rolled.

Down in yon fiery trap is Jupiter's eagle,
 Condemned for taking off the Dardan boy.

Goethe.

He should have disobeyed the mandate regal,
 Nor done a deed disgraceful to old Troy.

Mephistopheles.

Here's Warren Hasting's, Britain's bloody beagle ;
 And here's a friend of yours, whose lady coy
 Forced him to Luther's maxim in his villa,
Si nolit uxor veniat ancilla.

Here is that man of most capacious swallow,
 Jacobus de Voragine ;—don't faint,
 You are *not* destined to fill up the hollow
 Within his gullet ; here's Gennaro Saint ;
 Here is the grave Von Helmont, who saw wallow
 His soul within him, luminous like blue paint,
 In size and shape a perfect Lilliputian—
 So sages lie from Leibnitz back to Lucian.

We pass this Region now, and reach another,—
 A vasty interval of darkness this ;
 Rises a sulphurous stench enough to smother
 An angel crossing o'er the foul abyss.
 Luckily few come here ; the Blessèd Mother
 Keeps the sweet babes from danger ; so they miss
 The desperate chance of getting nicely stifled,
 Besides the certainty of being rifled.

For there are rascally Demons in these quarters,
Who shew no mercy to a seraph strayed ;
Sometimes they pound them in gigantic mortars ;
Sometimes the males from malehood they degrade ;
Sometimes they serve them as the Khan of Tartars
Serves those who fall into his ambushade,
And send them back with circumstance disgraceful,
Weeping such tears as I've seen fill a casefull.

Thick globes of murky flame from yonder Chasm
Ascend, like bubbles from a schoolboy's pipe,
Each bearing in its sphere a shrieking phasm,
Held firmly bound within its fiery gripe.
See ! how it writhes, as if in deadly spasm
Beneath a terror-breathing Fury's stripe ;
They rise and sink again like exhalations,
And much, methinks, against their inclinations.

Lo ! where the Lion of Nemæa rushes,
Swifter than eagles, mightier than thunder
That God hurls down, when infidels he crushes
Who tear the veil of sacred things asunder,
Heavily o'er the howling damned he brushes,
Lashing his mighty flanks, and trampling under
His vengeful talons, perjurers and liars,
Whom you see chained on beds of burning briars.

In yon black forest is the Plague of Lice,—
Wretched are those confined within its bounds,
Who howl blaspheming ; hells of thickest ice
Or reddest fire, or Satan's savage hounds,

Were preferable to this damned device

Of punishment, which, as you hear, resounds
With deadlier lamentation, pain, and rage,
Than any in our goodly hermitage.

Here is Bubb Doddington, the parasite,

Who sold his soul to win a smile at court,
A thing which you'll defend as very right,
And so will I—it makes our Master sport.
Here's young lord Lyttleton, who day and night
Made mock of all things o'er perpetual port—
Mere venial errors in you men of wit,
Who think God pardons all you can commit.

Here's Peter Aretine, surnamed Divine,

Who libelled every man on earth below,
But spared his God, because—so runs the line—
His God, the scoundrel said, he did not know ;
Here's Julio Romano in the brine
Of thickest fire, that folds him round like dough ;
And while he welters in the flame, the brood
Of grinning Goblins hand him filth for food.

Here is the Jesuit Aler, who first wrote

The *Gradus ad Parnassum*, which the Nine
Must often curse, for setting verse afloat
As rugged as the gruntings of hoarse swine ;
Here's Allan Cunningham, whose painful coat
Is prickly as the prickly porcupine :
And here's a place for Peter, F. S. A.
An ass of very small, but horrid bray.

Crossing this River, branching from the Styx,
And black and putrid like its parent stream,
We see an Island, bright and shining ; fix
Your eyes upon it—start not—'tis no dream.

Goethe.

Mephisto, this is one of your best tricks.

Mephistopheles.

No trick at all, good sir.

Goethe.

A golden gleam
Plays on the water's surface from that Isle,
Where three enchanting Virgins sing and smile.

Their hyacinthine hairs in fragrance flow
Adown their necks, as silver pillars white ;
Their panting bosoms outshine mountain snow,
Or lilies opening to the morning light.

Mephistopheles.

Nay, my good fellow, turn your eyes below
Their waists, and see what meets your anxious sight :
A feathered belly, ending in a tail,
Large as a line-of-battle ship's foresail.

Goethe.

'Tis false—I see a waist and tapering limbs
More dazzling white than ivory, or the moon,
When sailing in the purple heaven, she dims
The brightest stars ; the rosy light of June

Beams from their slightest motion ; heavenly hymns,
 Breathed to the music of the sweet kanoon,
 Salute my ravished ears—they smile, they sing ;
 Oh ! bear me hither, on thine outspread wing.

Mephistopheles.

'Tis certain, Sin has mystified your eyes,
 Or else you'd ne'er commit mistakes like these ;
 The Witches whom you thus would idolise,
 And worship, doubtless upon bended knees,
 Are monsters, fed on blood, who thus disguise
 Their bestial ugliness 'neath masques that please :—
 They are the Sirens—oh, sweet sir, you start !
 The blood runs frightened to your throbbing heart.

They live alone upon this barren Island,
 Seeming to sinners as they seemed to you,
 Maids of immortal beauty ; shameful guile and
 Besotted ignorance tempt the gazing crew
 Of dead voluptuaries—they leave the high land
 Where we now stand, and make for yonder stew,
 Gloating already in a dream of rapture—
 They wade across, and form an easy capture.

You know, of course, the story of Ulysses,
 Told by that wandering tramp and varmint Homer ;
 When he passed by those naked wicked misses,
 They sang a song to win that wily roamer,
 Inviting him to share their dainty kisses—
 When he, whose name of “wise” was no misnomer,
 Waxed his men's ears, and tied his body fast,
 Both arms and legs, to the swift galley's mast.

And so he heard their beauty-breathing strain :

Glorious Ulysses, honoured star of Greece,

Turn hither your light bark ;—they sang in vain,

The charmers might as well have held their peace ;

Enraged at being thus treated with disdain,

The silly ladies, like the silliest geese,

Drowned themselves, and at once descended here,

Where they're no better off, I greatly fear.

Scylla, the ugliest prodigy of all

The monsters, male and female, we have seen,

Stands right before you, covered with the scall

Of leprosy, which Circè the venene

Infused into the crystal waterfall

Where the poor beauty bathed ; for, like a queen

Of loveliness, she trod the earth, until

Doctored by Circè's powerful poisonous pill.

Scarce had she leaped into the silver bath,

Letting the shining waters kiss her waist,

When she perceived her rival's mortal wrath,

Who feared she felt inclined to grow unchaste

With one she loved herself ; to close the path

To such proceedings, and to keep straightlaced

Poor Scylla's modesty, from head to feet

She changed her to a Monster most complete.

Her body was transformed to fierce black dogs,

Which barked incessantly with maddened jaws ;

Twelve legs instead of two, shaped like a hog's,

She then beheld, with nails as sharp as saws ;

Six heads grew next, each uglier than a frog's,
Protruding slimy serpents from their craws,
And hissing dreadfully their venoms round——
Whereat dismayed, she plunged in, and was drowned.

Since then the lady helps to punish those
Who poison people through revenge or lust,
Or avarice or hate ; her fury grows
Fiercer the more into her den we thrust :
When Circè fell into her last repose,
And came to hell, we gave her, as was just,
To Scylla, who dissected her all over,
More cruelly than any Smithfield drover.

Her corpus lay near Sicily many a year,
Gifted with horrid motion ; those who passed
The place, if vigilant helmsmen did not steer,
Were wrecked, or drowned, or (worse) were tempest-
cast
Into her arms ; and, shrieking mad with fear,
Were torn by dogs, or swallowed down those vast
Six heads of woman, lion, gorgon, dragon,
Grampus, and dog, while one might drain a flagon.

Her triple rows of shark-like teeth made quick
And certain execution of her men,
While her eyes flashed with fires as catholic
And hot as those they used in Lisbon, when
They burned base infidels ; but I grow sick
Even as I gaze upon her, and her den
Of yelping dogs, that shriek around her womb
And growl and kennel in that living tomb.

Ascending farther up these slimy banks,
We stand upon a bleak broad Ocean shore,
That stretches onward, outward ; shrilly twanks
The hoarse and sable wave, whose ceaseless roar
Resounds like wild hogs muttering in their franks ;
The strand is dense with poisonous hellebore !
Mephitic fumes boil up from the black waves,
That howl like she wolves 'gainst those Iron Caves.

And myriad million boats of every size
And shape from Noah's ark to Nelson's ship,
Laden as thick with men as earth with lies,
Over its moaning billows tack or clip
In darkness ever ; winds blow, tempests rise,
And like lashed demons the deep whirlpools rip,
Letting their fury forth, and rather frightening
The pallid ghosts, who pray to Heaven for lightning.

But lightning comes not, so they toss and toss,
Wrecked, sunk, o'erwhelmed, and frantic ; never
drowned,
They could no more be lost than the true cross,
Which luckily for Christian Rome, was found ;
These fellows form the very scum and dross
Of human kind, with which all creeds abound ;—
But 'twas not to see *them* I brought you here,
But two Sea Monsters that are floundering near.

The first is that, which after having eaten
Some thousand Ethiopians, fixed his glance
At last upon Andromeda, to sweeten
The former dinners he had had ; but chance

Brought Perseus by, a hero never beaten
 By any knight that wielded sword or lance,
 Who changed the Serpent into a cold rock,
 And hastened then the lady to unsmock.

A formidable Beast the creature seems,
 Ten leagues in length his spiral tail extends,
 Making amid the watery waste such seams
 As Boreas does when from the north he bends ;
 From his wide blowers tuns of brine he steams,
 Which, when it on some hapless barque descends,
 Upsets them right into the Monster's throat,
 Whose belly forms thenceforth their sole great coat.

Goethe.

How came he here, if he was changed to stone?

Mephistopheles.

A silly question—'twas his flesh was changed,
 How came *you* here? Your muscle, blood, and bone
 Are from your soul and spirit now estranged,
 And lie in Weimar. Who said, men alone
 Lived after death? All beasts, both sound and manged,
 Have souls, and occupy their proper station ;
 You doubt—go, Sceptic, read the Revelation.

The other Water-Snake, with horrent mane,
 And eyes like furnaces, and brazen teeth,
 Hooked like a huge and iron chimney crane,
 And strong enough to grind a rock beneath
 Their weight o'erwhelming, was that Beast profane
 Who hoped the nymph Hesione to see the

In his deep pot that yawned for savoury pelf,
Only that Hercules—jumped in himself.

On a tall mountain, jutting o'er the sea,
Alcides stood ; and as the Monster swam
Towards the fair maid, in armour cap-a-pie
He hurled himself as one might hurl a dram
Down the dry gullet ; much amazed was he
(The beast, not Hercules) with such a cram ;
But the bold hero tore him like a Turk,
Remaining three days in to do the work.

On the fourth day, like Jonas, he came out ;
The Water-dragon soon gave up the ghost ;
The hero who was very glad, no doubt,
To quit the belly of his Hydra-host,
Married the maid to Telamon, his scout ;
Who took her home to Greece with many a boast
Degrading to the stately Trojan pride,
Which made rake Paris steal an Argive bride.

And so the siege of Troy from this took rise,
Which ended in there being an end of Troy.
A price too dear for such a hacknied prize
As Helen was to Ida's shepherd boy.
The Beast remained with us to exercise
Its talents, to smell blood and eke destroy ;
And, with its comrade, now infests this Ocean,
Hunting to death false traders in devotion.

In yonder boundless Lake of Blood, behold
Those things called " heroes " by the sons of earth,

But by the wise and true dubbed murderers bold,
And wisely dubbed, for they are hell's own birth,
Cast by the Devil in his blackest mould,
And sent from hence as if in drunken mirth;
Not cursed, but worshipped by insane mankind,
Who seem to pride themselves on being stone blind.

The fathomless ocean of red gore in which
They swim, is that which while on earth they shed;
The common stabber in the street or ditch,
The grand assassin for whom millions bled,
Conqueror, bravo, bandit, poor and rich,
The wretch in rags, the villain with crowned head,
Are classed together in the ensanguined sea,
With a sublime contempt for pedigree.

The dazzling Roman in whose word seemed fate,
The Turk whose arm aspired to shake the world,
The Gaul who fulminated at the Roman gate,
The Greek who saw his flag o'er Ind unfurled,
The Egyptian king-drawn in his throne of state,
The Persian, Scythian, Tartar, Frank—all hurled
Down in the waves of human blood, lie stretched,
Mixed with the shabbiest creatures e'er Jack Ketched.

The Macedonian madman and the Swede,
Jonathan Wilde, the bloodhound Wallenstein,
Timour, John Thurtell, the all-conquering Mede,
With several cut-throats from the yellow Rhine,
Lie in one bloody sewer. Could Adam's seed
Now living see what meets *your* eyes and mine,
They'd form a strange but true idea of glory,
"Conquerors" and "heroes" who shine forth in story.

The Powers Sublime enthroned on countless stars,
Judge men by motives ; conquerors who win
Empires by blood, and drive their fiery cars
Of death o'er millions, sons of hell and sin ;
And thieves, who, braving handcuffs and jail-bars,
Prig watches, fogles,—a gold ring or pin,
Are all the same to them, whose eyes divine
Between the guilt of each discern no line.

To God a watch and kingdom are as one,
The world itself is but a mote in space,
A drop of sweat thrown from the central sun ;
So small, I wonder that it holds a place
In thought Omnipotent— I don't mean fun
Or jest, so smooth your courtly faithless face—
The Godhead in these men no difference sees,
No more than you in million lice or fleas.

A round of Stilton cheese o'errun with mites
Would seem an atom in a Titan's hand ;
Yet these, like men, feel love and love's delights,
And some obey, and some too have command :
Hatred and gluttony, and feasts and fights,
They have in that immense and boundless land ;
Think you the mighty Titan sees one shade
Of difference 'twixt their Cæsar and their Cade ?

Lo, where the Centaurs ride in troops, like towers
Of moving brass, and trampling as they come,
Half-horse, half-man ; as pitiless lightning showers
Fire on the earth, and men and beasts lie dumb,

They hurry onward ever ; Vengeance lowers
In every eye ; the Devils themselves succumb
Before those marvellous Monsters of old time,
Clothed in thick darkness, magic, might, and crime.

Conquerors and conquering, forth they go commanded
To wreak God's vengeance upon tyrants slain ;
The heroes brazen-hearted and steel-handed,
Whom Satan crowned, and in whose bloody train
Famine and Fire and Plague and Hell were banded,
Are ranged before them on yon murky plain,
Fettered like wolves.—The Centaurs charge—behold,
The chained are crushed to atoms ere 'tis told.

Here's Attila the Hun ; there's Khouli Khan,
Urban the Second, Charles the Fifth of Spain,
Saint Bernard's ruffian rabble, who o'erran
The East with lust and murder, to regain
The Holy Temple.—Genseric, the ban
Of God, with Bajazet and Tubal Cain ;
Peter the Hermit, Herod, hangman Ketch,—
All charming subjects for an artist's sketch.

Here's fiery Sylla, tortured till he's mad
With agony ; here's Xerxes madder still ;
Here is Pizarro, worst of all the bad
Bold brutes whose deeds the heart of manhood chill :
Here's Hannibal, in flame undying clad ;
Marius, Philip, Crassus—names that thrill
The hardest with disgust and dire abhorrence ;—
How well they grace the hot ensanguined torrents !

How handsomely they look when right arrayed
They stand in order for the Centaur's charge !
In fire and thunder-cloud the cavalcade
Shoots down upon them—a convenient targe
The wretches offer for the stern brigade,
Who mind them of the past, when laurels large
Adorned their brows, and idiot millions bowed
To thieves who gave them glory—and a shroud.

Antæus, the black Libyan Giant, known
For piling up a pyramid of brains
Of those, who wrestling him were overthrown,
When here he came, implored in moving strains
The Judge who sits supreme upon the throne,
To place him sentry o'er this breed of Cains;—
The Judge consented, and the Negro keeps
Watch o'er the murderers, and never sleeps.

Near him is Antichrist, a savage Fiend,
Arrayed in purple, scarlet, gold, and gems,
But still most frightful, howsoever screened ;
His splendid robes conceal not the foul wems
Imprinted on him, when the Furies yeaned
Their monstrous birth, whom even Hell contemns.
So odious is this Demon-Infant, doomed
To reign on earth, and see it fire-entombed.

Goethe.

I see you do not spare your own relations,
They stand, methinks, but low in your esteem ;
You even step aside to make occasions
To hold them up to ridicule supreme.

Mephistopheles.

I like a spice of sarcasm in narrations ;
Yet love the vagabonds, although I seem
To have them in contempt ; you surely know
By this, I sneer alike at friend and foe.

Why should I not ?—what care I but for ruin ?
What pleases *me* but sin, disaster, death ?
I growl and grin, and gnash my teeth like Bruin,
And shall, while God allows me hated breath.
Why don't He rise and cut me two and two in ?
And sweep me ever from this blasted heath ?
I ask not—want not life—and if *He* spares,
His children shall grow mine, not Heaven's heirs.

Here's Simon Magus, hobbling lame through fire,
With broken legs and many a piteous howl ;
You know how Paul and Peter served the liar,
When Nero, who made all good Christians growl,
Commanded him, at holy Paul's desire,
To shew what sacred might lay in his cowl ;
The sorcerer prayed to me, and so I sent him,
A crew of cozening Satans to content him.

They raised him in a fiery chariot high,
To Nero's great astonishment ; but Paul,
Who smelled the brimstone from the Imps so nigh,
Declared it was no miracle at all.
So he and Peter raised a mighty cry,
Whereat the frightened Devils let him fall ;
And in the smash poor Simon broke his bones,
Which makes him limp along these fiery stones.

Nero, the most capricious man that ever

Sat on the throne, where now our Vicar's seated,
Was much disgusted at the Seer's endeavour ;—

He swore by Styx that he would not be cheated :
Those rogues, quoth he, who think themselves so clever.

*Will find in me a man, who won't be treated
Like simple Jews, or simpler Christian fools,
Of whom these conjurers make slaves and tools.*

So ordering three mighty wooden crosses

To be fixed up, the wretched man pronounced,
Without the least pretence of legal process,

Sentence of death : in vain Saint Paul announced
That he and Peter (whose voice stuck in his *fauces*)

Were foes, not friends to Simon ;—and denounced
The sentence as unjust : the hangman fell
Sent *them* to Paradise and *him* to hell.

Here's Flavius Josephus, so notorious

For all the shams he crams into his history,
To make his people's peccadilloes glorious,

And deck their annals with Jehovian mystery :
But truth o'er falsehood's in the end victorious,

Despite the Sanhedrim and courts consistory :
So Joe is now considered by the wise,
A great adept in sacred truths, called lies.

Here's Caliph Omar, who by fire destroyed

The Alexandrian library renowned :
Our devils basting him are well employed,
For burying so much beauty underground.

Here's Thais, with whom Alexander toyed,
For whom he made Persepolis a mound
Of ashes, scattering on the winds, the wealth
Of centuries to please that painted filth.

See Cardinal Bellarmine, who his soul bequeathed
One half to Mary and one half to Christ ;
Both shunned the legacy ; so the prince is sheathed
In yonder frozen lake, and gently iced.
Here is the emperor's consul-horse, enwreathed
In fire ; and here's himself, completely spiced :
And here the horrid soul of Amos Cottle,
A fellow full of venom to the throttle.

Those shocking Monsters which in yonder waste
Suck the dead Spirits to their inmost vitals,
Are Vampires called,—*I* don't admire their taste,
But Satan does, from whom they get their citals
To torture slaveholders who here are placed,
And thus receive their merited requitals ;
The negroes, whom they whipped to death on earth,
Like certain grubs, receive a second birth.

And into Satan's Vampires pass, a change
Which much delights the sable Sons of Ham ;
For ever o'er the pits of Hell they range,
Each seeking him who whilom used to lamm
Their hides on earth until they got the mange ;
In vain their former owners try to sham ;
The Vampires scent them out where'er they hide,
And take revenge on every servicide.

Goethe.

But was not slavery an institution

By Moses and the Prophets dubbed divine ?
Are not the Patriarchs stained with this pollution ?

Why don't the gospels hold a single line
To show that it is wrong ?

Mephistopheles.

This elocution

To Yankees' ears sounds very sweet and fine ;
But I'm not here to argue or dispute,
My task is merely to point out sin's fruit.

And howsoever you and others gabble on,
Defending deeds of Hell by Holy Writ,
(A thing that only can impose the rabble on)

Is no affair of mine, nor will I twit
Any one who gilds o'er the crimes of Babylon ;
To do so you and men like you are fit,
But *this* is certain, Satan and not God
Made slavery first and men by man be trod.

Those in the stinking steam you see, quite nude,
Red-hot, and baked, are shot up like sky-rockets
From out the Infernal Well ; completely stewed,

They tumble down again like heavy blockheads ;
These were all politicians—'twould be rude

Perhaps to class them with low-bred pickpockets ;
But after long experience of them both,
To name the greater rogue I should be loth.

Imprimis, common thieves are seldom liars,
A statesman tells ten thousand lies a day ;

Thieves run the risk of being tried by triers,
The other's safe, although in guilt grown grey ;
The first filch handkerchiefs—the last are buyers
Of human souls, which used, they fling away
Remorselessly, as though they were but trash,
And scarcely worth the sum they cost in cash.

Look at these wretches lying on their backs,
And made soft cushions of by fiery Dragons,
Who tear them with their teeth as sharks tear blacks ;
Toads perch on others, huge as farmers' wagons,
And stick their beaks into them like an axe,
Sucking their black blood out like wine from flagons ;
Round others snakes are coiled, and with their fangs
Fixed in their vitals, cause unpleasing pangs.

Wise courtiers these, who played their several parts,
Vicious and criminal, in Virtue's mask,
Veiling in smiles of beauty hellish hearts,
Like poison in a finely-painted flask ;
The next are those who, good by fits and starts,
Sometimes receive relief from their worst task,
And are put here to make the torment greater
Of their next neighbours in yon boiling Crater.

Here's Julius Cæsar, every scoundrel's wife,
And every woman's husband ; here's Pope Joan ;
Here's Louis the Sixteenth, who lost his life
Because he was a very foolish drone :
Here's Dick of Gloster flourishing a knife,
And here's King John, who held his royal throne
And princely kingdom as my lord Pope's fief ;
And here's Jack Sheppard, London's well-known thief.

Here's Joan the Queen of Naples, who hanged up
Her husband Andrew for a curious cause
(See Bayle); and here is Moloch's dearest pup,
Pope Adrian, who, by a Papal clause,
Sold Ireland, which he could not sell; his cup
Of torment never will be drained, his jaws
Are ever gulping down an odious draught,
At which the Irish here have always laughed.

Here's William Prince of Orange, Ulster's idol,
Who schemed so long to win fair England's crown,
And rob his father-in-law, who could not bridle
The stark-mad popery that hurled him down.
We cross this ledge of burning iron; sidle
With care, I beg you, or 'twill broil you brown,
As Scotch Buchanan, that most classic scholar,
Who writhes below it, very full of choler.

Yonder you see at least ten billion Spits,
With souls whom Devils baste with boiling metal;
They kick like men in fierce convulsive fits,
And there are none to cure them when they get ill.
We ram them into boiling baths called Sitz,
Being very anxious such good friends to fettle;
But get no thanks: their horrid passions rise,
And make us in amazement rub our eyes.

They scratch and screech, and kick and howl—in vain
They rave with madness 'gainst our mocking Sprites,
Who simply plunge the bawlers in again,
And take them through their full baptismal rites.

A den of serpents famished and insane

Would show a lot of very curious sights,
But if you'll take *my* word not half so pleasant,
Because not half so deadly as the present.

For what are serpents', tigers', wolves', hyenas'

Passions compared to men and women's? What
Order of horridest beasts for blood so keen as

Man for his brother's when his rage is hot?
Trace back his history hence until Mécænas,

And thence to Adam, who the race begot;
Men are such brothers as was Cain to Abel;
That part of Holy Writ is fact, not fable.

Here is a River of Blood, where prodigals lie,

Deeply immersed in thickened fire and gore;
The stench pollutes the air and mounts on high,

While hissing snakes infest its thorny shore;
The wretches plunged within in terror cry,

To heaven for mercy—hark the fiendish roar
Of rage and pain; the ears of Heaven are deaf
To all their wolf-like clamours for relief.

Beside its banks the hundred-headed Dragon,

Hunting through Hell Alfonso, who shut up
The paradise-souled of song—without a rag on

This ducal torturer is condemned to sup
Full of our horrors: time, methinks, must wag on

But very slowly with this princely pup:—
To aggravate his torture he was shown
Tasso in Heaven on an emerald throne.

Here is Saint John of Sinai, unto whom
A horrid sinful woman once confessed,
Her vices wrapped her soul in such deep gloom,
She never had a single moment's rest ;
She dreaded every hour some awful doom
Would whelm her into Satan's burning nest ;
She dared not utter what she had committed ;
Write it, quoth he, *on paper*, and she writ it.

The saint some penance gave her, and then died ;
The woman fearing that the piece of paper
On which her crimes she wrote, to light might glide,
And sorry that she let it thus escape her,
Went to his grave, and wept, and prayed, and sighed,
And offered up a consecrated taper,
Beseeching John to give the writing back,
Or else her character might go to wrack.

She groaned and knelt for several months ; at last
Saint John came forth ; two bishops in his train ;
Take back your paper, says the Ghost, and cast
It to the woman ; *sin not so again* ;
They vanished ; the repentant held it fast,
And opened it, and found the constant rain
Of tear-drops from her eyes had washed it white,
And all her wickedness was pardoned quite.

Here is Saint Francis, whom I bothered long,
And tempted in the wilderness, displaying
The joys voluptuous of carnal wrong,
And loud against austerities inveighing,

Until he loosed the mighty bull's hide thong
Which bound his waist, and like a savage flaying
His priestly muscles, made the blood run down
In torrents to his ancles from his crown.

At other times, when he began to preach,
I sent a troop of swallows round his tub,
To twitter, chatter, splutter, clatter, screech,
From every rustling bough and waving shrub ;
The wretched man in vain essayed to teach,
While the base birds continued their hubbub ;
At last he prayed, and heaven changed the birds
To christians—quick as milk is changed to curds !

Here's Peter Dens, who wrote a horrid book
About confession, to instruct the priests
In mysteries of marriage ; since the brook
Of Alpheus flowed with dregs of men and beasts,
From the Augean Stalls when Hercules took
That labour on him, giving fishes feasts,
There has not been a dirtier stream of filth,
Except his neighbour's, Doctor Sanchez, spilth.

In yonder Iron Cage is Saint Augustine,
One of the finest gods of modern Rome,
Whose Popes in him put full religious trust in,
As you may read in many a priestly tome :
You stare, I see, to find him firmly thrust in
The cell he tenants, like a wicked gnome,
But half a dozen things we'll call mistakes,
Have sent him here, for which of course he bakes.

One, I remember, was to this effect,
 That in the Ethiopian land he saw
 With his own eyes, a certain Pagan sect
 Of people without head, or face, or craw,
 Eyes in their breasts through which they looked direct,
 And mighty mouths their savage food to chew ;—
 A lucky Saint, I'm sure, such sights to view ;—
 But Satan did not think the story true.

And so he caged him in this well-barred cell
 With one of the same kidney, Irenæus,
 Another Saint (we've millions here in Hell)
 Who likewise said—*ignoscat eum Deus!*
 That in his travels somewhere, near some dell,
 He saw Lot's wife in salt—*non sermo meus*—
 But gravely sworn to by this Saint of glory,
 Whose odour's so divine in Roman story.

Heigho ! Heigho ! could I but count the heap
 Of tales veracious which these men of God
 Gravely propound, and give unto their sheep,
 Or donkeys, rather, who devoutly nod
 Assent to all they hear, and lull asleep
 God-given reason as it were a clod ;—
 And publish them unto the world, i'faith
 The world's Seven Wonders would receive an eighth.

Cormorants, vultures, hawks, and hungry owls,
 Devour their sacred vitals, hearts, and livers,
 Tongues, lungs, and other parts that fatten fowls ;—
 See how they tear their flesh away in slivers,

They evidently have no fear of crows,
Or else they'd hardly munch those sin-forgivers,
Who having raked, raped, robbed, crammed, drank, and lied.
Into crows' meat most properly subside.

The papists, when they come to Hell, at first
Think what they see is all a base delusion,
And won't believe that popes in paradise nurst,
And cardinals, could come to such confusion ;
Fired with the sight for vengeance dread they thirst,
Till slowly by degrees, their brains' obtusion,
Or dulness rather, wears away, and then
They find their Holinesses were but men.

I wish to Styx you mortals would read history,
Sacred, profane, and eke ecclesiastical,
'Twould serve to clear up many a scheming mystery
That makes you act like knaves or dupes fantastical ;
At present, all that's done in courts consistory,
Vaticans, churches, makes enthusiastical
Or mad the great majority of people,
Who think that God dwells only in a steeple—

Who think if men write *Rev.* before their names,
They're straight transformed from sinners into saints,
And that when nuns are made of giggling dames,
They're blessèd virgins, since they don't use paints ;
Egad ! they little dream what waggish games
They play to make amends for some restraints ;
Dante, Erasmus, Rabelais, who knew well
Their wanton tricks, unscrupulously tell.

Here's the Tenth Leo, whose rash exclamation,

Quantas nobis divitias comparavit

Ista de Christo fabula ! gives negation

To what the monks will swear on affidavit,

That Rome alone can give the true salvation,

To earth, by Christ himself bequeathed, to save it :

For if the Pope thinks Jesus is a jest,

Papists must think so too, or be unblest.

For since the Pope's infallible, and can't err,

And since his people must believe the Pope,

The consequences plain you must infer,

However theologues may write in trope,

That whatso'er his Holiness aver

They're bound to swallow : nor presume to grope

Into the thing, to find out, if 'tis good,

Or most unwholesome for their daily food.

However we sha'nt waste our precious time

By arguing the matter. On, then, on !

Goethe.

What odious place is this knee deep with slime ?

Mephistopheles.

It leads us down to Cyclop Street, dear John ;

Where dwell the Cyclops famed in many a rhyme,

From father Homer down to Calderon,

There you shall meet the giant one-eyed packman.

Brontes, and Polyphemus, and Pyracmon :

Steropes, Harpes, and some hundred others,

Tall as Norwegian pines, and stout, and fat,

Although in Hell ; the huge Cyclopean brothers
Endure no punishment, but feed and chat ;
Exempt from care and all terrestrial pothers,
They have but one employment here, and that
Is to repress such spirits as might grow
Inclined to raise rebellion here below.

When Tyler, Cade, and patriots of that kidney
Came down to us, they had not been here long
Ere they declared 'twas villainous to bid knee
Bend to The Powers of Hell ;—they swore 'twas
wrong,
And would not do't ; Vane, Hampden, Pym, or Sidney,
Never declaimed as did this blatant throng,
Who raised a furious rabble such as Peter
The Hermit led, described in Tasso's metre.

The off-scourings of all Hell's vilest alleys,
Pimps, prostitutes, pickpockets, burglars, bums,
Hangmen, assassins, monks, and slaves from galleys,
Of all the damned, the very dregs and scums,
They summoned to their side from caves and valleys,
And marched along with bagpipes, fifes, and drums,
To Satan's Palace, threatening fierce sedition,
Demanding freedom—or his deposition.

Satan, who knows a trick or two of fence,
Had learned by spies the nature of the movement,
Too wise to treat it with indifference,
But nobly scorning the proposed improvement,
He called the Cyclops ! in battalion dense
They came—by no means to the great approvement

Of the base bragging demagogues who swore
'Twas tyrant-like to shed the people's gore.

The Cyclops, some five thousand, formed in line,
And charged with long terrific ashen spikes ;
The greasy rabble, like their kinsfolk swine,
Awed by the glittering of those bristly pikes,
Fled in dismay ere one could number nine ;
Their mangled bodies filled the streams and dikes
For miles around, and never since that day
Have they done aught but tremble and obey.

Here's Saint Engendus, whose white leathern braces,
Have worked miraculous cures in childbed pains ;
I could relate so many thousand cases,
As would convince a Heathen's hardened brains ;
The facts are sworn to in so many places,
And have produced the Church such golden grains ;
That only sceptics the most wicked dare,
To hint that priests will rather rashly swear.

Here's Saint Macarius, who killed a gnat
That stung him in the back, but so repented
The deed, he stripped as naked as a sprat,
And ran to Scetè's marshes, then frequented
By flies with nails that pierced like any cat,
And there he stayed till he was so indented
With horrid blisters from the head to heel,
The angels clapped their hands to see his zeal.

Here is Abdallah, called the Hypocrite,
Who on his deathbed humbly asked Mohammed
To let him have his shirt (a shroud unfit

For such a rogue, who always used to sham it).
The prophet stripped, and lo, he lies in it ;

It saves him not, however close he cram it
Round his red carcass, as if it were armour—
Dalilah's near him, Samson's treacherous charmer.

The Bridge close by, that arches o'er the River,
Whose whirling eddies, black and foul roll on,
Till, lost in utter darkness, is receiver

Of many confident knaves, that tread upon
Its paths delusive, till they sink for ever

Into the boiling billows, and are gone
The way all Spirits go who try to cross,
Forgetting that their souls are so much dross.

We saw this River when we first descended,

Or part of it, at least ; upon its banks
Poplars and platans planted thick protended,

While scritch-owls howled in chorus and in ranks ;
Its waters bear so many poisons blended,

Disease comes here to fill her numerous tanks
With the corruptions which on earth she rains
On town-bred bucks, who scorn the rustic plains.

Under that River's bottom lies deep hell,

Over the river hangs the Mystic Bridge,
Thin as the finest web that forms the cell

Of the poor spider ;—weak, the smallest midge
Can shatter it to fragments ; strange to tell,

I've seen ten thousand Spirits on its ridge,
Standing securely ; but they were of those
To whom not Lucifer's self dare shew his nose.

But the choice knaves whose fall I named at first,
Secure in pride, with faith perhaps in masses,
Buoyed up too by their priests, whose lies accurst
Send here a number that belief surpasses,
Rushing across, with a most holy thirst
For paradise and pleasure, slip like asses
Into the mirky gulf, and, shrilly squalling
For angels' aid, are caught by Devils falling.

Here's a catastrophe most truly quizzical,
The rascals' rage is lost in their amazement ;
Nought in creation, spiritual or physical,
Can give you an idea of their abasement :
They talk at first, but suddenly get phthisical,
The brimstone stops their breath ; a kind of casement
Opes in the River, letting them drop through it .
Into a fire that quickly melts their suet.

Deep in this Chasm of frowning rock the Sphinx
Burrows, and still propounds deceitful riddles
To whatsoever luckless Shadow slinks
Beside her cave. If answered well, she tiddles
The flattered ghost, but if the fellow blinks
The question, and tries artful tricks, and wheedles
To 'scape her, woe indeed to him ! He finds
That chains of strongest steel she round him binds.

Her head and breasts are like a virgin's fair,
Her wings are like a vulture's, black and broad ;
Her body, like a dog's, is shagged with hair ;
Her tail is like a serpent's, fanged with fraud ;

Her paws are lion-like, and well can snare—
Unhappy he whom once their talons clawed ;
Her voice is like a woman's, sweet and soft,
Or angel's, which you poets hear so oft.

Beneath her Cave boil up those monstrous caldrons,
With liquid copper, pitch, and sulphur filled ;
The fire beneath exhausts some million chaldrons
Of coal, supplied by Gnomes, an ancient guild,
To whom we're much indebted ; it would scald one's
Liver to see how those within are grilled ;
And so you'll take my word, of all who died
On earth than these are none more hotly fried.

Some of them, as you see, are rammed downright
Into the bowels of the lava liquor,
Having a load of sins which ears polite
Were never made to hear ; these sink much quicker
Than those whose necks and breasts and knees you might
Discern, if you were near enough : the vicar,
For instance, does not sink so deeply down
As master dean, or him in lawn-sleeve gown.

But thus for ever they must lie immersed,
Crying and howling in infernal chorus ;
From morn till night, from night till morn, a cursed
And horrid gang, whose owl-like screechings bore us.
The only thing amusing is at first
To see the new comers with tears implore us,
Like Dives, for a drop of water, which
We hand them scalding hot from the next ditch.

We sometimes send one of our archest Imps,
Tricked out with snowy wings and mild blue eyes,
Like angels ; when these howlers catch a glimpse
Of the sly rogue, with desperate haste they rise
To catch him ; not so zealously do pimps
Pursue young maids as these to grab the prize ;
Who, after teasing them a thousand ways,
Flies off, and leaves the germs of awful frays.

For after he has vanished, there begins
A sanguinary battle between those
Who thought he came to rescue them from Sin's
Close stocks, and would have, had not some, their foes,
Stood up to claim a chance ; from kicking shins
They come at last to rounds of bloody blows,
And tear each other's quivering limbs to atoms,
As I've seen Mansfield by a speech of Chatham's.

These are Egyptian priests, whose life was but
A motley mass of lying and blaspheming ;
Cowardice, lewdness, ribaldry, and smut,
Gluttony, bestial appetites, and scheming :
For these pure pranks the hierophants are put
Into these pots ; and you can hear them screaming
Loud to Osiris, Apis, Pan, and Isis,
In whose high names they practised all the vices.

'Tis a strange thing, and funny too, to find
Men from the earliest age to this, the best
And purest ever seen among mankind,
Committing deadliest crimes with purest zest,

When they can o'er them throw a holy blind,
Which they call true religion ; north, south, west,
And east, we see them in the name of God
Doing the Devil's dirtiest work—'tis odd.

Tell me a crime that has not been committed
Under the heavenly sanction of God's name ;
Shew me a wretch that has not been acquitted
By men and devils, both being much the same,
If he could prove his guilty deeds were fitted
To advance his church to wealth, or power, or fame,
Whether for mosque, or triple crown, or mitre,
Or lama, or plain gown, he played the smiter.

I'll not particularise—'twould be invidious ;
I'll name no names, Mahommedan, Pagan, Jew,
Christian, Chinese ; there are no more religious
On earth but who belong to either crew ;
But this I say, that there is nought perfidious
Which some of their most zealous would not do
For sect or creed's sake—pity in return
Nor sect nor creed can save from Hell's hot bourn.

Liars and lies deceive mankind and rule them,
And make them sacrifice the God of Truth
To bedlam nonsense ; reverend men befool them
With new invented tales, howe'er uncouth ;
Their cushion-thumpers daily, hourly, school them
With legends about Dives, Job, and Ruth ;
And on their brows the cross of Jesus put,
No matter how they pamper groin or gut.

All are strange animals of wildest change ;
Beggars grow rich, and spend their wealth to hide
Their former pauperdom ; mad millions range
From clime to clime through avarice, fame, or pride ;
And when they gratify these full, O strange
And lunatic chuffcats ! to the grave they glide,
Without one thought of *why* the Almighty sent
Their souls to earth, and for what purpose lent.

Blind fortune shapes their destinies ; some climb
To thrones, and find the diadem a jest ;
Some strut as Popes, and own their joys mere slime ;
Some roll in riches, and find gold a pest ;
Some stalk as sages, some run mad in rhyme ;
But cares corrode them ; solace, sleep, or rest
They seldom know, until within the arms
Of Death they lie, secure from further harms.

Yet mark how rabidly they cling to life ;
More so indeed than any four-legged beast ;
They loathe death as grave Milton loathed his wife,
Or as sage Gibbon hated nun and priest :
Yet what life *is*, but a strange maze of strife,
In which the wickedest wins the largest feast,
I know not—but I know how wisely sung
Mimnermus old, *Whom the Gods love die young.*

The many are ground down to feed the few ;
The few in splendour lead the life of ease ;
The many toil from morn till evening's dew,
To cram the lazy drones with luxuries :

Millions in rags have scarce a crust to chew,

Sir Priest, my lord, and king, have what they please :
If this be not a miniature hell on earth,
You'll own at least 'tis very tragical mirth.

As to those dreamers and disgusting boobies,

Who talk Millennium, and think Man will grow
Better and wiser, I could curse the loobies,

But will not o'er their maniac spoutings crow ;
When geese can make from mud fine pearls and rubies,
I'll then believe in optimism. No—no,
'Twill never be ; your race must grovel still,
Fools, rogues, and slaves, and heirs of every ill.

What Providence designed by your creation

I'd give a farthing to be told ; the fables
With which you're ruled are mere equivocation,
To keep you bound in priests' and ruler's cables ;
And well they work your perfect subjugation :

How are you better off than beasts in stables ?
Spurred, ridden, whipped to death, to win the plate
For those who call themselves the "good" and "great."

They fool you with "philosophy," and "patience,"

"Destiny's will"—the "fate ordained for Man,"
"Earth is a place of suffering ;" "men and nations
Must all endure," and "life is but a span ;"
"The world's a pilgrimage"—such smooth orations
As these your race of doltish fools trepan ;
And so I feel no pity for your state,—
You are yourselves the makers of your fate.

Here is the Valley of Destruction, filled
With images and idols from all climes,
Where men through folly or imposture build
A scape-goat for the people's daily crimes ;
If wood or marble fashioned by the skilled
Could cleanse away the wickedness that grimes
The human soul, the wealthy soon would buy
An easy passage through the needle's eye.

But this is a mistake, and idol-worship,
Whether ordained by Juggernaut or Rome,
Saves not the serf, nor washes white his lordship ;
The things are only wood or painted loam ;
Whether to saint or santon men pay courtship,
Is time abused ;—they might have fooled at home
For anything they gain by homage given
To the poor creature, and withheld from Heaven.

What makes their madness more absurd is this,
They deify dead men, and nothing knowing
Whether they howl in hell or smile in bliss,
But wildly taking them on their own showing,
They fall before their feet, and even kiss
Their corpses, bones, and reliques ; more bestowing
Upon those rotten lies, of God accurst,
Than upon Him, the Ancient of the First.

The worshippers of such unhappy sinners,
Sainted on earth, but fasting here in flame,
Who've paid their money to procure fat dinners
For the priests who their miracles proclaim,

On the Last Day will see these wooden grinners
Rise from this Vale of Fire and loud exclaim,
Behold the Gods you bent to, we are they ;
Puppets or dolls, and like yourselves, poor clay.

Here is Saint Gervas of Milan, whose gown
Cured a blind butcher, Severus by name ;
Three saints, who had their lodging in the town,
Paulinus, Ambrose, Austin known to fame,
Were present at the feat, and wrote it down,
And afterwards on oath declared the same ;
That heretic would be in truth perverse
Who'd dare such truthful swearers to asperse.

Here is Saint Boniface of Russia, who
Converted the Grand Duke, who saw him walk
Unhurt through fire, as if 'twere harmless dew,
Beaded upon some flower's fragrant stalk ;
A few days afterwards a murderous crew
Attacked the Saint, who tried, but failed to balk
Their fury : he was killed, and is confined
With us—a thing, he says, that's most unkind.

Here's Guido Cavalcanti, whose whole life
Was self-devoted to *one* speculation,
Which he pursued through every kind of strife ;—
To prove the falsehood of *all* Revelation ;
And shew that of all lies the one most rife
With mischief, and most worthy objurgation,
Was that which says there is a God.—The ass
Would now give all his writings for a mass.

Here's Andreas Cæsalpinus, who maintained
That men were formed by chance from putrid mud,
Warmed by the sunshine ; but how it obtained
The necessary aid of bone and blood,
This visionary ape left unexplained ;
Minos dismissed him here to chew the cud
Of bitter fancies, and repent the day
When first from Genesis he went astray.

O Genesis ! O Genesis ! O Genesis !

How my gorge rises thus to see you flouted ;
You who excel in most supreme parenesis,
Ought never by the people to be doubted ;
Were I the Pope, what curses and what menaces,
I'd fling like thunder upon all who snouted,
Or turned up the nose at your great learning,
Admitted by all parsons of discerning.

Vanini, like a villain, first decried you,
For which they roasted him in fair Toulouse ;
Spinoza next, that odious wretch, denied you,
For which we should have had him in our noose ;
Hobbes, Shaftesbury, St. John, Arouet, all belied you,
Each walking in the other's wicked shoes ;
I don't know why we've not such rogues in Hell ;
I don't know why in flames they do not yell.

Yet somehow they've escaped my noble Master,
And have ascended into higher spheres ;
Where I pray heaven, the Hebrew's mighty pastor
(Amosis) flogs them daily into tears :

If he does so, may God refuse them plaster,
To heal their gashes and their bloody sears,
For daring to attack that sacred book,
Which is as pure as Jordan's holy brook.

Toland and Woolston held it up to scorn ;
Tom Paine, the tailor, said it was a hoax ;
I wonder why such varlets e'er were born,
I wonder why God struck not dead such folks.
I look beyond our time, and see a sworn
Right reverend bishop, try the mob to coax
Into the notion that 'twas false.—Colenso !
How can you scandalize all goodly men so ?

I hope to heaven that Cantia's Archbishop,
Will put you into court for thus blaspheming ;
I hope to God that Lushington will dish up
Your wicked self, and carve you for your scheming :
I hope in fine—although I would not pish up
Your lordship wholly, for such nonsense screaming,
They'll make you openly recant, and own
That Genesis came straight from God alone.

Here's King Alphonso of Castile, who swore
The world would have been better had he been
Consulted on the point an hour before
'Twas made, and flung into the vast serene ;
His majesty has leisure to deplore
His blasphemy, and curse the crowd obscene
Of piggish courtiers who indulged his humour,
And puffed him, like the frog, into a tumour.

Here is Cerinthus, who declared the earth
 Was formed by Angels, not by God ; a fiction
 Which, whether broached in seriousness or mirth,
 Gives the true words of Moses contradiction ;
 'Twas once supposed this gentleman gave birth
 To the Apocalypse ; but if prediction
 Were granted to him, it looks rather curious,
 He did not see the fires that drive him furious.

Goethe.

Do my eyes err, or do I really see
 In yon tall phantom a familiar face ?
 Hofrath Huisgen ! by the gods 'tis he,
 I never thought to find him in this place—
 Naked he stands, bound to a cypress tree,
 And locked within a massive chain's embrace,
 While a small Imp is flaying off his skin,
 With many a waggish gesture, jump, and grin.

Mephistopheles.

You do not err, it is your friend ; no less
 A personage indeed ; he's suffering here
 The punishment reserved for all who guess
 Presumptuously of God and Heaven, nor fear
 To combat Deity through foolishness ;
 But, like smart Marsyas, prate, and flout, and jeer.
 Your friend said, "he found fault with God"—don't stare—
 If God found fault with him, and sent him where,
 With sundry other similar folks he's flayed,
 Who, simply to be stared at, laugh at Truth,
 Making dull blasphemy their horrid trade,
 And leading into quags and sloughs uncouth

The brainless few of whom their dupes they made;
But whom they dub "philosophers" forsooth!
I can't describe my scorn and loathing hate
Of those, who thus against their Maker prate.

Here's Clement, whom wise Trajan erst commanded,
To be flung headlong i' the Euxine Sea,
Because from pagan rites the saint disbanded
A multitude, and Christians made them be.
The waters drowned him, but the Pope demanded
From God a miracle, which all might see;
So that day twelvemonth the big waves retired
Three miles away from where the Saint expired,

Leaving the bottom of the ocean bare
Where perished sweet Saint Clement, for three miles;
That all who wished to offer up a prayer
Might do so safe from Satan and his wiles;
A stately temple was erected there,
By angels, doubtless, and seraphic toils,
Which temple was uncovered once a year,
And there the holy man lay on his bier.

A woman once who entered in the fane,
Forgot her child there when she came away;
For twelve long months the roaring Euxine main
Covered the marble house where Clement lay;
At last the year was ended, and again
The temple was disclosed on Clement's day;
She found the baby not one whit the worse,
Alive and kicking—hungry, though, of course.

Perillus groans from yonder brazen bull,
That stands surrounded by undying fire ;
'Tis his own workmanship ; the doltish gull
Formed it for Phalaris, whose vengeance dire
With hapless men and women filled it full ;
He rammed the maker in by way of hire ;
Deeming it right that rascally inventors
Should feel, like Guillotin, their own tormentors.

Here is Paterculus, whom Censorinus,
Tyrant of Sicily, employed to make
A brazen steed, to which this royal Minos
Flung those he hated, as he would a cake :
The horse was formed. *Our gracious thoughts incline us,*
Quoth he to Pat, whose knees began to quake,
To try you first upon this skittish horse—
The brazen Monster hurled him down a corse.

Here's Lok, the evil Demon of the North,
The grand contriver of deceits and frauds,
Which from his heart perfidious he pours forth,
Until he stirs up men to fight with gods ;
Prime architect of guilt, he blights all worth,
Turning the sun-born souls of men to clods,
And ever plotting blasphemies against
The heaven, since first his hellish birth commenced.

His monster offspring howl around his cave,
Fenrir the Wolf, the Serpent of Midgard,
And Hela, chained in flame, at which they rave,
And doubtless think their bondage very hard ;

The Day of Judgment from this living grave
 Shall disentomb them, when, so sings the bard
 Of Scandinavia, Fenrir will gulp down
 The sun, regardless of that planet's frown.

Goethe.

What forms are these, one-eyed, boar-tusked, and fierce,
 Their hairs entwined with snakes, their hands with
 brass,
 Yellow-winged, serpent-scaled, with eyes that pierce,
 And breathe an icy coldness as they pass ?

Mephistopheles.

You'd hardly wish to play at carte and tierce
 With Nymphs like these, unless you were an ass,
 And destitute of all the mental organs.—
 Hats off, Sir Minstrel, and salute the Gorgons.

Stheno, Euryalè, Medusa—sisters,
 Daughters of Phorcys, very lovely ladies,
 Who teach sour misses all's not gold that glisters,
 But torture them when they descend to Hades.
 Perseus, whose weapons sharper were than clysters,
 Sent the three hither ; each of them a maid is,—
 At least I've never heard of man or boy
 Who wished their charms bewitching to enjoy.

Medusa's serpent-cinctured head, which once,
 While she was breathing the bright upper air,
 Turned into marble cold each gazing dunce,
 Acts differently now on fools who stare

Upon its horrors ; body, limbs, and sconce,
Exposed one instant to its ghastly glare,
Are metamorphosed into fire ;—so turn
Your eyes another way, or *you* may burn.

Cold, icy-hearted villains, like King Charles,
Who laughed while men like Samuel Butler starved ;
Or Horace Walpole, that mere mass of snarls,
Or Byron's wife, that frigid humbug, carved
Of steel or mathematics ; souls like knarles
In toughest oak ; in hell unrobed, unlarved,
Are subjected to fires by Miss Medusa,
Hotter than those that scorched and killed Creusa.

Behold the Cannibal birds, surnamed Stymphalides,
With human faces dripping o'er with blood,—
Your limbs are trembling, and your aspect pallid is,
As if you feared these guardians of the flood ;
Fear not—while here you shall escape all maladies ;
You're quite secure while joined with me you scud
Along the air, from every kind of vermin,
Harpies, Snakes, Sirens, Bears, Bulls, Hydras, Mermen.

In their huge claws they carry, as you see,
Rough red-hot millstones of gigantic weight,
With which the miscreants in the pit they ree ;
Smashing to atoms every broiling pate ;
Drunkard, deceiver, usurer, debauchee,
Glutton, and rogue, who form the Locust's freight,
They pelt and plunge down several fathoms deep,
To form a very nasty kind of heap.

Here are the Anakim, those lawless brutes
Of Palestine, to whom the stateliest Jews
Were but as grasshoppers ; they stand like mutes
Under the Tree of Hell, whose poisonous dew
Distilled from Styx, and sucked up through the roots,
Rain on them with the piercing power of screws ;
Transfixing each from scalp to heel with pains,
While fiery insects burrow in their brains.

Baal-Zephon, a dog-headed Devil, guards them,
And tends the Tree—Al-Zakkûm is its name—
Thus for their brutish tastes our Judge rewards them,
A punishment which nobody can blame ;
The foulest fiends we have, when God discards them,
Are forced to own, with burning tears of shame,
That they deserve their fate, nor dare inveigh
'Gainst the decree, but tremble and obey.

Here's Lulli the composer, who, when dying,
Sent for a priest to hear his last confession ;
Sir-reverence came, but doggedly denying
Full absolution for some sad transgression,
Until he burned an opera, then lying
Upon his bed, containing some expression
Uncatholic, the sly deceitful puppy
Feigned to consent, but had another copy,

Which when his fever left him, he brought out
Upon the stage, much to the priest's dismay,
Who thought his penitent had died devout,
Repenting much that anti-papal play ;

In a few years or so it came about
 That Lulli really died and came this way,
 For the tricked priests refused his boots to grease
 With holy oil for rogueries like these.

Here is the emperor Valentinian bound
 With his prime ministers, two monstrous Bears,
 Kept for his pleasure in his palace ground,
 By which, he said, he managed his affairs ;
 He thanked his god such easy ways he found,
 To free his mind from all oppressive cares ;
 Whenever he grew dull he threw some men
 To the Bears, and felt his spirits come again.

Goethe.

What horrible Monster sweeps down yonder Vale,
 Half bull, half man, with horns of brass and fire,
 And nostrils breathing flame, and eyes that swale
 And splutter lightnings ; madness, might, and ire
 Clothe his huge neck ; a Rider fierce and pale,
 And frenzy-stricken, reins him, while a dire
 And loathsome naked Woman with red hair
 Is tossed from horn, to horn, and looks despair ?

Mephistopheles.

That noble brute, sweet bard, is Minotaurus
 A favourite animal of our czar ; the fool
 Who rides him, much against his will, is Scaraus,
 Whom king Tiberius sent to us to school ;
 The woman, rather say the ichthyosaurus
 In female shape, that moves your ridicule,
 Is Queen Elizabeth Tudor, a snake-fish,
 As cold and bad as any in our dish.

Cruelty, lewdness, hate, pride, envy, meanness,
Treachery, intrigue, have sent the lady here,
Tied to the ancient prodigy of uncleanness,
Who hoists her like a skilful engineer ;
The Ghost behind, whose devilish obsceneness
Shocked even Rome, pricks on the human steer,
To toss his burthen still from horn to horn,
That curses the black hour that saw her born.

And so the Three are borne from hell to hell
Unceasingly, unrestingly for ever ;
Swift as a canon-ball, or fiery shell
That wings along through startled air, wherever
The shock impels it ; right and left, pell mell,
They drive, and make the affrighted Shades assever
That bad as their own torturers have been,
Far worse attend her majesty the quean.

See here the Cainites, who thought Cain alone
Worthy of worship, as a stalwart slayer ;
Rejecting Truth as by Amosis shewn,
Whom they regarded as a merciless swayer ;
Judas they worshipped, and that horrid crone
Jezebel, and poor Sampson's false betrayer ;
And said that Cain did well to slay his brother,
But had done better had he killed his mother,

And put an end at once to all the race
Of mortals on this earth, a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. A crew so base
As these, of course, had no chance of salvation :

We keep them here impaled in fire, and place
The Abelites beside them, whose damnation
Springs from a tenet that their souls now blisters,
That brothers should be wedded to their sisters.

Abel, they say, was the first martyr, he
Married his sister, *ergo*, he did right ;
And all who don't, commit flat burglary,
And richly merit Hell's infernal bite ;
To argue with such frenzied fools would be
As wise as to the moon to take a flight,
To search for silver in her cindery sphere—
We don't—we merely roast the dunces here.

In yonder pit of flame lies Charles Martèl,
Who robbed the monks of many a rich abbaye ;
Scorning the Pope, who swore with book and bell,
And sharing with his troops the unhallowed prey :
These men of God have cursed him into Hell,
And here he roasts, and shall for many a day :
Till stolen brick and mortar, rood and perch,
Are all restored to holy Mother Church.

To saintly Bishop Eucher was revealed
The wretched state of this redoubted knave ;
And when the miscreant's tomb was once unsealed,
No corpse was found within the empty grave :
But this was seen by all around who kneeled :—
A fiery Serpent issued from the cave
Where lay his coffin, and a sulphurous smell
Proved that the dead man's soul was not quite well.

Here is a Coliseum, grand indeed,
Massive and vast, to which Rome's Capitol
Is like a baby's toy, or as a weed
Is to a wilderness of oaks ; the wall
Lifts its proud front to Heaven that dares impede
Its further progress upward ; tower and hall,
And portico, and colonnade, and dome
Shine, as if Gods had built it for their home.

Briareus, hundred-headed, stands and guards
This fiery pathway : in his hands he wields
A hundred burning swords, described by bards
Who've roamed in spirit through our happy fields ;
Otus, in height some twenty thousand yards,
Stands fronting him, and like a tempest, shields
From all approach of Angels mercy-sent,
The trembling wretches in this fortress pent.

Let's peep inside ;—by Plutus ! it is filled
With millions nailed to steel chairs white with heat ;
The place with solemn silence hushed and stilled,
They sit like corpses each within its sheet :
Voices they have not : thus their Torturer willed ;
So they can neither shout, nor groan, nor bleat ;
But cling immoveably consumed with flame,
The women doubtless swelling big with shame.

Never before did females hold their tongues,
Never before felt torment sharp as this ;
But 'tis the Law—they cannot use their lungs,
Chatter or gibber, scream, scold, yell, or hiss ;

Meanwhile the Imps, collecting Devils' dungs,
Pelt them incessantly, and never miss ;
The place affords amusement to the dears,
Who grow from practice perfect cannoneers.

These are the odious race of scandal-bearers,
Who thus are plagued for all their lies on earth ;
Mixed with them also may be seen false swearers,
Who are akin to slanderers by birth ;
Nothing delights us more than to see snarers
Of truth thus seated on Abaddon's hearth,
Where they must roast for several thousand years,
Till their foul souls are washed snow white with tears.

Giant Ægèan near this corner stands,
Clothed in the thunder of the King of Hell,
And scattering lightnings from his hundred hands,
On those who seek to burst their citadel ;
Black as thick night with look that awe commands,
The fellow acts his part of sentry well ;
And inaccessible to filthy bribes,
Guards zealously these nice Hell-toasted tribes.

Behold yon Void—a vast and horrible Chaos ;
Sulphureous smoke, stench, flame, and pitchy blackness,
Vultures more fierce than those on wild Imäus,
Imps who ne'er let the fires subside to slackness,
But stir them up as old Ennosigæus
Stirs the broad earth, when fierce demoniacness
Preys on his liver, and this King of Shakers
Produces earthquakes, frightening sober quakers.

The Calydonian Boar which angry Dian

Let loose, as God unfolds the monsoon's wing,
Roams through that mighty chasm ; Nemæa's lion

Bore not such tusks or claws of mortal sting,—
The triple-headed Ogre, black Geryon,

Rides the stern beast ; fit pastime for the king
Who fed his flocks on human flesh, and now
Urges the Boar through yonder bloody Slough.

See yon colossal Wheel, a world of fire

Revolving ever ; it was once Ixion's,
Who burned his father-in-law alive ; the Sire

Of Pagan myths, with an august defiance
Of what was due to justice, as a hire

For what he did, placed him among the scions
Of his Olympus, where the murderer passed
A very pleasant period, till at last

He fell in love with Juno, Jove's own spouse ;

The god incredulous dressed up a Cloud ;
Ixion longing to adorn the brows

Of his fat friend, and not a little proud
To see the haughty Queen sans shift or blouse,
Present herself before him, while he vowed
Ten thousand oaths of love, was taken napping
By Jove, who knew a trick or two of trapping.

Fired with revenge, he hurled him down to Hell,

And tied him up to yonder Wheel of Snakes,
Where for more years than I have time to tell,
The knave was twisted into pains and aches :

At last, when Jove himself to Orcus fell,
And went the way of all the Pagan rakes,
Ixion was released, and Judas, who
Sold Christ, succeeded him—behold the Jew !

With foxlike head, small eyes, and visage spare,
An aspect like a weasel's or an ape's,
The yellow traitor writhes ; a savage glare
Of ravenous avarice in his face, that gapes
For gold amid the fiery, stifling air
Of Hell itself ; and see—the sparks he scrapes
With his long fingers, thinking them red gold ;
And yells to find 'tis flame that they enfold.

Goethe.

Judas ! good heavens—why sure it can't be he,
Whom late divines have proved to be a saint ?
Did he not sell the Incarnate Deity,
To free him from the modest, mild restraint,
In which he wrapped Omnipotence ? I see
How much they erred, who thus presumed to paint
The traitor, swearing hard the slave abhorred,
Did it but to make manifest the Lord.

Visions of glory, loftiest aspirations,
Tempted him to the deed, not thirst of gold ;
The grandeur of Messias, and his nation's
Sway o'er the earth, as had been long foretold,
The legioned angels, bright as constellations,
The truth fulfilled, he panted to behold ;—
And when he saw the blighted, blasted hope
Sublime that filled him, used the friendly rope.

Hence they say Judas was a proper man,
And almost venture to make out he's saved,
As but for him had failed the heavenly plan,
Whereby the Word make Flesh blessed man enslaved :
To see him then on yonder caravan
Of rolling flame, persuades me that they raved,
As theologues most usually do,
When speculating about False and True.

Mephistopheles.

General George Monk, first Duke of Albemarle,
Reynolds and Armstrong, hellish-hearted spies ;
Sinon, the perjurer Oates, whose currish snarl
Frights cut-throat Castlereagh, by whom he lies ;
Julian of Spain, a vile rude-fashioned carle ;
Traitors of every clime and time and size
Take rank round Judas, forming such a gang
Of villains as the Devil himself might hang.

Another friend of Jupiter's—his brat
By Madam Plota, Tantalus I mean—
Was once the tenant of this verdant plat
Of moss, where much he suffered from the spleen,
Because he stole his father's favourite cat,
And looked on Ganymede with glance obscene,
And was a very saucy, blackguard fellow,
Whose petulant tongue seemed only made to bellow.

Admitted to the banquets of the gods,
He scorned all decency and shocked all eyes ;
Spite of his father's friendly winks and nods,
He spewed forth oceans of such beastly lies,

As would disgust the dullest country clods ; .

No wonder that they served him in this guise,
And sent him here to thirst and hunger doomed,
'Mid food and drink that could not be consumed.

Trees loaded with the most delicious fruit,
Nectar, ambrosia, grape, and purple peach,
Waters that murmured like the Orphean lute,
And clear as crystal gushed within his reach ;
But ever and anon a hellish hoot

Of laughter scared him, as he grasped at each ;
And food and water vanished from his lip,
While he fell howling 'neath Alecto's whip.

At other times he saw a monstrous rock
Suspended o'er his head, and almost falling,
A sight that gave the wretch so dire a shock
That Hell's extremes re-echoed with his squalling ;
But yet it fell not—'twas the fiend's arch mock
Placed it there, for he loved to see him sprawling
Low like a beast and striving to escape
The weight terrific toppling o'er his nape.

After long years of torment, respite came
At last, and he was suffered to go free :
I know not what blest company can claim
His presence now, or what is their degree :
He was succeeded in his seat of shame

By one of Sodom's sons—the wretch you see,
King James the First of England, note him well,
A fouler miscreant breathes not now in Hell.

He strives, you see, to dip his burning tongue
 Into the cooling wave, but as he bends
The jagged rock that o'er his shoulders hung
 Down on his head with crushing weight descends
Now he puts forth his scraggy hands among
 The tempting fruit that sweetest odour sends ;
But a grim Fury hales it from his gaze,
Or hands him poison in a bloody vase.

He drinks, he drinks, his entrails are on fire,
 The murderer drains the poison that he mixed ;
His eyeballs glare with more than fiendish ire,
 His inmost life with madness is transfixed ;
His bursting pores envenomed sweat perspire ;—
 This beast is like a fool that falls betwixt
Two stools ; for whether agonised by thirst
Or quenching it, he is completely cursed.

Here roasts Earl Nelson : parson first, then peer ;
 Who swindled Lady Hamilton : here shrieks
A crabbed wretch, as sour as stale small beer,
 Made acid in the sun for several weeks,
Gifford the critic, famed for many a jeer
 Against the right and true : his carcase reeks
Unpleasantly from yonder pit of thorns,
In which he voids his horrid mass of scorns.

Hearken ! and hear him cry aloud, while shines
 Before his tortured eyes a Phantom fair,
Shining like diamonds from orient mines,
 And wafted softly through purpureal air ;

This bright eidolon, in whose light he pines
 And writhes in madness, envy, hate, despair,
 Is Shelley ;—whom this very dirty varlet
 Abused through life, for which he now burns scarlet.

Gifford.

A voice like flowers and music sweetly blended,
 A fragile form, but beauteous as Apollo's,
 A soul of light by the three Graces tended,
 Eyes like young Dian's when the deer she follows
 Over the emerald lawns and sylvan hollows ;
 Such wert thou, Shelley, minstrel heaven-descended !
 O incarnation of ethereal Truth,
 O sun of Beauty darkened in thy youth
 By the foul mists of slander-loving men,
 By the base exhalations from that fen
 Of venom called man's heart—we lost thy light :
 Spheres far removed enjoy thy beauty bright :
 So do we ever with our things of price ;
 We help the Devil to kill the flowers of Paradise.

Goethe.

This does not sound like slander or abuse !

Mephistopheles.

No—creatures of this class who lie for gold,
 And all that's bright and beautiful traduce
 On earth, when they are penned in Satan's fold
 Are by the Demons (like wild dogs let loose
 Upon their hideous carcasses) controlled,
 And forced in lieu of their vile earthly scandals,
 To preach the truth to all our Goths and Vandals,

Dishonest writers who all truth belied,
 We force, but with some trouble, to recant ;
 Dishonest priests whose hearts were stufft with pride
 We trounce, until they sweetly meekness chant.
 All, who, God's shining talents, given to guide
 Mankind to excellence and truth, transplant
 Into their own small selfish grounds, and use
 For Hell not Heaven, we deep in fire suffuse.

Look here, and hearken ! Horace Walpole hisses
 From yonder chasm of vipers, while a face
 Pale, swoln, and sad, above the dark abyss is,
 Lighted by Pöesy's bewitching grace ;
 'Tis Chatterton's frail image : brightest blisses
 Crown his proud spirit in Elysium's place ;
 But the small mannikin who drove him mad,
 Is forced in hell to own his conduct bad.

Walpole.

Like the young Moon, when down from heaven she came
 To court the slumbering shepherd as he lay
 Nooked in a dell amid the Latmian hills,
 Filling the spot with an ambrosial flame
 Of light ethereal from her silver ray :—
 So to the soul comes Genius from the skies,
 And such immortal splendours there instils
 As charm the young, and glad the old and wise.
 O Venus-souled, bright Dreamer, Minstrel, Child
 Of heaven, whose dreams of light and olden lore
 Shine like clear stars along the enchanted page ;
 Forgive the meanness that upon thy wild
 Proud spirit burned, like Nessus' shirt of gore,
 And tortured thee to death. In flames that rage

Ever and ever still around me, thou
Art well avenged—avert thy sad, accusing brow !

Mephistopheles.

Here is Macpherson, whom they surnamed Ossian,
Because he forged some rhapsodies ridiculous,
The fellow tends Alecto's dogs Molossian,—
Beside him is the Russian Emperor Nicholas.
Here are some preachers from the towns called Goshen
In the United States—they seem vermiculous :
No wonder that they should, for 'twas their creed
That saints of soap and water have no need.

The Larvæ, those grim ghosts or apparitions
Which come from graves at night in flowing sheets,
And brimstone eyes, and horns ; and raise seditions
In people's bowels, till they make retreats
Far off from these accursèd inanitions.—
Those creatures dwell in yonder misty streets,
Where they hang out their grinning masks all day,
To frighten curious travellers away.

Goethe.

For several hours, or days, or years, or ages,
I know not which—how long have we been here ?
I've looked through all your prisons, cells and cages,
For Byron's spirit—where's that noble peer ?

Mephistopheles.

Vain your enquiry—vainer, too, your rage is,
If rage it is, because that Bard got clear ;

But certainly we have him not among us ;
Though we have plenty of his foes, who throng us.

Byron was so tormented in his days -

By rogues like Southey, knaves like Milman, sneaks
Like Hunt, and sundry other popinjays

Whose names bring blood and wrath into my cheeks,
That when Death wrapped in night his splendid rays,

Like the sun hid by Chimborazo's peaks,
The Judge considered he had had enough
On earth, a spirit bright as his to huff.

And so he sent him to the Elysian Fields,

The old poetic heaven, where he dwells,
And sings along its green and beauteous wealds,

Or muses by its sweet sequestered wells ;
'Twas thought (for this, to some, true pleasure yields,)

He'd now and then inspect our blazing Hells,
And see his foes in flame, but though he might
Have come, he never did, their souls to spite.

And in that flower-land, where you'll never get,

With Byron dwell the splendid shining race
Of bards, within whose souls the stars were set,

Of sages in whose minds the gods had place ;
Gladly you'd crow, if you, my pretty pet,

Could but ascend, and join them ; in which case
I own you'd have the laugh against me, but
To do so, you have gone the wrong short-cut.

However I can give you as I vowed

Almost as good a berth—nay, some say better ;

The moment you to me the knee have bowed,
I'll post you off as quickly as a letter,
And send you straight into a merry crowd
Of zoneless beauties, whom no scruples fether ;
You still refuse—well, well, I never knew
A gentleman so hard to please as you.

Here is Saint Mocho, a great Irish saint,
Who wafted Saint Kyenanus and a score
Black-mantled monks, without a single taint
Of sin, from Dublin's bare and rocky shore
To England, which had raised a touching plaint
For such a cargo ; the long cloak he wore
Was all the boat the holy hermit needed ;
Which new invention wondrously succeeded.

Packed in his cowl they went to sea like men,
Secure from every risk of being drowned ;
Our imps went forth from Satan's hellish den,
By arts unnumbered hoping to confound
The wild attempt ; no devil's tongue or pen
Their failure can describe ; for safe and sound
As roaches, the black guards of Peter landed
Somewhere near Dover, whence they soon disbanded, •

And spread the news miraculous, which, ran
Like wildfire through the wondering island, whence
Much to the Pope's delight and gain began
A fluent stream to Rome of Peter's pence ;
You know that with the sapient race of man,
There's one thing most uncommon, common sense ;

And this fine legend proved it. But poor Mocho
Somehow at last got settled *in hoc loco*.

Yonder's Saint Como, whom the Papists worship
In the same way as ladies in old Rome,
Adored the good Priapus, of whose curship
You had some curious pictured books at home.
Girt round by great gorillas, see his lordship,
Monboddo hight, who wrote a splendid tome,
To prove that men were ourans without tails,
Which sent its author to these pleasant dales.

That perpendicular Mountain, where you see
A headless man labouring with all his might,
Of muscular arm, bent back, and sinewy knee,
To roll a bleeding skull to the rough height ;
The dreadful load still struggling to get free,
Draws blood in torrents from the groaning wight ;—
Was once reserved for Sisyphus, a knave
Who toiled there long, till Christ the thief forgave,

And stuck Charles Stuart of England in his place,
Whom lying priestcraft dubbed a sacred martyr,
Though rogue more false, blood-thirsting, stern or base,
Lived not among even those who've worn the garter ;
Cromwell, the hero who bore off the mace,
Taught him what Walpole called the Greater Charter ;
Whipped him, and sent him cranium-less to bed,
For which the English sup still on calf's head.

The millstone which old Sisyphus was wont
To turn, was given as a forget-me-not ;

The cunning Jesuit stomached the affront,
And humbly offered thanks for what he got ;
The headless Stuart, who looked like a runt
Without his topknot, blessed his lucky lot,
Thinking that there was nought for him to roll,
And feeling rather pleasant on the whole.

But here his majesty was much mistaken,
In place of stone, they gave him his own skull,
Filled with the souls of Wentworth, Laud, and Bacon,
Which served as ballast for the crazy hull
Of sacred bone ; since then such knocks have shaken
The four, I swear to ye, by the Grand Mogul,
That neither brains nor souls are worth a sou—
Fit destiny for the false-hearted crew,

Toiling and moiling still with might and main,
The headless Corpse still strives to reach the summit ;
Rolling before it, with a world of pain,
The skull more weighty than the weightiest plummet ;
Rock, fosse, steep, ridge, and gorge, his path restrain,—
They're passed—one trench yawns still—can he o'er-
come it ?
He mounts—he fails—the skull slips, rolls, and falls
Down to the base—the Caitiff headlong sprawls.

Goethe.

But is Lord Bacon doomed to this for ever ?
His soul of light, methinks, might have been saved.

Mephistopheles.

I do not take upon me to assever

His spirit fills that cranium depraved :

Whether he has escaped it, or will never

Leave that small prison where he was enslaved,

I do not know ; but this I can assert,

Hell would not be too hot for his desert.

A vile, mean, crawling sycophant, who bent,

As if to God, before the filthiest thing

That ever Satan in his mockery sent

To earth, debasement o'er men's minds to bring :

Had he not well atoned for time mispent

In worshipping that foul polluted king,

By teaching millions doctrines fraught with truth,

I don't see how he could have hoped for ruth.

But since Christ pardoned the repentant robber,

And since men's sins by masses are wiped off,

And since the Church became a giant jobber,

The worst may hope to 'scape our fiery trough :

If Bacon gets to Heaven, despite the slobber

With which he lauded James, the Devils may scoff

At Heaven itself for rescuing such a knave

From this hot place, which good intentions pave.

Phæa, the savage Sow, which long infested

The lands of Cromion, slaughtering, like a Turk

Or Tartar, all who crossed her path detested,

Is here at last after life's fitful work ;

Her iron bowels millions have digested
Of holy hypocrites, whom, like fat pork,
She mashes underneath her brazen tusks,
As hungry ploughmen grind delicious rusks.

Her rider, as you guess, is Harry Tudor,
Who wages war with popes, priests, nuns, and monks,
Than whom a beastlier, falser, grosser, lewder
Battalion breathed not in your world ; pimps, punks,
Bawds, procuresses, catamites, (*proh pudor!*)
And poisoners, swell their tribes, whom our old hunks,
Having a very eagle eye for such,
Selects, and throws into his good Beast's clutch.

In his fat hand he holds the rod that Moses
Wielded in land of Egypt, which discovers
The game he hunts ; a single touch discloses
The secret vices of those sacred lovers :
However fraud conceals, or force opposes,
Avails them nought ; he knocks them down like plovers,
Fattening his furious Sow, and laughter-shaking
His swollen paunch till every limb is aching.

This kingly butcher had been damned indeed,
With Nero and the rest, in fire eternal,
But that his hunting of the piggish breed
Won favour for him with The Powers supernal ;
And as he little cared for church or creed,
And spurned the scarlet woman's kiss maternal,
Preferring mine—they backed him to this Sow,
To do the work we see him doing now.

Here in this desert is the Plague of Toads,
 Infesting those whom Satan roasts in chains,
False preachers, flatterers, whose foul abodes,
 Are filthy sewers, marshes, fens, and drains ;
You poets, who for pelf write birth-day Odes,
 And turn and wheel for money like light vanes,
Vending the god within you for a mess
Of pottage, seek this hideous wilderness.

Here is Joe Smith, the Mormon, who was once
 A very new apostle—as fools thought ;
But all the rubbish from his scoundrel sconece
 Ended in what it came from—that is nought.
Here's Huntingdon SS., who, though a dunce,
 Was by a crew of maniacs greatly sought ;
And wondrously he duped the supramundane
“Religious public” of the world of London.

O London ! London ! London ! glorious London !
 Centre of humbug, wisdom, knowledge, folly,
Of knaves undoing, and of donkeys undone,
 Of bold Macheaths, of many a trusting Polly ;
Of Harriet Wilson, and of Lady Sundon ;
 Of Johnson, Goldsmith, Boswell, Hunt, Paoli,
Delightedly I think upon your name,
You send so many to Gehenna's flame.

Yonder's the Hebrew false Messias, Hakim,
 Who swore he was King David's proper seed ;
But when the Saracens pursued to take him,
 And that he saw the game was up indeed ;

Fearing, if found, his enemies might stake him,
But that, if lost, the followers of his creed
Might very safely him The Saviour dub,
He jumped into an aqua-fortis tub,

Hoping no trace of him would thus remain,
But that they'd think alive to God he went ;
The circumcised impostor's hope was vain,
His fat and hair, though in the poison pent,
Were proof against its fierce consuming bane ;
So Fate opposed his blasphemous intent :
And as he liked an aqua-fortis bath
We gave him one, which still the fellow hath.

And see—another Jew, one Zedechias,
Who charmed the court of Louis Debonnaire,
Proving himself the only true Messias,
By miracles that made the people stare ;
Winning them from their ancient Christian bias,
Which left them, when they saw him then and there
Swallow down cartloads full of hay, and then
The carts themselves, the horses, and the men.

All looked amazed ; the artful Jew began
To think his fortune made, and proudly strutted ;
He almost scorned the name of Son of Man,
And with repeated cartloads he so glutted
His gorge capacious, that the rabble ran
In millions after him ; the juggler gutted
Their pockets of their pence, and then made off—
Leaving the swindled Frenchmen Europe's scoff.

Satan, who has a friendship for the Gauls,
Avenge them on the cheat, and placed him here ;
Where loud to Father Abraham he calls,
While all the papists round him scoff and sneer ;
This new Messiah heeds them not, but drawls
In guttural Hebrew still from year to year,
Hoping the patriarch will take compassion,
And pull him out of hell in Hercules' fashion.

Here's John de Meun, who wrote the famed *Romance
Of Roses* : on his death bed he desired
To be interred in the best church in France,
Bequeathing it his trunk ; with avarice fired
The monks complied, but ready were to dance
With rage when, searching for the gold acquired,
They found the poet's trunk filled up with stones—
The holy men dug up the wicked bones.

But when the Parliament of Paris heard
The minstrel's arch device, they laughed and made
The priests replace the body disinterred,
Who did so, grumbling sore at being betrayed :
The saintly abbot to the last averred
That for this cheat the bard would be conveyed
To Hell's hot flames, to burn for ever there ;
And so he was, which ended the affair.

Goethe.

But sure 'twere hard to damn him for this jest ;
And roast him ever on undying coals.

Mephistopheles.

Why so it would be, but I thought you guessed
That of the millions of hell-tortured souls
Whom you have seen so snugly in our nest,
The greater part are merely paying tolls ;
I mean enduring purgatorial pains
With us, ere they are shipped to heavenly plains.

There's no such place, though papists swear there is,
As Purgatory : those who die in sin
Are sent here by the Judge : we follow His
Commands, and roast them, though they groan and grin ;
When they are cleansed they fly off with a whiz,
And to some Land of Beauty enter in ;
The most abandoned vagabonds you've seen
In these dominions, may at length grow clean.

'Tis even hoped the Devils themselves in time
Will be forgiven, and admitted back
Unto the glories of that Heavenly Clime
Whose Gods they were so vain as to attack :
But this fine notion's doubtful, though sublime :
For *my* part I abhor this scene of wrack,
And would have no objection to remount
That Golden Ocean whence I drew my fount.

But much depends on Satan, whose commands
Have force omnipotent with us, and so
We'll change this theme which no one understands,
Save Sphinx, who somehow all is said to know,—
We'll call her soon, and if at our commands
She comes, I'll ask her, since we've come so low,

To give us both a Riddle, which I'm sure
You'll solve as speedily as almanac-Moore.

Here are the three unhappy Jews whom Moses
Cursed and sent down alive into our pit,
Korah, Abiram, Dathan ; Hell incloses
No louder bawlers, or for fire more fit ;
One of the Rabbis most profanely proses
Alluding to their fate, nor fears to twit
The Hebrew Prophet with a vile design,
Saying the thing was managed by a mine.

When the earth oped they sank first to their knees,
'Thence to the waist, and thence unto the chin,
At each they called as loud as they could wheeze,
Have mercy on us, Moses, for our sin !
The Prophet bade the earth relentless squeeze
The writhing rebels, till it sucked them in ;
Whence doctors say that Moses was reproved
By the Lord Gods, who were with anger moved.

*They called to thee for mercy thrice, and thou
Would'st not attend unto their penitent speech ;
Had they to God directed once their vow,
God would have heard and have forgiven each.*

This fable, if it be one, shews men how
They should address their thoughts, and whom beseech ;
For God will pity, when unsparing man
Smites without mercy all beneath his ban.

Mercy's indeed a virtue very proper,
But somehow man to man but seldom shows it :
They prate of it, I own, but put a stopper
Upon its flowings, and say justice froze it ;

They seal it over as with seals of copper,
And very handsomely within enclose it ;
And then they ask forgiveness from the Lord—
While round their brothers' necks they strain a cord.

Those whom *we* ne'er forgive are unjust judges,
Like Jeffreys, Toler, Macclesfield, and Scroggs ;
Puppets who act on earth as Satan's drudges,
And are his most obedient humble dogs ;
Who wreak, in form of law and justice, grudges,
Envies, and hates, when bid to't by King Logs,
Or King Log's basest lacqueys, called prime ministers,
Whose friendship is a prize that always sinister 's.

Their features once demure, grow black and direful,
And void of life, like those of corpses ; some
Pimpled and ulcered, whose expression ireful
Would fright the boldest knight in Christendom ;
Some have no face at all ; see yonder pyre full
Of howling dikasts, a large hecatomb,
Who've neither form nor shape,—a tortured heap
Of bone and hair and worms that never sleep.

Here's Page, who sentenced Savage to be hanged,
Having first begged the jury to convict him ;
A custom not uncommon with your fanged
And scarlet-coloured beast : Sam Johnson licked him
In prose so fearfully, and Savage banged
The wretch in rhyme so well, Judge Minos kicked him
Without a word of further scorn, to those
Who love to lead a jury by the nose.

Yonder the Seven Deadly Sins are dancing
Along the fires of brimstone ; first comes Pride,
With stony brow and lip, and eye up-glancing,
As if with God alone 'twere fit to bide ;
Next follows Anger, furiously advancing,
Roaring aloud as roars the raging tide,
And brandishing a sword red-hot with flame,
While she blasphemous The Father's sacred name.

Next after her comes Envy, whom we've seen
Already ; spectral, yellow, froglike, foul ;
With look askance, and ribs with hunger lean ;
Feeding on death, like some accursèd Ghoul ;
And Covetousness, black and base in mien,
Hiding uncounted wealth within her cowl ;
And Sloth, in swinish shape and waddling gait,
With Gluttony, her greedy, drunken mate.

And last comes Lust—with apeline eyes and grin,
Grimacing odiously, and nude withal ;
Exulting in the loud and loathsome din
That rises from the throats of each and all ;
After them follow all their forms of sin,
Crawling and leprous, slimy, smeared with gall,
Black, wormlike, venomous, putrid, breathing stench,
A sight that makes their father Satan, blench.

Here are about ten million rotten forms
Of men and women, lying as in swoon ;
I touch them—lo ! like jack-in-a-box, the swarms
Of reptiles that rise up, and hiss and croon

From out their hearts, where hiding deep like worms,
These odious, crawling, writhing things commune ;—
Each reptile is that Vice embodied, which
These mortals loved, ere flung into our ditch.

Behold the Stag of golden horns, and feet
Of triple brass, which Hercules ensnared ;
Tied to his haunches mighty, strong, and fleet
As the bright sun, he draws a pale, fair-haired,
And royal woman, in whose smilings sweet
Are adders fanged ; the demon host shrink scared
As her appalling screams fill Hell's Abyss—
I think this female acted much amiss.

Her name was Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots,
False as the lynx, though lovely as the May ;
But beauty covered o'er with leprous spots
Of vice, should never justice lead astray ;
Her life was one career of odious plots,
For papal purpose, paramours, and sway :
But Bess of England had no love for jests,
And sympathized not with her cousin's guests.

Five hundred years must pass ere from our hands
The pretty cruel Siren can be freed ;
She suffers Purgatory in these lands
For taking share in Bothwell's bloody deed ;
Had she enjoyed existence till the sands
Of life ran out their natural course, her meed
Would have been doubled here, but Bess's axe
Smote off five hundred from her proper tax.

Nor would the thousand years have been too much,
A common person might get off with less ;
But favoured folks, whom Fate exalts to such
High dignity, should pause ere they transgress ;
Vice is contagious, and the royal touch
Transmits it on to millions who profess
Such loyal love for all that's done at court,
What erst was crime grows fashionable sport.

After her comes the Erymanthian Sow
Bestriden by Goliath, the bold giant,
Whose fate you read upon his bloody brow ;
Hot pride still blazing in his eyes defiant :
The terrified wretches shriek, and cringe, and bow,—
He heeds them not, but tramples lord and client
Relentlessly beneath those claws of fire,
That hiss and smoke amid the moving mire.

In his huge hand he whirls a brazen mace
Large as a battering-ram, broad, thick, and rough,
With spearlike spikes—woe worth the hapless race
On whose bare backs descends the heavy cuff !
Rage lights his red eyes, laughter swells his face,
And echoes in his curses cruel and gruff,
Like Churchill chuckling o'er the thuds he wrote,
Or Johnson, when the bibliopole he smote.

And here, as we have wandered far and wide,
And half our hellish task's not yet complete,
I've no objection for an hour to bide :—
There is a very cosy, cool retreat

Hidden in yonder Star, to which I'll guide
Your baronship, if you'll but risk the feat ;
The Witch of Endor lives there—it looks distant,
And so it is, but *I* am your assistant.

I'm sure the Lady will be glad to see us,
She has not seen a man like you since Saul ;
I will not promise that she'll dine or tea us,
But she'll be flattered by our evening call.
Perhaps we'll see Calypso ; be as free as
You please with the fair ladies, great and small ;
Your ancient gallantry I long to see
Revived with us, and so I'm sure will she.

Here comes a splendid Steed in strength rejoicing,
Whose mane like lightning glitters on the blast,
Pawing the air in pride ; his neigh outvoicing
The thunder's boom ; his neck and shoulders vast
Armed with white wings, his motion equipoising,
He flashes on with swiftness unsurpassed
By any horse since Pegasus, or the Griffin,
Which bore Rogèro when he flew sans tiffin,

Or lunch, or dinner, to the silver moon,
In search of some one's wits ; but what seems queer,
This beast has human feet—a wondrous boon,
Whose use, however, does not seem so clear :
Ceres o'ertaken one hot afternoon
By lusty Neptune, when no help was near,
Produced, some ten months after, this brave horse,
Which caused that virtuous woman great remorse.

Ho! ho! my dainty Steed! my sweet Arion,
I pray thee let's ascend thy splendid back;
We're rather tired of viewing Satan's Zion,
And mean to enter on a different track.

Arion.

Up and away, and welcome, my bold lion,
I'll bear you through the very Zodiack.

Mephistopheles.

You need not carry me so very far,
I merely want to reach Dame Endor's Star.

Arion.

Gladly I'll take you and your portly friend;—
So—so—well done: you've mounted briskly, sirs!
Through the Moon sphere our flight we first must bend;
So cold—you need to be wrapped up in furs:
And here, methinks, while near her we ascend,
And wonder why she so moves barking curs,
You'll tell me, if 'tis true, as oft I've heard—

Mephistopheles.

I'll answer anything, howe'er absurd.

Arion.

'Tis said, then, that the women in the Moon
Lay eggs from which babes twelve feet tall are hatched?

Mephistopheles.

These are the ravings of some sick buffoon,
Whose wit and impudence were both unmatched,

That sphere deserted boasts not such a boon ;
It pines alone from other stars detached ;
A melancholy ruin without life,
And consequently without man and wife.

Dante declares that in his flight he saw,
Confined within the range of Luna's sphere,
Nuns in whose chastity there was a flaw,
Who lent to wheedling monks a willing ear ;
Since the bard's day that planet's silvery scraw
Has had from fire so many a dreadful sear,
'Tis nought at present but a mass of cinder,
Catching the sun's light like a piece of tinder.

Swedenborg, too, or else I much mistake,
Said he saw Spirits in her ruined pile ;
He must have been asleep, not wide awake,
Or looked at her for much too brief a while :
The Moon is nothing but a globe opake
Of cavern, desert, mountain, quicksand vile,
Where mortals could not live, and only Witches
Resort to for their tempest-riding switches

Lucian in his *True History* indeed
(So called, because it is a mass of lies)
Says he was taken once with whirlwind speed
Up to the Moon through several leagues of skies,
Where he beheld a very curious breed,
Half horse, half vulture, much to his surprise ;
Who are its strange inhabitants, and are ruled
By king Endymion, erst from Latmos fooled.

In sylvan Thessaly there dwelt a youth,
Leucippus was his name, and he was wed
Unto a nymph as beautiful as Truth,
Or silver starlight o'er the waters shed :
And yet he passed his days in sports uncouth,
In the lone woods, nor ever homeward sped,
Until the night had wrapped the world in shade,
And goblins plied their wild and shadowy trade.

From the first beams that ushered in the dawn,
Till the dark hour of night his gentle spouse
Was left alone, like some deserted fawn,
Whose dam has gone on far off hills to browse ;
While he with hound and spear o'er grove and lawn,
Wandered more freely than the law allows,—
I mean the good old law of man and wife,
Which says that each with each is joined for life.

But little cared Leucippus for old saws,
Or modern instances, or curtain talk ;
He swore he did not value them three straws ;
He likewise swore no woman born should baulk
His will, or to a single wish give pause,
Much less prevent his darling woodland walk :—
And then he whistled to his panting hounds,
And went as usual forth upon his rounds.

He was in sooth a self-willed wayward wight,
A sportsman's faults were all the faults he had,
The boar, the pard, the lynx from morn till night,
He followed like a man grown hunting-mad ;

For these he left his beautiful and bright

Young bride, whose smiles would make a Cynic glad ;
For these o'er hills and dales and glens he chased,
Which proves this young man had but little taste.

Weary and wet at midnight home he'd come,

And go to bed, and straightway fall asleep ;
His limbs fatigued, and sometimes cold and numb
He lay beside her like a lifeless heap ;

To his wife's gentle poutings he was dumb ;

Nay, though he often heard her sigh and weep,
It made no change, but after brief repose,
When the cock crew as usual he rose.

His fair young wife, Pallenè, who in vain

Had sought to know the reason of his ways,
And guessed, and guessed, and even guessed again,
What strange attraction caused these long delays,
In the green forest, while she sate in pain,
Resolved to live no longer in a maze,
But by a rare and arch device find out
The secret that confused her soul with doubt.

Accordingly at daybreak up she rose,

And donned a vesture of the darkest green,
Like a young forester ; no shoon or hose ;
She wore, her tender legs from thorns to screen ;
They gleamed more beautifully than mountain snows,
Or lily flowers, or Phœbè's silver sheen ;
And forth she wandered, trembling like a dove :—
Such things will women do for those they love.

Ne'er had a form so exquisitely fair

With eyes so lovely, or with face so sweet,
Trode the green woods since Dian had been there,
With the bright huntress train of Nymphs who meet
In groves, near fountains, or by lonely lair,
To hunt the game, or dance with silvery feet,
Beneath the yellow moonbeams, when the stars
Walk out and shine through Heaven's sapphire bars.

To the wild wood she wandered all alone ;

She did not hint the matter to her maids ;
Like a young bird that from its nest has flown,
She panted as she saw the lonesome shades ;
Her cheek grew cold as any Parian stone ;

The bright rose even from her soft cheeks fades—
She shakes all over, fears she knows not what,
And hides herself beneath a friendly grot.

Fleetly flashed o'er the plains her husband's hounds,

To rouse the lynx, the deer, or brindled pard ;
With their loud bays the echoing wood rebounds,
No voice to check, no watchful eye to guard
Their headlong speed, or thirst of blood—the sounds
Startled Pallenè, pale and evil-starred,
Within the thicket, and she swooned away ;
Her eyes grew dead and cold as any clay.

Lured by the scent of flesh, the dogs pursued

Where her soft footsteps marked the velvet grass,
Into the bosom of the verdant wood,

Wherein Pallenè lay, a senseless mass
Of life, by faint and terrible fear subdued ;
And there, these fierce-mouthed dogs, alas ! alas !

Tore her poor body with their teeth and claws ;
Her warm heart's blood embathed their reeking jaws.

Scarce had the deed been done, when to that place
Leucippus came ; he thought 'twas a wild beast :
But when he saw that fair and chiding face,
On which his bloodhounds made their horrid feast,
His past neglect of that fair fallen grace,
Rose up before him, and at length encreased
His griefs so much, he fell upon his spear,
And died for her, too late, alas ! grown dear.

The sylvans found their bodies, and brought leaves
From all the loveliest trees around that bloom,
And buried them ; the nymphs, when golden eve's
Green-gleaming stars come forth, and all illume,
Go to their graves and weep ; Cythèris weaves
In heaven a garland of its rich perfume,
And hangs it daily o'er the slumbering pair,
Who never slept so happily as there.

The gentleman was here some fifty years,
But after that was sent to join his wife ;
And since, for aught that now at least appears,
They've passed a very pleasant sort of life ;
I think of her when those base mutineers,
The Danaïds, meet my gaze, who used the knife
So ruthlessly upon their hapless spouses—
They are in Hell, while she in Heaven houses.

They disappear in the Clouds.

SCENE V.

THE MOON SPHERE.

An innumerable multitude of weird SHAPES, passing rapidly along in misty twilight. Distant thunders and flashes of lightning. In the extreme distance MEPHISTOPHELES and GOETHE are faintly beheld, flying rapidly through the air. A splendid Heavenly FORM is also seen far and far away, which seems to watch their forward flight with anxiety and agony deeply blended. She is surrounded by a shining rainbow light of dazzling loveliness.

Deeds.

In the chrysolite splendours of Eastern Kâf,
 In the golden halls of our king Arzshenk,
 The wine forbidden by fools we quaff,
 Or cage up the Peris, like poor Baron Trenck.
 We haunt the dark caves of that mountain land,
 In the form of red dragon, our gold we keep,
 Or like onagers traverse the desert sand,
 And steal on our foes as they dream in sleep.
 In iron prisons we hang up the dears,
 And drench their plumes in the hail and rain,
 We mock their cries, and we scoff at their tears,
 And blow them about, as the winds blow the vane.
 With ram-like horns, and ugly paws,
 With saucer eyes, and with shaggy hair,
 And tails that we *won't* cut off, because
 Their waggings, 'tis said, delight the fair,
 If you like our portraits, and feel inclined
 To join us, you know where our haunts to find.

Will o' the Wisp.

Now by Pan, a very splendid pageant
 Seems in prospect for Lord Satan's people,
 All the young and old of Hell are coming.
 Since king Solomon's weird conjuration,
 When by spells, at which Creation trembled,
 All the strongest Demons he imprisoned
 In the brazen coffer, and consigned it,
 Sealed with seals ten thousand, to the waters,
 Of the mighty Babylonian river,
 We've not had so fine a monster meeting.
 Lucky was it for these noble regions,
 That his faithful subjects, sagely deeming
 The vast coffer held unbounded treasures,
 And with sacred thirst of money panting,
 Brought it to the light and broke it open,
 Thus releasing the astonished Demons,
 Who feel very grateful to the Rabbis.

Spectra Meridiana.

Why are all those Sorcerers assembled?
 Does Lord Satan meditate a foray
 On Saint Michael's manors in high heaven?

Will o' the Wisp.

Silence up there, ye poor Noon-day Devils!
 What have ye to do with Satan's secrets?
 Imitate the wise and loyal people
 Of the Earth, who very seldom bother
 Kings and Rulers by enquiring nicely:
 Imitate them, and take all for granted,
 As the essence choice of wit and wisdom.
 Swinish multitudes of men and spirits

When they poke their noses in state secrets
 Merit—what ?—Why, what their Masters give them,
 Halters, cart-tails, gibbets, gaols, and exile.

Spectra Meridiana.

Did you ever hear such daring freedom ?
 That a Gleam of Fire, sans soul or body,
 Should address us subjects of Lord Satan,
 With such ribaldry and scornful mocking,
 Is a novelty ; but times are altered ;
 Everything seems rolling topsy turvy ;
 Kings are kicked about like common people ;
 Having scarcely time to shave their whiskers ;
 Red republicans proclaim their madness,
 Even in Tartarus ; this marsh-born Lantern
 Seems to have imbibed disgraceful notions.

Melial.

I gave him a ride in the mirk midnight,
 I saddled him on my coal black steed ;
 Halloo ! Halloo ! and we galloped along
 O'er mountain and valley, and stream and mead :
 The blasphemous monk ;—he prayed to the Pope,
 And he prayed to the Devil : the first was tipsy
 In the hold of a Florentine gipsy :
 But Satan was casting his horoscope ;
 Whereby it appeared 'twas his fate to die
 Of a surfeit huge of meat and wine ;
 I dropped him down at an alderman's door,
 And ere the sun sets this monk is mine.

The Wild Huntsman.

Halloo ! Halloo ! Halloo ! Halloo !
 The tempests black, and the lightnings blue

Are howling, and flashing, and scowling, and crashing,
 The forests are groaning, the rivers are moaning,
 The owlets are hooting, the fen fires are shooting,
 The wild beasts cower in cavern and bower,
 The trees are affrighted, the fiends are delighted,
 The stars are hidden, the moon is forbidden
 To shew her white light in the eldritch night,
 The rain is falling, the torrents are brawling,
 The hail stones rattle, the night birds twattle,
 The witches are cursing and blasting the cattle,
 Halloo ! Halloo ! Halloo ! Halloo !

What a midnight is this for the Devil's crew,
 What an opportune moment their hell-broth to brew ;
 Like broad-winged vultures we course through the air,
 Hunting the Moss-Women everywhere,
 As the skeleton trees grasp the hags by the hair,
 And we mock their shrieks of wild despair,
 And we drive them like grey rats here and there,
 Halloo ! Halloo ! Halloo ! Halloo !
 Here's a quarter for you, and a quarter for you,
 Quick, hounds of hell, and your game pursue,
 Halloo ! Halloo ! what a savoury stew,
 We shall have when our hunt is up—Halloo !

Samigin.

I dressed myself up as a gallant young Knight,
 And I courted a damsel fair ;
 At her father's castle I danced and supped,
 And we were the bonniest pair.

There sat a grave priest at the banquet board,
 And he eyed me o'er and o'er,
 I laughed and I carolled, I ogled the maid,
 But he scanned me till I swore.

I felt for my dagger, 'twas fixed in my belt,
And I gave the priest a look ;
But he winced not a jot, while I felt as he gazed,
That the blood my cheek forsook.

He pulled out the Volume of Truth from his poke
And read a chapter of Mark,
While his cold grey eye froze up my veins,
As if he were a shark.

He looked at me straight with a terrible stare,
Avant, in God's name, quoth he ;—
And scarce had he spoke, when I felt myself off,
Three thousand miles at sea.

The damsel screamed, and the priest he prayed,
My footmen three fell down,
They were felons whose corpses I brought from the gibbet,
That hung outside the town.

Serpent Python.

Upon my life you got off very well,
Had he used holy water you'd have been
So blistered that you must have kept your bed,
And lost the chance of figuring in these halls,
Where your adventures cannot fail to please.

Xagan.

I stood in the garb of a country clown
Beside the river's brink ;
The stream was rapid, the stream was muddy,

And there came a monk whose cheeks were ruddy
With blossoms of noble drink.

And the Athanasian Creed.

Ho, fellow, quoth he, I made a bow,
Ho, fellow, the stream runs deep,
Thou must take me across on thy bull-like back ;—
What ! a paunch like thine, quoth I, alack !
I never could lift such a heap,

With your Athanasian Creed.

I'll curse thee, quoth he, with bell and book,
And candle too, to boot—
If thou dost not fetch me across in a crack—
He laid his staff across my back,
I took up the swollen brute,

With his Athanasian Creed.

And into the river I went like an ass,
Bearing the lusty monk ;
How I wish, quoth I, as we got to the middle,
Paganini were here with his fiddle.
Zounds, fool, quoth he, thou'rt drunk,

With your Athanasian Creed.

I should like to see thee dance, quoth I,
The dance called a saraband ;
Or in the mazurka's graceful twirl,
Thine arms around some winsome girl—
And then I came to a stand,

With my Athanasian Creed.

Go on, quoth the monk, go on, thou knave,
 In the Blessèd Virgin's name—
 The words had scarcely left his tongue,
 When the lusty monk in the mud I flung,
 And laughing here I came,
With the Athanasian Creed.

And whether the cherubs came down from heaven,
 To pull the stuff-guff out,
 Or left him there to feed the fishes
 (If they eat him they'll make most dainty dishes)
 I'll not cudgel my brains about,
Nor the Athanasian Creed.

Gallisargon.

There was a Magician who lived in the East,
With a heigho, tira, la, la !
 Who very much wished that his skill was encreased,
 And smiled when to Satan his spirit he leased,
 You shall have it for ever when I am deceased ;
 You're the man for me, quoth Satan !

It was part of the bargain they made at the time,
With a heigho, tira, la, la !
 That this noble Magician when years 'gan to grime,
 His benevolent face should not sink into slime,
 But be made young again in his manhood's new prime,
 I'll do it, of course, quoth Satan !

Now it happened one day that the mighty Mogul,
With a heigho, tira, la, la !
 In his golden Zenana felt horribly dull,
 And cried he, is there no one his monarch can lull

Into pleasure? I feel myself thick in the skull.

Here's a man for me, quoth Satan !

The cunning Magician was called and displayed,

With a heigho, tira, la, la !

All the wonderful, thunderful tricks of his trade ;

He sat in the air, and he miracles made ;

He changed an Arabian steed into a spade :

All very fine bosh, quoth Satan !

The Mighty Mogul scarcely looked at his tricks,

With a heigho, tira, la, la !

He saw him make oak trees shoot out of dry sticks ;

And beautiful turtle doves warble from bricks,

You deserve, says he, far fewer halfpence than kicks ;

I agree with you, quoth Satan !

So spake the Mogul ; the Magician grew pale ;

With a heigho, tira, la, la !

If you think by this nonsense your prince to regale,

Depend on it, Master Magician, you'll fail ;

Ho, guards there, and take the impostor to jail !

And he merits it well, quoth Satan !

The Magician reflected a moment and said,

With a heigho tira, la, la !

If it please your Mogulship, I'll cut off my head,

And come to life afterwards, though I've been dead,

If you do, says Mogul, upon gold you shall tread.

You're a very nice man, quoth Satan !

Quoth Mag to himself, 'tis expressed in the deed,

With a heigho tira, la la !

That Satan to make me a young man agreed,
 He is bound by his bond, and he cannot recede,
 He must do it then presently, such is my need ;
 How clever you are, quoth Satan !

He cut off his head with a keen shaving knife,
With a heigho tira, la, la !
 Expecting of course to come back into life,
 A most elegant youth, looking out for a wife,
 And merrily dancing to tabor and fife—
 You'll never come back, quoth Satan !

In a minute or so, he was plunged in hell fire,
With a heigho tira, la, la !
 He protested ; we told him when once men expire,
 'Tis impossible then to concede their desire :—
 Says Mogul, Why he's dead, what a horrible liar !
 A liar indeed, quoth Satan !

The Devil on Two Sticks.

I'll tell you a tale that will move you to laughter,
A tale of my jealous wife !
 She was told t'other day I was scampering after
 A beautiful Succubus, Stolas by name,
 For whom I professed a most desperate flame ;
 In whose company all of my leisure I passed,
 And was spending the gold that of yore I amassed,
What a tale for a jealous wife !

The wild Teuton huntsman, Sondennah, revealed it ;—
This freak of my jealous wife !
 He said, 'twas a secret, and so I concealed it ;

I dressed up a broomstick with fine painted face,
With garments of gold, satin, velvet, and lace,
A veil like bright heaven I flung o'er the doll,
And down on a sofa I laid her to loll ;

What a sight for a jealous wife !

My spouse she came by, and flew into a passion,

A trick with a jealous wife !

She rushed at the lady, who seemed one of fashion,
She pulled off her petticoats, laces, and veil,
She tore her fine raiment with tooth and with nail,
But Lard ! how she stared when she found 'twas a stick,
And Lard ! how I laughed at the notable trick—

For a rantipole, jealous wife !

Chimera.

The leaf is tossed about by the wind,
The bird is blown about in the skies,
The fish is whelmed about in the wave,
Alas ! what a demon dark is Fate.
They are old, and stark, and cold ;
But this year only, they sprang to life,
Whence comest thou, Ogress ?

Bellona.

I come from the field, where the dying and dead
Are mingled and mangled in carnage red,
Where Rage and Madness, Revenge and Craft,
At God's mild lessons of mercy laughed ;
Where the wild contending tumult rose,
And they lapped up the blood of their fallen foes ;

Where the garments were tangled with clotted gore,
And the blasphemous shout made my veins stand froze ;
Where Might crushed Right, and the strong man grew
A pitiless fiend as he cursed and slew :
Where the motherless orphan was trampled down
In the dust, by the hoof of the blood-stained clown ;
And the shelterless virgin was seized and spoiled
By the ruffian soldier that round her coiled ;
And the silver hairs of meek old age
Appealed to, but cooled not the murderer's rage,
And women and babes were slain like beasts,
With javelins blessed by Christ's own priests ;
Where the scream of terror and yell of pain,
Were answered with laughter and fierce disdain ;
Where the temple erected to God was stripped,
And men were thumb-screwed, and matrons whipped ;
And the savage conqueror made his jest
Of the shrieking maidens' wild request ;
And the cellars were ransacked for wine to fire
Their brutal passions to frenzy dire ;
And every man seemed a hound of hell
Let loose to do Satan's business well ;
And pillage grew legal, and theft grew right,
And men made carrion for wolf and kite ;
And the God of Battles was thanked for aid
('Twas Hell they meant, though to Christ they prayed)
And the general swore 'twas the grandest deed,
That ever was witnessed on wave or mead ;
And the fallen were naked stripped, and flung
Into a horrible ditch, like dung ;
And prayers were offered and bulletins sent,
And cut-throats were thanked by Parliament ;

And the people, whose well-taxed pockets must pay,
Got drunk for joy of that glorious day.

Mephistopheles, (to GOETHE.)

What do you think of this horrible Beldam ?

Thus to chatter—fie, for shame !

Is she not a monstrous bunter ?

Shall I make you a little game ?

To BELLONA.

Now then old Wickedness, what brings thee hither ?

Looking, methinks, more ugly than a Harpy.

Bellona.

Oh ! thou base and blear-eyed Hangman,

Rakehell, Hector, Squint-eye, Shark,

Bubble, Addlepate, Snip, Bumpkin,

Dog-heart, is it thus you bark ?

Mephistopheles.

Jilt, Coquette, Shrew, Vixen, Hussy,

Slattern, Fish-fag, Trollop, Drab,

Harridan, Virago, Scarecrow,

Cease your low and vulgar gab.

Bellona.

Blunder-head, Hunks, Cutthroat, Fumbler,

Jesuit, Lackbrain, Madman, Drone,

Antic, Blusterer, Cackler, Toper,

Won't you let the sex alone ?

Mephistopheles.

Beldam, Gadabout, Jade, Gipsy,
 Tribad, Hoyden, Skinflint, Quean,
 Fidget, Flirt, Minx, Doxy, Callet,
 Ne'er was such a Granny seen.

Bellona.

Bow-legged Boozer, Ape, Apostate,
 Chicken-hearted Maffler, Grub,
 Numskull, Slanderer, base Skedaddler,
 Dare you thus a lady snub?

Mephistopheles.

Flaunter, Harlot, Minion, Blowen,
 Pinchgut, ducklegged Strumpet, Hag,
 Hatchet-face, Night-walker, Wanton—
 Is it thus your tongue you wag?

Bellona.

Buffle-headed sophist, Gabbler,
 Reptile, Squabbler, Puppy, Sneak,
 Blobberlip, Wasp, Crackbrain, Buffer,
 Shame upon you thus to speak!

Mephistopheles.

Gibcat, She-dog, Mother-abbess,
 Brimstone, Termagant, Witch, Thief,
 Fright, She-dragon, wrinkled Tabby,
 Cut this beastly quarrel brief.

Hellona.

Ass-head, Blackmoor, Cuckoo, Dotard,
Splay foot, Yelper, wry-necked Wretch,
Skulker, Flunky, Horse-face, Stuffgut,
Heaven make me thy Jack Ketch !

Mephistopheles.

Whipster, Gorgon, Pug-nose, Dog-face,
Hair-brained Trull, Grimalkin, Flirt,
Demirep, Lacedmutton, Gadder ;
Do give over flinging dirt.

Hellona.

Blusterer, Saucebox, Smell-feast, Weasel,
Swasher, Swaggerer, Princock, Chuff,
Trickster, Shuffler, Lazar, Bow-leg,
Hast thou not yet had enough ?

Mephistopheles.

Tell-tale, Jillet, Vagrant, Fibber,
Blouze, Coquette, Slut, Gaptooth, Cow ;
Grannum, Henpecker, Empusa—

Aside.

Faith ! I *must* give over now.

Hellona.

Fuddler, Slimgut, Tippler, Thickscull,
Spitfire, Sponger, Upstart, Clumps,
Costard, Couple-beggar, Duffer,
You look handsome in your dumps.
Snob, Poltroon, Dwarf, Fool, Gull-catcher,
Loggerhead, Impostor base ;
Juggler, Crookback, limping Cripple,

Broken nose and Pimple-face,
 Poor lickspittle, frowsy fellow,
 Bastard brat with stinking breath :
 Cur, Curmudgeon, Chuffcat, Cuckold,
 Baldpate, Dirt, I'll be your death.
 Frosty-face barbarian, Savage,
 Codger, Spooney, Fogie, Ass,
 Vile Mohock, Screw, Gaby, Gudgeon,
 Did you hope scot-free to pass ?
 Lily-livered Tossplot, Lubber,
 Crackhemp, Cullion, Blabber, Boor,
 Vile bog-trotter, Whipper-snapper,
 You're a pretty god, I'm sure.
 Dastard, Donkey, Whiffler, Shaveling,
 Base skipkennel, Loafer, Bull-head,
 Foul footlicker, Skimble-skamble,
 Have I put sense in your dull-head ?
 Shatter-pate, Swinge-buckler, Boggler,
 Chatterpie, Bamboozler, Dodger,
 Meacock, Buzzer, poor Fopdoodle,
 You're a pretty first floor lodger !
 Snuffler, Loggerhead and Splutterer,
 Beetlebrow, Gull-catcher, Viper ;
 Hiccius-docius, bull-eyed Stutterer,
 I will make you pay the piper.

Mephistopheles.

Let us be off : I own I'm fairly beaten.

Will o' the Wisp.

Ochone ! Ochone ! Ullagone ! Ullagone !
 I never saw Voland so overthrown :

By the wearer of a female zone.

See, how he lies, poor fellow, prone,
Tumbled as 'twere from a lofty throne ;

Thank heaven I've not a wife of my own,
She'd very soon make me moan and groan,
If I dared with her to pick a bone.

Tomtegybbe.

The Devil, he stands by his furnace bright,
And watches the souls with gleesome eye,
While circling round in the fierce red light,

The imps in horrible chorus cry.

Halloo ! Halloo ! the horny crew

Are laughing, and prancing, and shouting too ;

Halloo ! Halloo ! their fires burn blue,

The baleful Catapes of Hell cry mew ;

For an hour is nigh,

When the soul shall fly,

From Furies grim to its kindred sky :

And the starry train

Shall the soul regain,

That bursts for ever the Furies' chain.

Mephistopheles.

Why how now, ruffian ! what means this prediction ?

Well done, Arion, you have kicked him finely ;

But here we are ; we've reached the Witch's drawing room,

Let us dismount, and make our—midnight call.

Will o' the Wisp.

Save us ! what a host of Grannies,

Old, lame, blear-eyed, pale, foul, wrinkled ;

Thunder, lightning, hail, and tempest,
Leaping round them as they enter.
These are they who send sharp twitches
To their enemies ; make horses
Kick their riders, till they cast them :
Stick sharp needles through men's livers,
And make barren men and women.
These are they who dance with Demons,
In the shape of ass, wolf, ferret,
Cow, ape, hound, dog, wolf, or weasel ;
But to toads they are most partial.
And they sail at sea in eggshells.
That old Hag, the Witch of Endor,
Heads them : those who follow after,
Hight Calypso, and Armida,
Are as fair as stars in seeming,
But are truly horrid Witches,
Yellow, speckled, full of poisons,
Loathsome as a crew of lepers,
Breathing venom, skinny, rotten,
Though like Graces for the moment ;—
And the things that pass for Cupids
Are but adders, toads, and vipers,
Curiously disguised by magic :
What a multitude of wretches
Have they tempted to perdition !
But they saw the outside only ;
Had they viewed the rank pollution
Underneath these flimsy phantoms,
They'd have started back in horror,
As from pits of snakes and adders.

SCENE VI.

THE WITCH'S MASQUE.

Goethe.

A strange and shadowy place it seems, but full
Of marvellous beauty, of departed worlds,
Mysterious wonders, and Thessalian magic.

Witch of Endor.

Hail, Mephistopheles ! young stranger, hail !

Mephistopheles.

Who have you with you ? Any one, my Venus ?

Witch of Endor.

Only Calypso and rose-cheeked Armida ;
The witch Alcina will be here anon.

Mephistopheles.

Then bring them hither ; this young spark of Frankfort
Longs to behold their beauty.

Witch of Endor.

As you please.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and the WITCH converse apart.*

Goethe.

Who comes here with Bacchal train,
Waving his vine-circled thyse ?

Satyr.

Comus, Comus, tipsy Comus,
 A most noble boon companion. *Aside.*
 These will teach our gallant finely.

Comus (*The scene described passes in panoramic show.*)

Fill freely up the nectar cup—
 The lily-kirtled Spring's at hand,
 And stretched on flowers enjoy the hours,
 While Wit and Mirth your brows expand.

With garlands crowned we'll dance around,
 Our ringlets floating in the breeze,
 To winds we'll fling our cares, and sing
 Like nightingales in sweet rose-trees.

To forests wend, my faithful friend,
 And drink the daughter of the vine ;
 From urns of gold, whose bosoms hold
 Rose-bright Delight and Joys divine.

Behold this rose whose purple glows—
 To-morrow comes, its beauty fades ;
 So life flits by—then gaily lie
 On rosy beds with laughing maids.

Priapus.

Here's another jolly fellow.

Cupid.

Now the Rose has unveiled her beautiful head,
 Come hither, come hither, sweet choir of pleasures ;

Ere Youth and its time of delight be dead,
Let the dance and song and bowl be our treasures ;
And wine, wine, nectar-like wine ;
Oh ! better by far than priest or shrine.

Send me hither the maiden with laugh of light,
And eyes—fond eyes like my wine-cups glowing,
To kiss me, and fold in her arms milk-white,
While the zephyrs are softly around us flowing.
And the lyre—the sweet-voiced lyre,
Oh ! better by far than bead or friar.

The Rose is the queen of all flowers o' the field,
Wine quenches at times the torch of passion ;
O bird of night, be thy voice unsealed !
Sing forth once more in thine angel fashion ;
The roses—my lute—and glass,
Oh ! better by far than monk or mass.

Chorus of NYMPHS and CUPIDS.

Silennus.

Bathe your sorrows in the bowl,
Brimming o'er with laughing wine,
Or when moonlight gilds the pole,
In some rosy grove recline ;
Stealing raptures from the maids
Who frequent the leafy glades.

When the nymph with footsteps light,
Dances o'er the meadows fair,
Bind a garland, golden bright,
Round her hyacinthine hair ;
Cupid sometimes sits inside
Roses thus for maidens tied.

When the softly-sounding lyre
 Breathes its music sweet and low.
 To some flowery cave retire,
 Where the silver waters flow :
 Lulled in happy visions deep,
 There securely rest asleep.

Purple spring brings joys like these,
 With its laughing atmosphere ;
 Oh ! be mine Elysian ease,
 In this season of the year.
 All the joys for which I've prayed,—
 Wine-cup, cave, and dancing-maid.

Dance of COMUS, NYMPHS, and CUPIDS.

Mephistopheles.

Now shalt thou, such priceless treasures
 Of rare excellence beholding,
 Own that I'm of friends the truest.
 Eyes, whose glances are bright heaven,
 Breasts, whose roses hold all pleasures,
 Arms, in whose embrace enfolding,
 Live the true Elysian raptures ;
 Words more sweet than Lydian measures ;
 Charms like these are rarely given,
 Nymphs like these one rarely captures.
 Lo ! a wind like lovers' breathings,
 Wafting here Sabœa's richness.
 See, the first is bright Calypso,
 She it was who loved Ulysses
 In Ogygia's lonely island ;
 She it was, whose magic ringlets
 Twined around his heart like jesses :

From her eyes the stars drink lustre,
As the Ind bird drinks the moonbeams ;
Blest is he who, by her ringlets,
Draws her to his glad embraces.
Blest is he who in her sweetness
Vermeil-tinctured tastes enjoyment.
O'er her queenly robe translucent
Shines her neck like brightest sunbeams,
Her red lips are rowan-berries,
Brilliant, melting, warm, and dewy ;
And her teeth are showers of pearls ;
Or like pure white honeycombs :
Branching hair with beryls braided ;
Did an Anchorite behold her,
He might take her for the Virgin ;
But she's not the Queen of Heaven,
For she wears the cest of Venus.
Wilt thou dwell with her for ever ?

After her comes wild Alcina,
Ariosto's Queen of magic,
With a cup of splendid diamond,
Glittering on its jewelled column :
And a wand that flashes sunlight.
Tall and slender as the pine tree,
Lovely as the beauteous cassia,
Or the Orient myrrh of sweetness,
Or the palm tree in the desert,
Or the golden gates of morning,
Or the spring of sunny pinions,
Gleaming o'er the grapy Rhine-land.
Swift she speeds across the gardens,

Like a star across the welkin ;
Where she treads spring purple roses,
When she smiles it is a sunburst,
Breaking through the silver heaven.
Does she speak ? It is the dove coo,
Or the music of the warbler
Chanting in the early summer.
Down her neck the amber glories
Of her flower-twisted tresses
Sweep unto her purple sandals.
Bright and pure as moonlight mirrored
In the eyes of some lone fountain ;
Fringed with honey-lipped narcissus
Is her soul-delighting bosom.
In her eyes love's gentle lightnings
Softly play and sweetly glitter.
Wilt thou dwell with her for ever ?
See who follows—'tis Armida,
The rose-smiling Fay of Tasso ;
On whose liliated breasts Rinaldo,
Lapped in love as in some bower
Of red roses and white hyacinths,
Felt on earth the bliss of heaven.
O'er the asphodels she gambols.
Since my kinsman Angel Gabriel
Greeted lovely Ladye Mary,
Ne'er saw spirit finer creature.—
Witching woman like this wonder
Won the angels erst from heaven,
If *such* fell—why we should pardon
Mortals who do nothing blacker.
'Tis a wise man's act to gather

Roses when they grow around him ;—
Or to pluck the melting vine-grape,
When it lies across his pathway.
Wilt thou dwell with her for ever ?

Goethe.

O Beauty—Beauty ! I am dumb with wonder.

Mephistopheles.

These ambrosial nymphs are better
Than the fires we late stood viewing ;
Even the kiss of melting Venus,
When you handed her the apple,
Was not half so spirit-thrilling
As the violet eyes and ringlets
Of the green-robed Queen Calypso.
See, in young Armida's eyelids,
What a naked Cupid trembles :—
How he shoots their magic through you !
Blithe his laugh of silver cadence ;
While the greenwood queen, Alcina,
Half apart, but half advancing,
Smiles, as smiled the crescent goddess
O'er Endymion of Latmos.
Don't you feel these contemplations,
More delightful than the rigid
Stoic nonsense you would have me
Think you're bent upon ?—I wonder
You have not quite soured my temper ;
But I learned from Job true patience,
When I saw my master Satan
Kick him out upon the dunghill.

Calypso.

Who is this stranger whom you would present?

Witch of Endor.

'Tis Lord Satan's secretary.

Mephistopheles.

Yes—he tells me all his wishes,
Secrets and sublime ambitions.
Know my friend—a German statesman,
Wise as your old flame, Ulysses,

Armida.

Well, he seems a knightly gallant.

Witch of Endor.

Saul himself looked never nobler.

Mephistopheles.

We have come enchanting ladies,
To sojourn awhile, and revel
In these bowers, far outshining
The six heavens of Mohammed,
Or the sunbright spheres of Indra,
Or the Gardens of Adonis,
Or the viewless Bowers of Irim,
Or the apple-bearing Aden,
Or the Fields of Asphodel,
Or the fair Elysian flower-land,
Or the clashing halls of Odin,
Or the starlit orbs of Brahma,

Or the golden land Flathninis,
 Or the radiant realm of Swerga,
 Or the ocean isle Hybrazil,
 Or the Islands of the Blessèd,
 Or the grandly proud Walhalla.

Witch of Endor.

We shall be indeed delighted
 Such fair travellers to welcome.
 Lo !—I wave my wand of magic,
 And a banquet spreads before ye.
 These young Cupids crowned with roses
 And with lilies, in whose eyelids
 Shines the softness of the moonlight,
 And with wings of gold and purple
 Waving melody, will serve ye.
 Sit, brave sir, beside this Ladye—
 On this bank of fan-like flowers.
 You, Sir Voland, couch beside me ;
 While we banquet sweet Calypso
 Will with magic lays enweave us
 In a rosy spell of rapture.

Calypso.

Nay, I will not ; I would rather
 Thus with arms enwreathed embrace him.

Mephistopheles

Well, I think you shew your wisdom.

Aside.

He drinks magic from her bosom.

Calypso. (*to* GOETHE.)

Taste this cup of heavenly nectar ;
Drink it as the gods ambrosia.

Goethe.

Music, music, song and music.

Witch of Endor.

Thou, Armida, wilt thou sing us
Some of thine Italian triumphs ?

Mephistopheles.

Nay, my much respected Madam,
Let Armida talk to me.

Witch of Endor.

What ! will none oblige me ? am I
Slighted in old age, Sir Voland ?
Must I sing a song myself ?

Mephistopheles. (*aside*).

Dis forefend it ! (*Aloud*) Nay, sweet Venus,
For *my* part I'd sooner look at,
In their sweet dishevelled beauty,
The past heroines of story,
Than hear melodies at present.
This my friend his tastes are classic,
Such a spectacle will please him
Better than if Syrinx warbled,—
Bring them hither, Witch all-powerful.

Witch of Endor.

You have but to name your wishes,
And at once beheld them granted,

As she waves her wand the PHANTOMS pass.

Calypso (to GOETHE).

See fair Helen, like the bow of heaven
When its lovely head is rayed with sunshine.

See Briseïs breaking like bright morning
O'er the dewy hills when spring is flowering

See the queenly stepping Bride of Carthage,
Like the world's great Pharos throned in grandeur.

Sappho, with a morn of bright carnations,
Breathing love and fire from her rich features.

And Poppæa, Nero's queen, like Venus
When in Vulcan's brazen net caught blushing.

And love-eyed Bianca di Capello,
All her world-entrancing charms revealing.

And Roxana, Alexander's empress;
In her form the purple light of beauty.

See fair Rosamond, whose naked shoulders
Glitter like the starry beams of sunshine.

And Campaspè, laughing and entwining
Hyacinthine ropes to wreathe her dancing.

See the silver-footed Atalanta,
Maid as sweet and pure as pearly rose-dew.

See Hesione, like lightning leaping
From a bowering sky of rose and lillie ;

And Andromeda, with mouth of roses,
Like a swan in limpid waters floating.

And the naked Phryne, whose dark flowing
Ringlets wave upon the fragrant zephyrs.

And Erminia, whose celestial brightness
Far outshines the cheek of blushing summer.

And the iris-hearted Cleopatra,
Waving onward in a cloud of cupids.

Goethe.

Nay, but I see not any half so lovely
As thou, fair daughter of the Isle of Love.

Calypso.

Taste again this nectar goblet,
Sweeter than the mouth of Venus.

Mephistopheles.

What weak boobies are these mortals ;
When he folds her, how he fastens
His eyes on her ; fascination
Glides like poison through and through him,
Now she warbles, now she coyly

By receding woods him to her ;
 Now she whispers something to him,
 Touching with her lips of honey
 The small ear that drinks her accents ;
 Now she points to yonder arbour,
 Woven thick with smiling jasmine.
Well-beloved, thy lips are nectar.
 Now, *How many kisses, cousin,*
Are there—in a——little dozen ?
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby !
 Ah, that kiss—by Dis, he trembles !
 He is speechless with love's rapture.
 How she still enchains him, holds him !
 In her soft wild eyes flames beauty.
 I were caught myself. Armida,
 Hast thou no deceitful phantoms,
 Dressed in forms of light and splendour,
 By whose wily transformations
 We may win him ? By example
 Loftiest spirits have been tempted.

Armida.

Sleeping in the saffron sunlight
 Of the soft Italian evening,
 Yonder forest thick with pine trees,
 Wild and shadowy, sad and silent,
 Stretches onward still and onward
 Through Ravenna's haunted precincts.
 Violet blue the arching heaven,
 And the stars begin to glimmer
 O'er that solitude love-breathing ;
 And the little shrill cicala

In the boughs are sweetly singing,
And the vesper chant is wafted
On the winds from Adria's waters ;
Who is he, alone and lonely
Musing underneath the pine wood,
Genius like a star illuming
The pale, proud, and scornful features,
Lit at times with merry flashes ?
On his marble brow sits sorrow,
In his beauteous eyes sleeps sadness ;
Quick and rapid alternations
Of deep thought, likes fires volcanic
Blended with the virgin sunbeams
Mirrored are in each expression :
Now despair, now vengeance, anguish,
Mockery and gentlest feeling,
Love and sweetness pass and vanish.
Long he gazes on the glory
Of that scene where Past and Present,
Dante, Dryden, and Boccaccio,
Their enchantments bring and mingle,
Till the heart and brain delighted
Swim in dizzy rapturous vision,
And the passion-haunted Minstrel
Of the Ocean isle stands weeping
In his heart-consuming exile,
O'er the wrecks of wayward follies,
Blighted splendours, mighty wishes.
Comes a fair and noble Ladye,
In whose soul he is a worship,
In her large dark eyes of passion
Gleams delight ; her auburn ringlets

Wave profusely down her shoulders,
 And her voice is spoken music :
 Let us listen—hearken, hearken
 To those accents soft and plaintive,
 Like the weeping bird's of legend ;
 While they ramble in endearment,
 Through the forest's witching mazes,
 And the sky grows dark and darker,
 And the stars shine bright and brighter,
 And the earth seems part of heaven.

Calypso.

Their bright dream of love is over ;
 He is wending to fair Hellas :
 Yet in many a bitter moment
 Will the memory of this passion
 Rise before him, springing ever
 In his soul like some fresh fountain ;
 What is being without love ?
 Lo ! again I hand thee, dearest,
 This bewitching nectar goblet,
 Sparkling like the eyes of Juno,
 Than her lips more sweetly luscious.
 If he drinks it can he 'scape us ?

Aside.

Mephistopheles (aside).

This is rather too Platonic ;
 Let us have a warmer picture,
 From these false mask-wearing Phantoms.

Calypso.

See that palace rising grandly,
 Marble-columned, with its fountains

Shooting up in rainbow showerings.
Vines are clustered round the trellis,
Grapes as rich as Hebe's bosom,
Courting the delighted pressure ;
And the wingèd train of Pleasures
Dance amid its thornless roses.
Balmy-scented flowers are wafting
Hither their transporting fragrance ;
Nightingales with necks all golden
Warble in the branching foliage,
Odorous with voluptuous silence ;
Summer sheds its richest blooming
O'er its bowers, rocks, and waters ;
And a Spirit seems to haunt it,
At her love-thoughts sweetly blushing.
Evening gathers gently o'er it,
Stars light up their vestal cressets
In the purple domes of heaven ;
And the Moon walks forth in beauty,
Cloudless, tranced in virgin dreamings.
At yon lattice stands a Ladye,
While a Cavalier is stealing
Through the rich luxuriant myrtles
That grow underneath her window.
Plays the moonlight on the waters,
Glittering like sweet hope, when boyhood
In its verdure dreams sweet visions.
Who is that love-haunted Ladye ?
It is Estean Leonora.
Who the Cavalier so gently
Wooing her beneath that lattice ?
It is starry-thoughted Tasso.

Alcina.

See—beside the purple waters
Of yon sparkling lake a cottage,
Nestling in the citron blossoms ;
Birds are singing sweetly round it,
Flowers enwreath it, as Cytherè
Wreathed Adonis to her bosom,
Laughing in their gamesome radiance,
Like the eyes of some fair infant
Filled with sweet and gentle meanings.
Flora Enna yields in beauty
To this nook in dream-light mantled.
Who is that fair Woman standing
On the wrinkled sands of silver ?
Does she wait a coming lover ?
Hark the voice of passion'd music,
Mingled with the night wind's perfume.
And he comes—his eyes are beaming
Like black grapes when dew is on them ;
And her eyes are Cupid-lighted,
And her heart beats quickly, wildly,
For she hastens to embrace him ;
And he sings, ere yet he twines her
In his warm and wild caresses,
A sweet song of simple nature.
How she listens—gladness glistens
In her large love-darting eyelids,
Tremulous with passion's music ;
And her bosom white and billowy
Heaves, as heaves the snowy ocean
When the wooing wind compels it.
Listen to his mandoline.

Calypso.

Who is she? 'Tis Fiametta,
And the minstrel is Boccacio ;—
See they blend in love delighted.

Goethe.

Now I am thine ; for ever, ever thine,
O Love ! O Wonder ! O Immortal One !
Take me to thee, and make me all thine own,
Ever, for ever, ever, and for ever !

Calypso (*aside*).

I knew that he was mad, and Venus-blinded ;
Mephisto tells me, we must call the Sphinx
And get the fellow bound within her chains ;
When he is there secure, he thinks he'll swear
Aught that can be demanded to get out.
I know not if 'tis so, but must obey.

TO GOETHE.

It is not granted me to love thee yet.
None can pass o'er the threshold of *my* bower,
Who has not solved the Riddle of The Sphinx.

Goethe.

Summon her hither !

Mephistopheles.

Faith it will be odd
If we two can't expound her dark conundrums.

I never saw a soul so drunk before

Aside.

What would the metaphysicians say to this,
 Who think that souls can neither eat nor drink,
 But live, chameleon-like, on thinnest air ?

Sphinx.

Who calls me ?

Goethe.

I.

Mephistopheles.

And I : we want you, Madam !
 Give us a Riddle.

The Sphinx.

If ye solve it not,
 Know ye the penalty ?

Mephistopheles.

Of course we do :
 Go on, and quickly : but what brings the Furies
 Into this place ? they have not been invited.

A peal of thunder.

THE RIDDLE.

There was a smart Bastard of Folly and Lies,
 Who rode a pale horse through the stars in the skies,
 And traced on the Moon words that puzzled the wise.

There was a dark Woman who guided a Snake
 Across a wide Ocean of Waters, and spake ;
 Then sank in the heart of a bottomless Lake.

There was an old Dotard who sat on a throne,
Environed with Dragons about like a zone ;
A She-wolf came in and transformed him to stone

A pause.

There was a Black Lion who lived in a Star,
That glittered ten millions of aïons afar,
Who sought a new planet in eagle-drawn car.

The lightning-winged Coursers that prance through the air,
Beheld his Avatar with rage and despair,
And hurled the Black Lion and chariot—oh, where ?

Then rose a strong Angel and wept at his fall,
And he shouted ; the Steeds fell down dead at his call,
He descended to free the Black Lion from thrall.

A pause.

The brightest of Stars was transfused into Three,
And a Shower of red Wormwood fell into the sea,
Which disgorged from its crystalline caverns a Key.

The Three were transfused to a Sun, in whose light
Vanished darkness and madness, and sorrow and blight,
When a Tiger came down, and the Kosmos was night.

The Key sank again in the ocean so deep,
There was silence and wonder more awful than sleep,
The white-robed sat down by their sweet harps to weep.

A pause.

A blast of red thunder, a shock of red flame,
Twelve Stars fell from heaven ; the Tiger grew tame,
The riders came forth with the might of The Name.

The scorpions were there, with the she-wolves and beasts
From the souths, from the norths, from the wests, from
the easts,
With wavings of banners and chauntings of priests.

But they perished—the Stars and the Sun shone once
more,
And the Planets knelt down at the feet of the Four,
The whole Universe circling around to adore.

MEPHISTOPHELES *falls senseless.* The FURIES *bear off* GOETHE.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CLOUDLAND.

The Poet.

The golden Julian morn was gleaming o'er me,
The vestal stars were waning one by one,
When, lo ! methought a Vision rose before me—
Two maidens beauteous as the noon-day sun.
On the pale brows of One were towers shining,
A glory burst like Herè's from her eyes ;
But round the Other's forehead I saw twining
Laurels and roses bright as brightest skies.

Then quoth the first, " My name, beloved, is Power ;
I come to thee and woo thee for mine own ;
Wealth, grandeur, titles—these shall be thy dower,
But thou must seek, court, worship me alone.
The marble palace glittering in its glory,
The pomp, the power, the attributes of Kings,
These I can give thee, with a name in story !—
Can'st thou for these put forth thine eagle wings ?"

Then quoth the second, " Pomp, and power, and palace.
And royal wealth, and grandeur, are not mine :
I cannot give thee garden, bower, or chalice
Resplendent with its gems, and crowned with wine.
Titles I own not, sway I cannot proffer ;
Such fleeting phantoms are beneath my aim,
But to the Wise who scorn the miser's coffer,
I can extend the crown of living Fame.

This I can give thee, on thy temples wreathing
 Immortal honour, glory ne'er to end ;
 A name, unto all future times bequeathing
 A bright example, guiding foe and friend,
 A shining place in history—a splendour
 Out-dazzling Kings'—the sunshine drowns the star—
 A name to which all time its meed shall render,
 Which Change can ne'er destroy, nor Folly mar."

She ceased, and I was left alone, unguided,
 A little cradled child, to choose between
 Power and Fame—alas ! alas ! divided
 Why should these mighty goddesses be seen ?
 Why should not Fame and Power, like smiling Graces,
 Wander along the earth to woo and win ?
 Why should not he who seeks the bright embraces
 Of Power, gain them but by aid of Sin ?

I know not—care not. Virgin Fame immortal,
 To thee, and not to Power, I yield my soul ;
 Guide her, oh, guide her through thy crystal portal,
 Blazon her name upon thy bannerol.
 What care I for the lures of proud dominion ?
 Dominion is of earth, and born of crime ;
 Give me, sweet Fame, to rise with heavenly pinion
 Above the dust, on soaring wing sublime.

The Spirit of the Rhine.

Thou, who wouldst know the Mystic Things
 Of Past, and Present, and Future, all ;—
 Thou, who wouldst quaff the nectar springs
 Of Truth, and lift from the dead the pall ;—

Thou, in whose heart the wild desire,
 Is like hot flame to rend the Veil
 Which hideth from all who to God aspire
 What phantoms dare not to earth detail :—
 Thou, who wouldst learn the secrets dim
 Of the Soul, of Destiny, Being, and Death ;
 Of the Heavens which are the thrones of Him
 In whose hand are all who breathe life's breath ;
 Of the wonders of God and The Snake that lie
 Beyond the grave in the Light and Dark ;
 Of the doom of men who are born and die ;
 And on seas unknown wouldst launch thy bark :
 Come hasten with me o'er the marble sea,
 And link thy thoughts with the faërie Rhine,
 From whose ancient depths come the Sisters Three,
 Who smile upon spirits of song like thine :
 Then hasten away, ere the flight of day,
 For thy destined hour from the stars descends,
 Most blest art thou on whose fated brow,
 A mission divine as this extends.

Pandora.

Hither, hither, dreamer fair,
 O'er the mountains bend thy way,
 To thine eyes I will display
 Scenes of beauty, rich and rare,
 Sparkling with the light of May ;
 Such as star-eyed dreamers only
 See in visions bright and lonely.

Palaces with golden domes,
 Marble fanes, and silver towers,
 Gardens glittering with flowers,

Where sweet Aphroditè roams
All the live long summer hours.

Lakes whose bosoms are as clear
As the emeralds of the mine,
Trees with rosy fruits that shine,
Founts that shed upon the ear
Music like a voice divine.

Gentle winds whose whispers fall
Softly through the trembling leaves,
And a bower that idly weaves
Its green boughs into a hall,—
Saffron morns and purple eves.

Nymphs that wander through those scenes,
Like fair Venus every one ;
Youths as beauteous as the sun,
When from his bright car he leans,
Ere his evening march be done.

All these wonders I can place
Palpably before thine eye ;
Lo !—I speak, and they are nigh :
Angel form and nymphal face,
Fairy bower and golden sky ;
Shining for the star-eyed only,
Like the star-eyed, bright and lonely,

* * * *

* * *

As I lay on the yellow stream,
A-sailing down the lordly Rhine,
Came to me a beauteous Dream,
Clothèd deep in starry shine.
And on the prow It stood alone,
Grand and silent, heaven-flown,
Till my boat appeared a throne.

It was in the purple eve,
When the autumn vintage flows,
And the village maidens weave
Wreaths of violet, vine, and rose ;
And the sounds of flute and song,
From the merry Bacchic throng,
Steal the echoing hills among.

Sweetly, slowly o'er the breast
Of the storied Rhine my boat
Wandered, like a spirit blest,
Through the stars in heaven that float ;
Sweetly, slowly, while the air
Kissed my eyes and temples bare,
As it were a fairy fair.

Like a vision seen in sleep,
When the soul is lapped in bliss ;—
Castled rock and crumbling keep
Frowning o'er the drear abyss ;
Forest, hamlet, garden, vale,
Ruined chapel, mountain, dale,
As in some old magic tale.

And, as I passed these splendours by,
And gave my Soul up to the God,
The mystic Realms of Thought, that lie
(Like flowers divine within the pod)
Deep in that wondrous sphere of spheres,
The soul, were seen with Hopes and Fears,
Fancies and Loves, too bright for tears.

And I beheld the Fairy Things
Of ancient times, the Fays and Gnomes,
The Undines in their silvery springs,
The Oreads in their sylvan homes,
The Huntsman and the Serpent Maid,
The Sisters Proud, the Evil Shade,
Who spurs his stag through briar and glade.

The Seven Mountains loomed before,
The stars lit up their azure crests,
Silence enwrapped the haunted shore,
The birds were in their leafy nests.
And then methought the Dream arose,
And in soft strains more sweet than those
The bell-bird wakes
Amid the lonely Abyssinian lakes,
To me his purpose did disclose.

I come to thee from Isles of Light,
Where Beauty shines in may-day youth,
And where the gentle Infinite
Sits throned in Wisdom, Love, and Truth.
I come to thee and tempt thy lips
With this gold cup, which whoso sips,
His soul puts off the dark eclipse,

And disenthralled from earth and cloud,
 Soars through the Universe of Thought.
 Take it, and drink.—I rose, and bowed
 Before that Phantom-Shape who brought
 The dazzling cup ; and when I drank,
 The boat was gone—like Hope, it sank,
 And I was on the river's bank.

The stately Dream was by my side,
 It smiled on me a heavenly smile :
 Thou hast done well, the Phantom cried,
 Yet linger still a little while ;
 And thou shalt know why here I came,
 To clothe thy spirit in the flame
 Of thought, and what The Moirai claim.

There are Three Sisters, living from all time,
 Star-crowned, star-robed, omniscient, ruling all
 The Moirai—shrink not—blench not—throned sublime
 Above the Dominations ; at their call
 Creation bows and trembles ; Light grows dark
 In their full presence, and the Powers of Air
 Shrink into things of nought. Fate-chosen, hark
 My words—nor shun the bidding that I bear ;
 The mission that is thine is grand, exalted, rare.

These mighty Monarchs of all things have heard
 The prayers of One, who for a time, with tears,
 Has prayed before the Thrones for him who erred
 And gave up to The Snake his primal years.
 And they have chosen *Thee* to seek through Space,
 Upon the Steed divine, with wings of light,

Until thou find the Wanderer's torture-place,
Deep-fixed in realms of wide and endless night,
Whence Thou shalt him unbind, and throne him 'midst
the Bright.

In yonder mountains springs a crystal stream,
To which the immortal Horse of Heaven resorts,
When the fair Star of Morning sheds his gleam
O'er earth, and Ocean's smile of beauty courts.
Take thou this golden bridle, magic-woven,
And fling it o'er his proud and arching neck,
Straight shall the Realms of Space rent up, and, cloven,
Reveal the paths from which mere mortals queek ;
A Star of Heaven shall o'er thy splendid voyage beck.

The road divine leads through the upper air,
Safely the Steed will bear thee, till thou reach
The throne of Uriel, the sun's Angel, where
Thou shalt receive a spear celestial ; speech
Would fail ere I could name its wondrous powers.
Armed with its might, securely may'st thou go
Where'er thy Steed shall turn—Behold, the Hours
Of night are past, and morning's opal glow
Will soon light up the mountains. Hence away,
The Star thou seekest glitters o'er the dell
Where flows the ethereal fount ; a brief delay
Were fatal to thee. Mortal, fare thee well."

The Dream departed like a mist,
It vanished in the sunless air ;
Yet, ere it went, methought it kist,
My lips, as I stood wondering there,

Like one upon a mighty sea,
Drifted by some casualty,
To the whirlpool on his lee.

But I rose, and looked aloft,
Where the light of God 'gan break
O'er the world, as sweet and soft
As the flower on infant's cheek ;
And I felt that I was strong
In the robe of truth, and wrong
Durst not hurry me along.

The stars they shone through Roland's pile
Sadly, lonelily, below,
Where his gentle lady's isle
Blooms and breathes of long ago ;
And the Drachenfels was seen
In the twilight grey serene—
It is morning now I ween.

I climbed the mountain-paths, and gained
A valley sprent with dewy flowers,
By human footstep unprofaned,
Where the Rhine-Queen builds her bowers,
And the unseen music, played
By sweet elfin fingers, made
Eloquent the grassy slade.

One by one, the stars are gone ;
One by one, the streaks of light
Gild the heavenly arch ; then shone
Lucifer ; the air grows bright,

And the lucid fountain plays
Sweetly, while his emerald rays
O'er her lean with loving gaze.

A Steed—a steed, a matchless steed,
Ten thousand stars are in his wings;
His fetlocks shame the lightning's speed
Or light itself, when forth it springs;
His neck is clothed with thunder—fire
Gleams from his nostrils haught and bold;
He shakes the skies; and now, as nigher
He comes—'tis Pegasus of old,
The Steed of Wonder, phantom-told,
For whose immortal flight I wait,
Oh! bear me to the Sun's broad gate.
The golden bridle's here—behold!
Scarce had I spoken when he knelt
Before me on the velvet sod,
And, with bent brows and lowly neck,
Endured the magic reins that fleck
His snowy shoulders with gold hues;
I sprang upon his back, and felt
Such giant longings thrill my soul
With rapture, as the Loves infuse
Into the spirit when admitted
First to the Palaces of God—
I pointed upwards to the goal,
Lighting the celestial air—
Like a comet's flash we flitted,
And were there.

Wondrously that diamond Palace

Rose before my eyes ;
Flashing from ten thousand pillars
Lights that would have paled the radiance
Of a Paradise.

Pearl and jasper, chrysolite,
Sapphire, opal, amethyst,
Emerald, ruby, crystal, gold,
In a heaven that seemed one rainbow ;
So divinely did unite

All the sunny hues of splendour
Into one transcendent glory.

In the sparkling air that clothed it,
Thrice ten million wingèd spirits
Robed in beauty, light, and grandeur,
Glittered like the snowy summits
Of the Alps when sun-reflecting.

Thrice three hundred thousand fountains
Gushed aloft from caves of coral ;
Thrice three million trees that blossomed
Thickly o'er with thornless roses,
Hyacinths, and purple jasmines,
Bent and kissed the rippling waters ;
And the place was sweet with song,
And the voice divine of music
Melted forth from leaf and wavelet,
Universal like the air,
Wandering wildly everywhere.

Once, and twice, and thrice, my Steed
Neighed, and waved his starry wings,
Checked in his enchanted speed—
To the porch behold the king's

Herald comes—a Spirit grand.
 In his clasp divine he brings
 Forth the diamond-flashing spear—

Herald.

Son of Man, I bring thee here,
 As the Moirai have ordained,
 Uriel's lance of heavenly proof.
 It is thine, until thy mission
 Be fulfilled, and nobly gained
 The bright goal to which thou speedest.
 All that's tangible in Space,
 Touched by this, shall yield and fall;
 Armed with it thou'lt vanquish all,
 Wheresoe'er thy flight may tend,
 To the blest, or the unblest,
 Nought shall bar thy path divine,—
 Truth and Virtue guard thee well.
 Onward, onward, speed thy course !

I took the mighty spear ; sudden my eyes
 Oped on strange wonders ; The Old World of Faërie
 Stood forth revealed amid the kindling Cloudland,
 Flooding the whole horizon with enchantments.
 Here I beheld realms of supernal light,
 Outblazing orient sapphire ; skies immense
 Of spotless azure through which Seemurgh soared,
 The bird that knows all languages and things,
 Soared in the light of the flame-breathing stars.
 There was Jinnestân, city all of amber,
 The Persian land of jewels, through whose streets

Fluttered the countless myriads of Ferothers,
Like bodied music, lustrous more than rainbows :
While palaces of diamond shone between,
The glittering wealth of Arabie and Ind.
Glorious these temples built of splendent light,
Wherein the heroines of immortal song
From bright Briseis down to Highland Mary,
Dwelt in the paradise-glory of the muse.
There stretched in crimson beauty famed Hybrazil,
The wandering ocean-land of ivory towers,
Castles, fair gardens, where the sun sets never,
But summer lingers with unfading bloom.
And in the fountains golden halcyons dipped
Their glittering wings, or skimmed amid the boughs
Of the tall poplars that the waters fringed.
There the Celts' Paradise, Flathinnis fair,
With lakes of light, upon whose banks the Minstrels
Hymned on their harps of gold delicious lays,
Sprinkled with the sweet dewy light of love.
Here Swerga, the pure heaven of the Hindoo,
That looked all sun, so radiantly it gleamed.
Here Avalon, the lode-star land of story,
On pillars whiter than the Parian stone,
Rising amid the ocean like an emerald,
Where Morgue la Faye in ceaseless glory dwells ;
Woods stretching onward, woods and trees, and woods,
Of azure-coloured olive, and dark oak,
A boundless waste of forest foliage,
O'er which the cawing rook exploring sails.
Peri Banou unveiled her sparkling Bowers,
Filled with fair spirits, like rich crystal statues,
So pure, so full of light and loveliness,

And rows of jasper columns, bright as stars,
Supported high a magic roof of gold.
The stars smiled sweetly o'er that happy land.
A snow-white robe, with queenly flowing train,
Purpled with gold and pearls, the Peri wore.
And here the vernal Islands of the Blest
Blushed o'er the sunny foam of silver clouds.
And Mommur, Oberon's delicious home,
The land of musical fountains, and blue skies,
And rose-girt beakers mantling o'er with wine.
The cuckoo from the spreading oak leaves sang;—
And Irim's Gardens floating in the air,
As, by the Arab wanderer in the desert
Beheld, when sunset gems the eastern heavens.
And under the broad beech and chesnut bowers
Sported the Dryads, Fauns, and Sylvens young;
And the Nereides gracefully entwined
Their footsteps in the dance, or coucht along
A stream that like a silver serpent glides,
Made the air eloquent with song and laugh.
And thus they gleamed like stately figures glassed
In an arch Wizard's crystal; bearing back
My dreaming spirit to Milesian days,
When first I wandered in muse-haunted plains,
That echoed to my simple oaten pipe.
And thus they gleamed most beautiful; the life
That is in Nature, and in Nature's works,
The least of which is animate with Soul;
For there's no rose or lily in the garden,
There is no stream, there is no tree, or gem,
There is no wind that skims along the sky,
That represents not some immortal life.

The All, the Infinite Universe is filled
With life, with spirit, with undying natures,
The pre-existent and the past-existent
Souls, spirits, daimons of the race of man,
The race of angels and all living things,
Countless as are the leaves in the vast forest,—
Unseen indeed, but yet immortal beings,
That have been shewn to earth or are to come.
The rivers have their spirits ; the great woods
Have essences in them of eternal splendour,
Fair emanations from the gods divine.
The winds, the waters, lakes, and lovely bowers,
The splendid form of fire—yea, all the elements,
Are each the haunts and homes of gods and fays,
And beings, various in diversified beauty.
The sky, the space, the air that circles round us
Is filled with spirits, some as fair as light,
And some as dark as darkness ; human eye
Beholds them not indeed, but to the Soul
They are revealed—in impulses to good,
Or impulses to evil, as they chance.
The mob ignore them, for the mob are slaves
To sensuals ; but the spiritual see and feel them.
O Muse ! thou knowest that these words are true !
O Muse ! thou knowest that I saw them all ;
And that my soul with those was fully blent,
When on this quest of wonders I went forth.
Here were the splendid dwellings of the Trows,
Of gold and silver all, through which they flitted
In scarlet robe, or wreathed in fairy rings
Under the covert green of moss-grown trees,
Whose glancing leaves made music to the sun,

Danced pleasantly, or shot their elfin arrows ;
While others dwelt beneath the deep sea waters
In caves of pearl, or floated on the waves,
And to the silver warblings of the lyre
Evoked strange melody. Here Phantom Dwarfs,
Grey like the mist, or glittering like the fire,
Ranging through woods, with bows and silver shafts,
Galloped in moonlight o'er their glassy lakes,
Or tilted on black steeds. Here good knave Nissè
With the Old Man of the House played merrie sports,
Teazing the dairy maids, or wanton boys,
When morning spreads her purple light through heaven.
Here the Light-Alfs, in lustre like the sun,
Tripped in the elfdans o'er the daisied meads.
Here the Rusalki, green-haired nymphs of wood
And water, gambolled in delight, or played
Upon the rivers, wringing their dark locks,
Plucked lilies from the fields of fragrant breath,
Or twined in chorus round the branching trees
That bent beside the limpid current's edge :
White hyacinths like snow-flakes fell around.
And Dracs, who glide on streams like rings or cups
Of priceless metal, seizing girls or youths
Who grasp the prize fallacious as it swims.
And Fatè from the Himalayan mountains,
Borne on wild eagles, griffins, and winged snakes,
When Vesper richly purples the deep West ;
And the wind sweetly whispers through the pines.
Here the grave Brownies, in their ancient oaks
By ruined castles, or soft-murmuring streams,
Mused in the sunshine : here the Faërie people
Of the two sister islands, robed in green

And scarlet, banquetted from plates of gold,
While music warbled around them ; or on steeds,
White as the foam, with hoofs whose airy touch
Dashed not the dews from the blue harebell's cup,
Leaped through the skies, or in the eddying wind
Careered, while sweetly rang their silver bridles ;
Or watched their crocks of gold by mouldering abbeys,
Or hurled their flinty spears, in hemlock dipt,
Or danced amid the hills with glittering shoon,
Or taught the birds to build their curious nests.
Seemed they two children gathering woodland flowers,
And one was twining them in her dark hair.
Here Kilkimora, the fair Russian goblin,
Cursed in the womb, crooned to the pitying stars,
Lamenting his sad fate with human tears.
He brake the silence of the enchanted forest,
Weeping in music, in the forest weeping.
And here the Froddenskemen in their mountains,
And shady arbours nested in the woods,
Planned many an artifice to steal young maids.
Here the Aërial Knights, in armour clothed
That shone like sunlight o'er the dancing waves,
Floated on air, with vizor closed, and lance
Extended, scaring men of evil heart,
Or through the purple meadows of the sky,
Enamelled thick with star-flowers, rode supreme,
On white-haired coursers, all with beauteous manes.
Here danced the White Nymphs in their sparkling caves,
With voices sweeter than a carolling bird's
When soaring high through air, he greets with song
The golden orient gates of heaven's vast hall.
Here the Duendes, in monastic gown

And paunch rotund, laughed merrily all day long,
Broaching full casks of ruby Spanish wine.
Here Melusina, beautiful as May,
Waited the death-note which should be her summons
To the majestic ruins of the halls
Where erst in queenly power she lived and shone,
The roses bloomed beneath her steps, the waves
Rippled in music at her silver feet.
And here the Duergars, in their crystal rocks
Under the earth, with glassy shoon, and cap
Invisible, and rings of ruddy gold,
Polished the beaming walls, and loudly sang,
Or hammered arms of mail. Here the Still-people,
Whose haunts are springs and wells and fountains fair,
Wherein their chambers filled with gems are seen,
And who, invisibly through rocks and walls
Pass, dreamed in silence. Here the Tylwyth Têg,
The Welsh Fair Family, whose homes are found
Amid the enchanted Cambrian lakes, I saw,
Keening in sorrow for their glories past :
Souls of the Druids of the byegone days,
That enter not God's Aden ;—clothed in white,
Wreathing their hair, that floated on the winds,
With lilies, hyacinths, and sylvan roses ;
And bearing their gold knives, with joy I saw them.
Here Tangle, the dark Spirit of the Waves,
Sometimes a man, and now in equine form,
Peered through the ocean's dark mysterious mists
When Hesper dancing forth sheds silver dews.
Here dusk Night Washers, by their haunted streams,
Here Courils round the Druid monuments
Of olden times, whirled in the midnight dance ;

Hapless the maiden who draws near their orgies.
Here frowned Ti Goriquet, giant homes of rock,
Where the small Gorics hold their starry vigils.
And here the Gallicenæ, nine in number,
The Breton priestesses, who buy with gold
The favours of the comely youths of earth.

Here the Banshee, that Phantom bright who weeps
Over the dying of her own loved line,
Floated in moonlight ; in her streaming locks
Gleamed starshine :—when she looked on me, she knew
And smiled. And near her, Fairy Mab was seen
Such as to Shakspeare, and to Shelley's eyes
(Those kings of men, those monarchs of the mind)
Of inspiration she appeared ; White Dwarfs
Delicate, beautiful and gentle, shimmered
Softly as rainbow rays, or beams from roses,
After Queen Mab, while music followed them,
And light, like sunshine, wrapped them in its folds,
Cydonian apples glistening like gold
Grew round, and drank delight from fruitful streams.
Then came the Nisses, red-capped, robed in grey,
Skilful in roguish tricks. Then green-haired Fairies,
Belted around the waist with long sea rushes,
Disclosed their watery Palaces of Coral,
And floors of fragrant amber. Mazikeen,
Those sons of Adam by immortal maids
When he was exiled for his fatal error,
Were there amid their diamond palaces,
And gardens of enchantment ; bright they shone,
As when the Sun's proud horses high ascend
The heaven and gild the morning. Then the Vilas,

Those beauteous mountain-maids who dance the colos
Beneath the branches of the Vishnia cherry,
And soothe the wounded deer. And after these
Paras and Lutins, Follets, Kobolds, Portunes,
Hill-men, a brotherhood of faërie elves,
Lively and joyous, loving cheese and milk,
And cleanly dairy maids, and thrifty housewives ;
Who, when they find the silly lambkins straying,
Carefully drive them to their anxious dams.
And lead poor children where wild fruits are found,
Or feed them with new milk and sylvan berries.
Then the colossal spirit of the ocean,
Good Teüs, who saves men from Lucifer's fangs,
Folding them in his mantle white as foam.
And violet-eyed Titania on a bank
Damasked with oxlips, musk rose, and wild thyme.
And the Wild Women, golden-haired, who dwell
In stately splendour in their magic homes,
Beneath the golden light of evening stars.
Then came the Wichtlein, old, long-bearded men,
Who work in the gold mines, and pelt the miners
With precious fragments of the dazzling ore.
And Elle-Maids, tempting men with golden cups,
And boys to kiss their beautiful white breasts,
While bathing in the sunbeams ; and on harps
Waking weird minstrelsy. And Elves, whose homes
Are banks of streams, wherein with lily hands
They spin the moonshine into holiday dress.
And Mermaids floating on the summer seas
In silver mists, combing their yellow hair,
Or driving snow-white cattle o'er the waves.
When morning glitters in the rosy East.

And Necks, those beauteous boys who glide in sunshine
On the still waters, whispering such soft music
As charms the world. And Alfs, whose lovely daughters
Court the embrace of man, whence babes are born
That have no souls till bathed by holy Church.
And Nixes, those fair women of the main
Who live in splendours submarine, and dance
On the sea's surface, mocking drowning men.
All these, and more, I saw in that full vision
That blessed my eyes when Uriel's lance I held.

Then One arose and said, Behold ! I looked
Below, and saw a chasm of utter darkness,
Deep, vast, like a volcano's horrid crater ;
Dimly beneath, a Shade who wandered much,
Seemed lost in night, and shrouded dense in woe,
Behold the Master !

At the voice the Chasm
Glowed with a ghastly gleam, and high in mist
The snake-haired Furies, waving torches red
Appeared, and howled forth pæans harsh and vengeful ;
At whose accursèd noise heaven's smile grew dark,
And hell's drear features grinned ; and phasms of gloom
Peered through the murky vast of horrible cloud ;
Fainting with grief and terror as I listened
The crater belched forth tempest, cloud, and lightning,
While from the World of Faërie sprites came forth,
And as they fittèd o'er him, spake in song,
Some sorrowfully, some in happy mood,
But breathing balm unto the mourning soul.

Aerial Knights.

Onward, Immortal Rider, on thy courser !

Cleave the vast regions of the heaven that lie
Between thee and the dark Abyss, where pines
The stricken Master in the Erynnian bonds.
Onward ! yet watch thee warily, for Fate
May tempt thee much, ere thou thy mighty message
Shalt have fulfilled, and Goethe be restored
Unto the spheres of Truth, from which he strayed.

Titania.

Dissolved in tears like some sweet fountain old,
The beauteous Lone One kneels the shrines before,
And waits the blissful hour, by Skulld foretold,
When Fate shall join her soul to his once more.
In darkness and in dread the Minstrel dwells,
His soul immersed in night ; his thoughts in gloom :
Hasten, oh hasten ! burst the wizard spells,
And waft him on thy Steed of heavenly plume.

Hanshee.

And thou shalt walk amid the stars,
And lift the Minstrel to the bowers
Where Justice, Truth, and Beauty reign,
And Angels circle round The Powers.
And thou shalt bear him to his bride,
Whose beauty is as flowering May ;
Nor tremble while the demon-lights
About thee shine, to lead astray.
The Furies, with their gorgon eyes
And snaky manes, thy soul may scare,
But blench not, yield not ; bravely on,
Their arts shall melt like mist in air.

Duoine Shi.

Merrily along the sky
 Shining, happy, bright of eye,
 Skim the Faerie host ;
 While around the earth we coast :
 O'er the beautiful and true
 Soul-delighting dreams we throw ;
 O'er the evil-thoughted crew,
 Visions that must work them woe,
 Light from heaven we bring the first,
 Blasts from hell the last accurst.
 To the Dark Abyss thy flight
 Tends—

Iris.

I clothe thee with the might
 Of a nameless faerie spell
 Which shall awe the arts of Hell.
 Such as kingly Perseus wore,
 When Medusa's head he bore :
 Such as guarded Jason old,
 When he sought the Hesperian gold ;
 And the magic apples grasped
 In the dragon's coils enclasped.
 Or Alcmena's mightiest son,
 When his earthly labours done,
 From the realms of Orcus dread,
 He brought forth the heroic dead.
 Such as crowned the Athenian sage,
 When he smiled his foes to rage,
 And the hemlock chalice drained,
 With a laugh that death disdained.

Or the heaven-souled Dante when
Outlawed by his fellow men ;
Or Torquato, dungeon bound
By Alfonso, hell's black hound,
Or the Titan Mirabeau,
Tortured by his father-foe.
Or wild Shelley, when the crew
Of defamers round him flew ;
Woven in the calm moonlight
From a tissue starry bright,
By a Virgin's hand divine,
Daughter of a heavenly line.
Wrap it round thee and depart,
Fearless hence, with fearless heart.

At the words a sudden gleam
Darted o'er my dazzled eyes ;
When I looked again, the skies
Only met my view ; the scene
Pictured on that wide serene,
Had departed like a dream.

What splendid light, what glorious beam from God
Breaks through this rosy ocean of gold clouds ?
A chariot, glorious as the Sun's own car,
Magnificent in beauty, o'er this foam
Of melting air moves in its stately course,
Shining with pearl, and drawn by four white Steeds,
That proudly champ the bridle. In the sell
A Man of presence most divine reclines ;
His snow white beard waves o'er his azure chest,
And in his hand he holds a glittering spear,

Crusted with gems, as hoar frost gilds the spray,
 And round him, reining in his haughty steeds,
 Nymphs of celestial loveliness were wreathed,
 Who danced, while others waked the soul of song,
 And wafted music through these realms sublime.
 And after him a strange and wondrous crew,
 Sea and land portents, Tritons and Nereides,
 Waving their hollow conchs, through whose sweet tubes
 Sounds of enrapturing melody were breathed,
 They hymned the glories of their powerful lord,
 Proteus, the son of Ocean and of Tethys ;
 Most ancient and most wise, to whom was given
 Knowledge of all things, Present, Past, and Future.
 I reined my courser in, and heaven-inspired,
 Besought the Old Man, ere he passed, to give me
 A lesson that might serve me in my need ;
 When thus he spake, while all was still as death.

Proteus.

Child of the Sun, I know thee, and thy mission,
 Enter with fearlessness upon thy way,
 Shrink not from any danger ; be appalled
 By no mischance ; but with a lion-courage
 Fulfil the object of thy soul, and blench not,
 Though all the Powers of Hell conspire against thee,
 Write on thy heart this holy principle ;
Nobly resolve, and do as thou resolvest,
Thou shalt not die till Victory crowns thy brows.

The sun-bright clouds are floating round,
 Like wild swans through the silver air,
 And music fills the deeps profound ;

The Universe seems cestus-bound
With beauty everywhere.
Onward in light my Steed and I
Are borne amidst this dreamy sky.
Like brightly-flashing flame, that leaps
To birth—and then for ever sleeps.
The three-forked thunderbolt, enwrapped in fire,
Lags trembling as we pass ;
The starry Shapes of Flame, Air, Earth, and Heaven,
Join in the love-enkindling dance,
And make a moving Paradise,
Amid the Eternal All that spheres us round.
Mountain-nymphs, Oreiades,
Mead-nymphs, Leimoniades,
Fruit-tree nymphs, Meliades,
Sylvan-nymphs, the Dryades,
Tree-nymphs, Hamadryades,
Fountain-nymphs, Limniades,
Water-nymphs, fair Naiades,
Flock-nymphs, Epimelian,
Valley-nymphs, Napææ wild,
Bright-locked, lily-voiced, cave-dwelling,
Light-born, white-browed, and smile-loving,
Gold wreathed, star-limbed, magic speaking,
Nectar-bosomed, sunny pinioned,
Hyacinthine-haired, rose-armed—
O thou heaven of queenly beauty !

SONG OF THE NYMPHS.

We are born of the golden Sun,
Of the Star, of the Wave, of Air,
Of the Flowers of Light, that make earth bright,

As though it an Elysium were.
We soar in the wide serene,
We float o'er the eyes of earth,
We dance in the beam, or the flashing stream,
And sing round the Poet's birth.

From the magical days of old
Our souls draw heavenly light,
Which, like showers, we shed o'er the Poet's head,
Till his soul to the Gods takes flight.
In the gloom and the throng of life,
Where Passion and Hate abound,
We wrap his soul in the starry stole
Of Virtue and Truth all round.

We fold him in visions divine,
From earth and its dross away,
To the world, where dwells in song and spells,
The Beauty that mocks decay.
The soulless of earth and flesh
Pursue him with envy and hate,
But the Spirit of Love, from his halls above,
Gives the strength that makes him great.

When the rabble of hell conspire
To hunt the Divine to death,
Nor cross nor stake can his spirit shake,
That has breathed Elysian breath.
His soul, in the light of heaven
Enwreathed, their power defies ;
They trample him down—but Throne and Crown
Await him in yonder skies.

Pegasus.

'Girdled by this floating train of flowers,
See the Muses gliding like fair waters
Through the olive-rearing Olmian meadows.
First Calliopè, with voice of beauty,
In her hand the silver trump of glory ;
Clio follows ; on her epic harp strings
Hymning to the heavens the deeds of heroes.
Next Euterpè, garlanded, and bearing
The sweet flute more soft than sylvan echo.
Then Melpomenè, with crown and sceptre,
Chanting grandly hymns of war and sorrow.
After her, amid the pipe's glad trillings,
Bounds Terpsichorè, with cheeks rose-lighted.
Erato succeeds, with fingers dancing
O'er the air-strung lute that breathes luxuriance.
Hark ! what harmony enfolds the æther,
'Tis Polymnia, jewel-crowned, and singing.
Next Urania, her blue eyes of rapture
To the starry domes of God uplifting.
And Thalia, with her mask of gladness,
Lighting up the skies with varied radiance.
Lo, these lovely Heliconian sisters
Come to thee through Heaven's wide fields of azure ;
Through the stilly splendours that enweave us,
Pacing swiftly on their golden sandals ;
And saluting thee with smiles of music—
Come to thee as once to shepherd Hesiod
When his lambs round Helicon he pastured.
Whiter grows the heaven, and more resplendent
As these princesses of song approach us.
They are here—Draw in the magic bridle,
And bow down before them, Mystic Rider.

Scarcely had the Steed of Heaven spoken
When the gleaming cohort stood beside me ;
And the myriad choirs of female figures
Clustered in a crescent, star-outshining,
Round The Nine ;—when from her dome of radiance
Spake Calliopè mid breathless silence.

Calliopè.

Art thou he, the destined Son of Splendours,
Whom the Fates have chosen at the prayer
Of the hapless, lone, deserted Gretchen,
To enfranchise from the bonds of terror,
The great Master of the Teuton rhythmus ?

I am he, I answered, heavenly Ladye.

Then Calliopè, with smiles advancing,
O'er my brows entwined a wreath of laurel,
Blooming with the splendour of Olympus ;
And above me, bending like a cedar
To some lowly plant, a kiss imprinted
On my mouth, infusing nectar sweetness,
Through my being's essence—while her Sisters
Breathed Elysium on me from their eyelids,
Whiter than the lilies of enchantment.
Beckoning then to One whose orient blushes,
Like Aurora's, lit a heaven of crystal,
She stood forth, and spake in mystic language,
Gazing on me, deeply, brightly, sweetly ;
While her words of music fell around me,
Like a purple light from rainbows falling.

Isis.

The stars were in heaven, the night winds lay,
Calm and hushed as the breathless clay ;
The roses drooped in their perfumed bowers,
And dreamed of the Sun and the coming Hours.

The bee was silent, the bird was still,
Closed was the jasmine and daffodil ;
The wingèd things that all day long
Made the earth joyous with sound and song,

Deep in their leafy chambers slept ;
Nought was awake but the rill that leapt
Over the dark brown stones that made
The bed, where its prattling waters played.

And there embowered in that sweet grove,
In this starlit noon, lay the Queen of Love,
Whiling away the time beneath
The spheres that the golden skies enwreath.

Or smiling full in the queenly face
Of Themis, who made that lovely place
More lovely still—such a light divine
Lived in her features and heavenly eyne.

And flower and tree and orb and stream,
So blended were in that waking dream,
That the soul grew tremulous with delight,
Tranced in a love serene and bright.

And Satyrs, and Pans, and Fauns, and Hours,
Lay clustered round on the sleeping flowers,

In jocund talk, or in low sweet song,
Speeding the love moments along.

And Eros, too, the imp, was there
In the clear light of the purple air,
So small, so arch, so wily, so keen,
The heavens held not his match, I ween.

He courted not care-dissolving sleep,
But was seen through the lilies white to leap,
Or culled the sweet narcissus buds,
And sent them to sail on the moonlit floods.

Or like a fawn in delighted dance
Under its wild dam's gentle glance,
Carolled and gambolled beneath the rays
Of the Moon who lit all with silver blaze.

Or slily stole on the wearied bees,
As they slumbered still in their honey trees,
And with cautious hand, and eye of stealth
Rifled the cells of their nectar wealth.

Beautiful Venus ! ah, she sighed
As she looked on the imp, whilome her pride,
But now her sorrow, for night and day,
She watched his growth, but with sad dismay,

Saw that he grew not, grew not at all,
But frisked about like a pigmy small,
Full of the merriest tricks and pranks,
Archest of all Jove's mountebanks.

And Themis laughed as she saw the Queen
Muse on the urchin's form and mien,
Her violet eyes suffused with showers
Of tears that fell and were changed to flowers.

And wouldst thou be taught the secret art
To make this child of the conquering dart,
Grow in beauty, and strength, and joy,
Or remain as now, a tiny boy?

The art is this, and the Goddess smiled,
Eros must ever remain a child,
Till Fate or Fortune produce another,
Whom he shall love as his dearest brother.

Then shall he grow in vigour and size,
The fairest youth under God's fair skies;
And bright though Hermes and Phœbus be,
Yet neither shall shine with such light as he.

Venus heard, and a flowering smile
Lit her brows and eyes the while,
And a Boy from her lovely side was born
Ere the dawn of the purpling morn.

Anteros he—behold! behold!
How the brothers are clasped in fraternal fold;
And as they embrace young Eros grows
Tall and vigorous; splendour glows

Full in his limbs Phœbèan and fair,
Never was seen a more lovely pair,
Than Eros and Anteros—mutual love
Their two spirits into *one* spirit wove.

But strange indeed, and passing strange,
Was the wondrous, wild, and magical change
In Eros, when Anteros stood not by,
But roamed abroad through the azure sky.

Then Eros shrank, and became once more
The fairy thing he had been before ;
Waned his wings, and his limbs grew small,
And his step was like an infant's crawl.

But beauteous as ever again he grew
When Anteros back to fair Eros flew.
And thus ever haps it with Love—he dies
If he sees not his image in other fond eyes.

For love is a star of heaven, that swings
Deep in the chaos of dark that clings
Round it, till beams from the sun's broad sphere
Fold it, and all its lights appear.

And love is a flower divine and fair,
That never buds out, till the golden air
Comes to its breast, fragrant and bright,
And calls its sweets to the clasping light.

And love is a fountain that runs in shade,
Till it bursts to birth in some flowery slade ;
And only then is its sweetness felt,
When it leaves the nook where concealed it dwelt.

And love is a music that lives unseen
In the magical barbiton's breast serene,
Till evoked by skilful touch it breaks
From its heavenly trance, and a bright form takes.

The star were in darkness without its sun,
The flower were a weed till breathed upon,
The fountain a dusk and noisome pool
Till flower and air made it beautiful.

The strain a celestial thing unknown,
Till a touch evoked its slumbering tone ;
Star, Flower, Fount, Music, and Love ; all need
Some other fair thing whence their charms proceed.

Some other fair power to call to life
The sweetness with which their souls are rife,
Like Eve to Adam, like soul to clay,
Like echo to melting roundelay.

In the star-bright sphere of that world from whence
Thy course extends through the vast intense
Of luminous air, that around thy flight
Burns like a heaven of chrysolite,

These children of love undying dwell
Like the breath in a murmuring sweet sea shell,
Unseen but felt—pervading Powers
That build in wild human hearts their bowers.

Eros—whom some call Cupid—claims
The spirit of man, which to love he frames ;
While throned in the gentle female breast
Anteros rules supremely blest.

Each, with the same fond hopes, desires,
Sensations, feelings, thoughts, inspires
The panting souls, till they both grow one,
Like lutes in divinest unison.

And each by the might of celestial spells
The soul to its twinlike soul impels,
Till both unite, like two streams, and blend
In one, with a music that knows no end.

But woe unto them whom Chance or Fate,
Or the adverse stars keep separate,
Whose spirits must pant and pine, ah me !
For the kindred spirits they ne'er shall see.

Alone and in pain they pass their days,
Or die like the moth in the glittering blaze
That tempts to, but yields not, the bliss, to bask
In whose golden beauty they vainly ask.

Such was Dante's fate, and Petrarcha's too,
And his, who by Leman's lakes of blue,
Gave up his life in the deep despair
Of one to whom earth were a desert bare.

For the love intense that was his soul's soul,
Held him grasped in its strong control,
Till reason fled, and hope expired
When he found not the love that his soul desired.

Thus pass from the earth the souls of those
Whose union sweet the Fates oppose,
But rapt from earth to the spheres above
They blend in immortal bonds of love.

In the Lycian land by Gadara's fount,
Under the crest of an emerald mount,
Flow two streams in whose silent breasts
Eros and Anteros make their nests.

Once the Sage with the mighty wand
Broke the spell of each crystal pond,
And brought the beautiful boys to the earth,
Which rejoiced at beholding that lovely birth.

Wave thy wand, and the Sage compel
From the slumber that holds him in its spell ;
Hence to the Lycian land, and there
Summon once more that twin-like pair.

Away, away, my snowy Steed,
Once more through air to earth we float ;
The nymphal choirs like light recede,
And we are on that flowery mead
Whose banks of roseate beauty moat
The Magic Waters, in whose deeps
Eros with his brother sleeps.
This is sure some heavenly dream
Wafted to me on a beam
From the Gods ;—or do mine eyes
Truly see the scenes that rise
Beauteously around me ?—Ho !
Jamblicus come forth. The tomb
Opens wide its jaws of gloom ;
And he stands before me, so
In that hour of regal doom,
Samuel stood in snow-white shroud
Like a moon-reflecting cloud.

Touching the Old Man with my diamond spear,
The slumber of the grave fell off, and forth
As if from mist he stepped : his snowy hair

Crowning his marble brows and reverend head,
And awe stood in his eyes. I bent, and whispered
Full in his soul the mission that I bare.
He listened, and a smile of sweetest light
Illumed his features, as the flame illumes
Some alabaster lamp. He stood beside
The waters that grew still at his approach.
And murmuring sibyl words he dipt his hand
Beneath the surface. Instantly arose
A Boy of fair complexion, snowy-plumed
With hair whose golden radiance paled the star
Of evening, though her light fills heaven itself
With loveliness. It streamed adown his shoulders,
And floated o'er him like a veil of splendour.
Then to the other stream the Old Man went ;
Its waves lay calm and silent as he came :
He spake the spell and once more dipped his hand
Beneath its mirror, when a Boy sprang forth,
The twin of that fair Boy with sunny locks ;
But this one's hair was dark as glittering jet,
And love was in his eyes. The child-like pair
Rushed with delight into each other's arms,
Embraced, and then unto the Old Man flew,
And leapt around him, and upon his lips
Rained kisses, as if he had been their sire.
Then whispering to them, both as with one soul
Returned into the waves, but quickly brought
A phial filled with love's delicious essence,
Love mutual that blends two souls in one,
Love such as Goethe should have felt for Gretchen,
And gave it to the Old Man, who dismissed
The charming twins ; they vanished. In my hand

He placed the jewelled cup, and smiling sank
Again into the bosom of the earth :
And then I knew the Master's soul must taste
Of this ambrosial ichor, and grow pure
Ere it could reach the home of happiness
Prepared by Gretchen for her dearest Lord.
Away to Tartarus, Immortal Steed !

SCENE II.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Chiron.

Now, by my beard, I know not how many years
It is to day, since the sad accident happened,
And still he sleeps no doubt as sound as ever.

Asmodeus.

And I,—but I won't swear—am sadly weary
Of acting deputy in Mephisto's place ;
My time was fully occupied before
In teaching women to set traps for men,
And helping men to catch them in *their* traps,
Without the additional duties which this chance
Laid on my shoulders. All the world's grown modest
Since this mad wag of Hadès left his habit
Of compassing the earth, and I was burdened
With business heavier far than I can bear.

Homo est animal credulum et mendax,
So dear Mephisto, who knew all the axioms,
Of all the famous schoolmen, used to say ;
But by Saint Patrick, man's credulity
Seems gone of late : he sticks indeed to lying
As fervently as ever, but I cannot
With all my science coax the frigid creatures
To sin, more than a dozen times—a day.
Men do not worship Phales, as of old,
Their virtue gives me most intense disgust.

Beelzebub.

They ought to follow Saint Augustine's prayer ;
Lord, make me continent—but not too soon !

Asmodeus.

A pretty saint indeed, if one may judge
From this fine matin to his easy God,
To whom he thus would give the Devil's leavings.

Charon.

Satan himself has grown immensely squeamish,
And since his Secretary's lengthened sleep,
Swears his dominions lack their usual harvest.

Astaroth.

But has Lord Satan tried himself to wake him ?

Asmodeus.

Ay, and has summoned every Witch and Wizard
In Hell's Abyss to help him, but the torpor
Clings round him still, and, like a perverse devil,
That once has got possession, will not budge ;
And so for scores of years our friend has slumbered.
Tireseas, the most knowing ghost in hell,
As Homer swore, was called, but could not rouse him.
His daughter, Manto, tried her hand in vain,
Though women generally wake up sleepers.
They summoned Calchas, Agamemnon's juggler,
But he too failed, and was dismissed with laughter.
Then Apollonius, surnamed Thyaneus,
Who aped the Galilæan ; he was squelched,
As Tom Carlyle would squelch an Irish rat.
Then they brought Mopsus, and the sage Lampusa,

Who learned fine witchcraft from her father, Calchas ;
 Chiron, who fed Achilles on bear's marrow ;
 The soothsayer, Calanus ; the old file,
 Whom Moses and the Christians know as Cham ;
 Queen Lamia, and Cacus, the fire-breather ;
 Merlin the Englishman, the Witch of Endor ;
 And Tubal-Cain, who first invented powder ;
 And last of all Methusaleh ;—but none
 Of these illustrious mountebanks was able
 To waken Mephistopheles from dozing.
 They tried to tempt The Sibyl, but that lady
 Deaf as an adder stood, though Lucifer's self
 Swore she might have whatever gift she asked,
 If she but broke the iron spell of Sphinx.
 She curtsied most politely, and—refused ;
 Whereat Lord Satan, mad with disappointment,
 Swore to inflict on Sphinx some hideous torture
 For what she did ; but Destiny ordained
 It otherwise, and so the Monster keeps
 Unceasing vigil o'er our fallen brother ;
 We've none of us put riddles since that hour.

Andramelech.

What was the *Ænigma* which had such fell force ?

Asmodeus.

It is unknown—but there is a tradition
 Of some infernal prophecy committed
 To Sphinx's bosom, whereat Hell herself
 Must shudder if 'twere spoken ; tis supposed
 The treacherous savage blurted it in spite,
 Into Mephisto's ears, and thus o'erthrew him.

Charon.

Meanwhile the Furies keep the German Rhymer
Safe in some dark invisible cage or cavern,
Where, as 'tis said, he prays with much remorse,
But like a prison'd starling, can't get out.

Maimon.

Well—let us hope Mephisto's trance will end
Before the advent of Millennium,
Or the fine sights that John of Patmos saw.

Charon.

We miss his company much ; the jests and jokes
With which he introduced his friends to Hell,
And more especially his dames of fashion,
Were most amusing in these humdrum times.
But for Asmodeus, we should all grow rusty.

Asmodeus.

Gentlemen, thank you for these courtly compliments ;
Believe me yours unto my very shoe-strings.
But who is this—and what can bring him here ?
He seems an old acquaintance ; welcome, Robin,
We're all so downcast since Mephisto's downfall,
I wish you'd sing a song of sixpence for us.

Robin Goodfellow.

From Anglia's fairy haunted isle,
Upon a broom, I here have flown,
To sing and dance and jest awhile,
And mock at all, as you shall own.
That reverend don,
King Oberon,

My father was, as wise men know :
But nought care I,
For when he's by
I pull his beard, with ho ! ho ! ho !

To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape,
To fox, to bear, and walking fire,
I change my strange mercurial shape
Into what form I may desire.
On knave and quean
I vent my spleen,
I swinge them soundly to and fro ;
In bed or out,
I moil and bout,
And jump off, shouting ho ! ho ! ho !

Sometimes some handsome maid I court,
Her work I do, her pitcher fill,
With many a feat I make her sport,
I please her mind with all my skill ;
But if she fail
To fill my pail
With clotted cream, a fiend I grow,
And tease the shrew
The dark night through,
With many a waggish ho ! ho ! ho !

Sometimes as fiddler at a feast
I kiss the prettiest wenches round ;
And oft, disguised as Popish priest,
A jorum of strong punch compound ;

Till men and maids
Grown drunk and jades,
Whirl reeling, madlike, high and low :
I quench the lights,
For madcap rites,
And scud off laughing, ho ! ho ! ho !

And now my boys, I bring you news
Imported from the World of Fays,
So good 'twill make you all go booze,
And ramp and scamp ten thousand ways.
Mephisto 'll be
At once set free ;
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! ho ! ho !
And so will he
Whom now the Three
Keep bound in witchcraft—ho ! ho ! ho !

Asmodens.

What meanest thou ?

Robin Goodfellow.

What you please, my pretty dear,
Hie off to Satan, and you'll learn the rest.

SCENE III.

TAUNUS.

The Mountain-range of TAUNUS. Sunset ; the Evening Star and Moon just appearing. GRETCHEN at rest in a flowery recess beside a beautiful fountain. Innumerable PHANTOMS of divine loveliness around her. Faint and exquisite music.

Undines (waving garlands).

Sweet be thy rest, immortal child of Sorrows,
 And fair the visions on thy soul that shine ;
 Let golden dreams from Heaven fall o'er thy spirit,
 And rapturous hopes with memories bright enwreath
 thee.

Like the rich sunset melting through thee, round thee,
 Still gleams the Image of thine earliest love ;
 Like the soft music in whose mists we fold thee,
 Rise thy pure thoughts unto their source, sweet Gretchen.

Lo ! from our homes beneath the waves cerulean,
 We glide to thee in music, song and light,
 Strewing around thee flowers that ne'er shall wither,
 But like thy love, immortal, pure and bright.

Ferothers.

Come away—come away,
 Mounted on the rainbow's ray,
 To the golden Bactrian hills,
 Where the fair Ferrothers dwell ;

To Mount Kâf's immortal rills,
 Murmuring many a mighty spell :
 To that hyacinthine clime,
 Blooming rich in summer's prime,
 Where the bulbul courts the rose,
 Where the crystal streamlet flows,
 Where the tulips gem the plains
 And perennial beauty reigns ;
 Jinneştân the Land of Splendour,
 Shadukâm the Realm of Joy ;
 In whose bowers of tangled sweetness
 Bliss shall every hour employ.

Kelpies.

- The waters are flowing in starry light,
 From the mountains brown the streamlets leap ;
 And this is our task in the calm midnight,
 To ride o'er the breast of the crystal deep.
 When silence sits over vale and glen,
 And the Spectre-lights flash o'er the fen,
 And the round moon shines so bright and cold
 On scaur and river and castle old ;—
 Come hither, come hither, the Water-Steed waits
 To his Home of Pearl thy soul to bear ;
 Thrice blest are they whom the glittering gates
 Of that Ocean-Aden encircle there.

Dame Tryamour.

From that sweet and lonely bower
 Where Sir Launfal in the days
 Of romance and magic wooed me,
 Underneath the Love-star's gaze,

I have sought thee, and will waft thee
 On my wingèd palfrey there,
 While the birds with sweetest music
 Charm to transport thy despair.

Elves.

Our streams and hills of sunshine all invite thee :—
 Make with the gladsome Elves thy final dwelling.

King Arthur.

A voice came o'er the sounding sea
 That foams on Avalon ;
 More sweet than harps or cymbals be,
 It whispered and was gone.
 Go forth, it said, and shrine within
 Those sea-girt towers of light,
 That soul divine o'er whose bright orb,
 Hath passed the gloom of night.

Mermaids.

A ship that will sail on the land and tide,
 A steed that on ocean and earth will ride,
 Jewels and gold and pearls of price
 And a palace that rivals Paradise,
 Thine shall be, an' thou wilt but come
 Where the Sea-Maids make their shining home.

The Lady of the Lake.

I have flown on the glittering arch that spans
 The varied heaven with splendent hues ;
 I will bear thee away in my faërie car
 To the land where the rivulets gently ooze,
 Through forest, and garden, and woodland green,

Where Launcelot dwelt in the days of eld :
So bright a dwelling as mortal een
On mortal earth have never beheld.

King Oberon.

Arise, fair Star of Night, awake, arise,
And gleam o'er Mommur's stately towers,
Light from thy silver lamp the bowers,
Whence Oberon the Fay to Taunus hies
To bring the golden-souled who tranced in sadness lies.

The Horrigen.

Dance, dance sisters nine !
Wreathed in flowers around the fount,
While the stars and full moon shine,
Over greenwood, plain, and mount.
Quaff sweet wine from the crystal cup ;
Sing the song of the plaintive sea ;
Whom the Breton sisters love,
Oh, how brightly blest is he !

The Spirit of the Fan.

Caermarthen's lakes are still and clear,
And they shine in the moonlight sweetly,
In my golden boat wouldst thou see me float,
Come follow me thither fleetly.
I will fold thee still to my beating heart
When the white-eyed stars are beaming,
I will lull thee to rest in my snowy breast
And sing while thou'rt softly dreaming.
When the first fair hour of the New Year dawns,

I will waft thee over the waters ;
Oh never shalt thou repent the vow
Of the last of the Cymry daughters.

Peri-Banon.

O thou sunbeam of white heaven,
Spirit-maiden born to sorrow,
Come with me, the Indian Fairy,
To my palace-land resplendent
Of the silver-streaming fountains ;
Where the tulip fields are waving,
Where the roses scatter music
On the pure and golden ether,
Where the nightingales are singing
In the hyacinthine gardens ;
Virgins, in whose cheeks of damask
Love sits couched, shall be thy handmaids,
And the wingèd Jinn-born horses
On their golden sells shall waft thee
Through the thousand lands enchanted,
Where the Fairies of the Orient
Dwell for ever in delight.

Green-haired Fairies.

In the marble depths of the dark green sea,
Our palaces framed of the sunlight be ;
There are groves of coral and gems and gold,
Piled from the ruins of spheres of old,
Ere earth was formed, or the human race
Destined to fill the blank in space
Which Lucifer's fall from his stellar throne
Produced, and Heaven seemed dark and lone ;

Wilt thou away with us, and bide
Deep in those royal halls of pride ?
In an emerald chariot by dolphins drawn
We will bear thee away to our sea-green lawn.

Queen Mab.

The west winds are gently blowing,
The watchful stars are sheen,
The Rhine is proudly flowing
His paradise-banks between.
The lime trees fair are bending
Like maids to the kiss of night,
And the Water-Spirits are wending
In choirs to their halls of light.
The moonbeam crests the mountain,
The streamlet in silver glides,
And the fay of the haunted fountain
No more in his mosses hides.
Come away, come away in the snow-white ray
I have brought from the stars for thee ;
Come away, come away, ere the blush of day
Bids nymphs and fairies flee.
For ours is the dance on the velvet mead
To the song of the golden stars,
Which only the ear of the fays can hear,
And the bustle of mid-day mars.

Peris.

From the land of the sunbright East,
The region of gold and gem,
Which shines o'er the brows of the queenly earth
Like a glittering anadem,—

From the gardens and flowery fields
 Of the old and the tawny Ind,
 We have flown to thy side on the halcyon plumes
 Of the wild sweet western wind,
 And we bring thee the rainbow light
 Of heaven to gild thy gloom ;
 And we waft thee our sweet essential food,
 The rose-born bird, perfume.

White Dwarfs.

Winter and spring have passed away,
 Summer is over and autumn reigns,
 How sweet 'tis to wander through gardens and vineyards,
 Beneath the soft splendours of sunshine and starlight.
 How joyous the dance in the mild moon of harvest,
 When plenty is flooding the vallies and plains.
 Sing, sing, and waken the harp strings,
 Pour on the winds the soft cadence of song,
 Over the herbage, the brooks, and the forests,
 White dwarfs of Rügen we gallop along.

King Elberich.

From Göickelsass and Alnari,
 These golden Hills of the Faërie Land,
 King Elberich comes with his companie,
 Shining with helmet, and plate, and brand,
 Bring hither the harp which of old I played
 In the palace of Otnit, his bride to cheer ;—
 Come Echo, young Echo, thou voice of the forest,
 And carry my song to that lonely ear.

The Fire.

From the smokeless fire of the fierce Simoom

Is our mystic birth,
 And we soar in light through the islets bright
 That shine o'er the broad brown earth.
 We float in the fields of the sapphire air,
 We follow the flight of the angels fair,
 We hear the songs of the heavenly host,
 And back to the earth with the news we post ;
 We dwell in the depths of the Mountain Kâf,
 On the whirlwind Zobâah's wings we fly ;
 We shall see the day when shall pass away
 The race of man in guilt grown gray :
 Like the winter leaves which the breeze blows by.
 Allahu Akbar, most great is God !
 Allahu Akbar, there is none but He.

Wichtlein.

The darkly-rolling clouds of night
 Gloam o'er the music-haunted woods,
 The moon in robe of silver light,
 Is imaged on the crystal floods
 That leap from golden mines :
 Up, up, ye Little Wights, and cleave
 The air like ravens, till ye reach
 The mansions dark where spirits grieve,
 And idly still the Gods beseech
 For light that never shines.

Spinseen.

Wafted on music, maidens of the moonlight,
 From the Flowery Land of ancient China,
 From the summer trees of waving emerald,
 We approach thee, greet thee, and would win thee
 To our lunar homes of living beauty.

Nixes.

Broad o'er the waters beams the moon,
On the shimmering foam we sail ;
Around are the hills with their echoing woods,
Above are the stars so pale.
To our shadowy halls in the ocean deeps
We sink when the dawn is nigh ;
Nor rise again to our wonted haunts,
Till the star-haired Queen rides high.

The Morberch.

Whiter than the flower of lilies,
Or the silver foam of waves,
Rise the Breton Ocean-daughters
From their crystal caves.
In our ringlets, softly streaming
On the winds, are corals gleaming ;
Down our breasts of snow descend
Golden tresses which we tend
Ever with our ivory combs :
And when heaven's sunbeams shine
O'er the green and glassy sea,
Lighting it more beauteously
Than a salt or silver mine,
By a thousand lamps of gold
As in Arab tales is told ;
And such beauty fills the place
As adorns the May-day face
Of a virgin, or a child
Plucking roses fresh and wild ;
We ascend, and waft our strains,
Birdlike o'er those grassy plains,

Till the echoing rocks rebound
 With the soft and rippling sound ;
 And the Angels feel the spells,
 From our wild and plaintive shells,
 And the sea-fowl fluttering near,
 Sink entranced upon the sea ;
 Such the songs to greet thine ear,
 Breton's Sea-nymphs bring to thee.

Gandarvabs.

The mountains of the haunted Rhine,
 Sleep proudly in the Vesper light,
 The young moon shimmers o'er the vine,
 The stars smile o'er each castled height,
 The lindens rustle in the breeze,
 And lift their leaves to greet the stars,
 The river bathes the bending trees,
 Or sweeps beside the mountain spars,
 The paradise-banks of the storied stream,
 Bask in the smile of the lunar beam,
 Whose flickering beauty crests their waves,
 That roll above lordly and knightly graves ;
 And the spectral splendours of olden days,
 Glimmer this eve in the silvery haze,
 Away ! Away ! Away !

THE NINE OF HELLAS.

Praxilla.

When Paris was a shepherd on the hills
 Of spring-fed Ida, he, CEnonè loved,
 A maid of many-flowered beauty. She
 To the young prince unlaced her virgin zone,

Who sware an oath, enregistered in sand,
To make CEnonè his in marriage bonds.
But when the goddess Venus offered Paris
The finest woman that the world possessed,
The faithless lover left CEnonè fair.
The nightingales among the thick leaved trees
Wept his desertion ; the white swans lamented
Over their waves of crystal, and the fawns
Were sad amid their oaken solitudes,
And sweet CEnonè vowed eternal absence.
But when the walls of Troy, in flame enwrapt,
Were crumbled into ashes, and the throne,
Of Priam, which a thousand years had stood
Was scattered on the winds, and Paris lay
In mortal wound from Philoctetes' shaft,
His heart turned back to its first purest love
And melted ;—for CEnonè sweet he sent
A herald ;—sad and cold as marble carved
She stood and listened, *Tell thy faithless prince
To send for Helen, and demand her love.*
The herald went ; the sorrowing CEnonè
Gazed long until he vanished ; then full tears
Flowed from her gentle eyelids to her breast,
Lovely and soft, as thoughts of olden times
Rushed back upon her heart, and turned its core
To waters of forgiveness, and she followed
Quick in his footsteps to her lover's home,
Who when he heard that response, groaned and died.
Over that form, still beautiful though cold,
CEnonè stood, pale, shivering, aghast,
And fell down dead ; her heart was his alone,
And thus she proved her constancy, and went
After her lover to the Land of Shades.

Anytè.

Sappho of Mitylenè courted Phaon,
 The beauteous boy of Lesbos, whom Cytherè
 Clothed in the light of an eternal youth
 As he conveyed her in his boat to Asia;
 But Phaon would not hear her amorous songs.
 She prayed to Venus : *Goddess of the skies,
 On rainbows throned, who fillest souls with love,
 Hear me with gracious ear, if ever thou
 Didst come to me from Jove's gold palaces,
 Drawn in thy car by doves, and smiling sweet
 From thy blue eyes didst ask me why I called,
 And didst to Sappho promise, that the youth
 For whom I pine should bend unto my suit ;
 O goddess dear ! descend and aid me now !
 For he rejects the love I bring to him.
 The moon is set, the Pleiades are veiled,
 Midnight is o'er me and I watch alone,*
 Venus descended, and addressed her thus :
*In Acarnania is a lofty rock
 Called Leucatè, which juts above the sea ;
 Seek it, and having prayed within the fane
 Sacred to Phæbus, thou shalt find a cure
 For thy fond love.* The dark-eyed Sappho sought
 And found the place, and as the oracle
 Ordained, she leapt into the sea, but never
 Rose from the treacherous gulf of glassy waves.
 Thus perished the Tenth Muse of ancient Greece,
 Dying for love—why else should woman die ?
 But Sappho was avenged, for Phaon wept
 When her sad fate was known, and ere a year
 Elapsed was slain, caught in unlawful love.

Erinna.

Rhodopè bathed one day within the Nile ;
An eagle flitting o'er the place, swept down
And snatched her golden sandal. With the prize
She flew to Memphis, where Psammetichus
Was king, and as he walked within his garden
She dropped the sandal at the monarch's feet.
Psammetichus took up the splendid sandal.
Never before had aught for human foot,
So beautiful, so small, so perfect-shaped
Been seen in Memphis, or throughout the world :
So he sent messengers through all the land,
To find the owner of the sandal. Came
Thousands, the fairest his dominions held,
To win the prize, for widely was it said
The King would marry whom the sandal fitted :
They tried but failed. At last came Rhodopè,
The sandal fitted her, she shewed its fellow,
And was crowned queen of Memphis in that hour.
Happy the King who marries thus for love :
Happy the virgin who thus makes him blest.

Sappho.

When King Cleonymus set out to war,
He bade his lovely queen, Chilonides,
If any dared to love her in his absence,
To stab him with a dagger which he gave.
The beauteous ladye bound herself by oath,
And King Cleonymus departed. Now
It happed one night, inflamed with wine and love,
The King was up, and left his tent alone,
And rode beneath the starshine to his home,

And to the royal palace hastened. There,
With voice disguised, and in the cloudy night,
He sought the chamber of Chilonides,
Who slept secure and dreamed of her dear lord.
He stood beside her couch and whispered love,
The Queen awoke, and startled at the sound
Unusual, demanded who it was?
Cleonymus replied in voice unknown,
And offered an embrace. The queen arose,
And plucking the gold dagger from her pillow
Stabbed him, unknowing that he was her husband.
The King for three days lingered and then died ;
But left his throne to queen Chilonides,
And much she mourned for him, and would not be
Comforted, so ere many days she died,
And with her dear Cleonymus was tombed.

Myra.

Daphnè loved hunting ; and the virgin queen,
Diana, came from Heaven and taught the maid
The art of archery. Upon the hills
Was none so lovely, or so chaste as Daphnè.
Leucippus loved her, but she mocked his suit,
And with her sisters hunted hart and deer,
Or on Eurotas by the flowery banks
Danced in the moonlight. Failing every art,
Leucippus tired him as a huntress maid,
And with the choirs to Dian consecrate
Hunted, and ever by his Daphnè's side,
Who did not know the boy in this disguise,
Followed and charmed her by his skill and wit.
Apollo saw the virgin, and inflamed

With passion for her beauty, oft addressed
His courtship to her in the bowered woods ;
But Daphnè loved Diana, and not him.
It chanced that Daphnè and Leucippus once
Rested beside a fountain ; brightly shone
The summer sun, and Daphnè dreaming nought
That her companion was that loving boy,
Invited him to bathe, and half undressed ;
But when she saw the youth, a modest blush
Suffused her face and bosom, and she called
The nymphs around who pierced him with their shafts
Ere Daphnè knew : then shrieking much she fled
Into the woodland ; Phœbus quick pursued,
And overtook the panting virgin, who
Addressed herself to Dian, and implored
Deliverance from the god. The huntress queen
Changed her into a laurel, and she grew
Over the grave where young Leucippus slept.

Telesilla.

Phylarchus loved Anthippè ; both were young
And rambled once within the woods. It chanced
The king's son hunted, and beheld the boughs
Of a green thicket near, and heard the leaves
Rustle, as if a panther were within.
He hurled his lance : Anthippè saw the barb,
And rushed to save Phylarchus from quick death.
O woman ! trusting woman ! is there aught
Thou wilt not do for him who hath thy heart ?
In her white breast the mortal wound she met,
And died in his embrace. Phylarchus saw
The love-devotion of that beauteous maid,

And pined away. The king's son, mad with grief,
Threw himself headlong from the beetling rock.

Corinna.

Eulymenè, the lovely maid of Crete,
In marriage was betrothed to Apterus
The king ; but her Lycastus saw and loved,
And loosed her virgin zone. In wedded bonds
They were united ; but her parents knew not
That she and young Lycastus had grown one.
And they were happy as the stars of heaven.
A pestilence descended on the land,
And the poor people perished. To the God
They went, and thus the Oracle ordained :
A virgin's blood the pestilence will stay.
The maids were all assembled, and the lot
Fell on Eulymenè. Then up arose
Lycastus and proclaimed that they were wed ;
But hot with rage, and scorning all his words,
As studied falsehood to preserve her life,
The people slew them both upon the shrine :
And then was known that true Lycastus spake,
For poor Eulymenè was pregnant found ;
But God, who saw and pitied, raised them both
Into the stars, and crowned them with his light,
And now like star-beams interfused they live.

Rossis.

When Rhesus journeyed with his steeds to Troy,
He stopped at Kios, by the fame induced
Of the queen's beauty, Arganthonè named,
Who hated men, and loved to hunt alone.

Rhesus beheld her, and professed the same
 Devotion to the chase, and hate of man,
 The wilds and woodlands were his sole delight.
 The queen believed his words, and so together
 They hunted ; but ere long his princely form
 Ensnared her heart, and they were one in love.
 At length the Fates ordained that he must go,
 And bear the destined steeds to mighty Troy.
 The queen entreated, but he dare not stay,
 And so he went. She followed, as a page
 Disguised, and tended him with fondest care ;
 But ere he reached the city he was slain,
 And his fair steeds were in the Grecian camp.
 They flung his body on the river's bank,
 And left it to the birds and beasts of prey ;
 But Arganthonè watched it, and scared off
 The ravenous vultures, and the tawny wolves,
 And would not leave the corpse of him she loved ;
 And so for six whole days she tended there,
 And then she died near him she loved to death.

Myrtis.

Hero was priestess of Idalian Venus,
 Of royal birth, and dwelt on Sestos' shore
 In a lone turret which o'erhung the wave
 Of the blue Hellespont. Her beauty's light
 Was famed through Greece, and many a lover sighed
 To win the stately virgin. 'Twas the time
 When annual feast was offered at the fane
 Of Venus and Adonis. From the isles
 Around that gem the glittering sea, there came

The usual crowd of maidens, youths, and men,
To sacrifice, and with the joyous bands
Was young Leander, from Abydos' shore,
Which stood in front of Sestos. On the day
Appointed for the festival, they thronged
The golden temple of the goddess bright.
Fairest of all the priestesses was Hero ;
Blooming in maiden beauty, like the moon
That peeps at eve from the blue Grecian heaven.
Leander saw her, and was filled with love.
Never before had aught so radiant shone
Upon his eye or fancy. Hero gazed
Upon the youth, and smiled a rosy smile
That filled his bosom with the beam of hope.
They met ; he breathed the music of his soul,
The Muses' nectar tinged his golden mouth,
As he revealed the passion of his heart.
She listened, and was won, but long refused
To grant the heavenly gift he sought. At last
She said, I'll prove thee and thy faith, Leander !
When the great feast is ended, and the shore
Is once again deserted, and the tower
Receives me in its bosom ; when night's veil
Is o'er the world, then will I light a torch
Upon the topmost turret ; hast thou heart
To swim to Sestos from Abydos, then
To win me to thy breast ? Leander knelt
In ecstasy of bliss, and vowed to prove
By task so easy, with what passionate truth
He loved his Hero. So they parted. Soon
The rites were over, and the worshippers
Returned to their own homes. Leander stood

Upon the margin of the Hellespont,
 And saw the torch gleam forth amid the night,
 And plunged into the billows, proudly breasting
 Their threatening brows, and soon in Hero's arms
 Was well repaid for that adventurous travel.
 At morning's dawn he tore himself away,
 And swam back to Abydos, lonely now
 And desolate, though erst his happy home,
 Since Hero was away. But night by night
 He crossed the angry waters to his love.
 Once when the tempest howled above his head,
 And lightning dazzled him, an unseen wave
 Smote, stunned, and sank him. Dizzy and weak he rose
 To the black surface, but was swept away
 Upon the surge that yawned and curled in foam,
 Nor pitied the sad Hero, who still raised
 Her flashing torch, and screened it from the winds.
 She watched till dawn, but no Leander came ;
 The billow dashed his corpse upon the rocks
 That frowned beneath the tower. Hero saw,
 And in despair leaped headlong from the height,
 Embracing still in death her loved Leander.

The Spirit of the Rhine.

In her soul there is a Dream ;
 I can see its image glowing
 Brighter than the moonè's beam,
 Pictured on my waters flowing.
 'Tis a dream of olden hours,
 Music, song, love, lutes, and bowers,
 Sunlit hills and grassy dales,
 Moonlit meetings in green vales,

Or in woodbine-curtained bowers,
Or beside the rippling stream,
While the unseen nightingales
Fill the air with song and light ;
And the peace of heaven embraces
That sequestered silent nook :
And the pine tree interlaces
Its lithe branches o'er the brook ;—
This is her ecstatic dream.

Oh ! it is a thing divine,
This sweet lonely Dream ;
Like a green isle in an ocean,
Flowering rich with palm tree beauty,
Underneath cerulean heavens,
While the azure wavelet whispers
A soft murmur like love's accents,
On the smooth and silver margent,
Which bends downwards to its kisses.

Yes, it is a heavenly vision
This, her gentle Dream—
She is standing near the lindens,
Waiting for her lover coming :
Hark—she hears his rapid footsteps,—
She is folded on his bosom.
He is bright as young Achilles,
She more beauteous than Briseis ;
How their bosoms beat in music ;
How love's lightnings fill their features ;
How their love reveals its presence,
In their warm and rapid pulses !

Yes—it is a heavenly vision,
This, her gentle Dream.

Lo ! the olden dear-loved music
Of those olden dear-loved meetings,
Of their thoughts and souls united,
Seems again in song to live.
I can see those happy moments
Pictured faintly on her spirit,
When beneath the evening star-beam
In the woodland, in the gardens,
In the bowers they both wandered.

Now he goes—and she is lonely,
Lone and lonely—ah, how lonely !
In her gentle Dream.
Snow-white dove of sweetest beauty,
Lone and lonely drooping lily,
Why art thou in solitude ?

Now her slumber is departing—
Gone her gentle Dream :
From her flower-bed she arises
Lone and lonely—ah, how lonely !
Without even a Dream.

Gretchen (awaking).

Once more in man's frail world amid the scenes
Wherein *he* trod and raised his soul aloft,
I gaze upon the mountain crests and glens,
Upon whose loveliness his eyes would feed,
Until his thoughts grew coloured with their beauty ;

And brilliant dreams of heaven bathed his soul
In their undying radiance and repose.
The freshness of the fragrant mountain air
Makes my soul buoyant with delicious hope,
And my eyes see in all around a glory,
Born of the beauteous Past, as when we wandered
Slowly amid these solitudes, and pictured
Love in the future, as the present. Massed
Upon the undulating peaks, the clouds
Of glorious crimson rest like crowns of light
On princely brows ; deep in the shadowy glens,
Like innocence upon some child's fair face,
The holy calm of evening's mellowed beam—
And from the distance many a floating tone
Of music melts upon the breeze, and courses
Through my rapt soul, till tears of memory flow
Unbidden, and my youth revives once more

Mysterious Spirit—thou who in my soul
Art working now, what art thou, and whence art thou ?
I feel thee, fear thee, yet I clasp thee to me,
In the blest spheres of God thou art beside me ;
And in the skies upon the mountain tops,
And in the rainbow, when upon its path
Of airy gorgeousness I plume my flight,
Wafting such melody through me till I faint
With thoughts convulsive—thoughts of bliss and pain.

[*A Shepherd's pipe*]

Hark !—was it not the music of a pipe,
Echoing amid the hills ?—again—again,
The notes voluptuous, like a dream divine,
Or like *his* voice, so soft, so sweet, so sad,

Pass to my heart and speak of olden times,
 When by his side I stood amid these dells,
 And listened fondly as I listen now,
 To that enrapturing melody, whose accents
 Never shall die, or pass from my soul's soul.
 O unseen, unknown Minstrel, wake again
 That pastoral harmony !

[*The pipe is heard again*]

The wish has but
 Escaped my lips, and lo, once more it streams
 In liquid lapse upon the fairy winds,
 That guard each slightest note with jealous care,
 And bring them hither, even as angels might
 To the beloved to whom they minister.
 Oh ! wert thou here to share this joy with me,
 Bright, suffering Spirit—but the wish is vain.

Meek at the Thrones of Mercy, have I prayed,
 And raised the suppliant hymn, nor yet, alas !
 Have moved them into pity—yet my soul
 Seems filled with a strange hope ; the time approaches
 When in these purple hills we once again
 Shall roam together on the rosy winds,
 Shall wander hand in hand from star to star,
 And all our ancient happiness come back ;
 Never to separate, but still united
 While the bright heavens hold their mighty course.

Satan (*unseen*).

By the Aleim, 'tis she—the very spirit
 Whom I have sought amid the Universe,
 Ranging from sphere to sphere in anxious quest

For years and years—and yet through years on years ;
And beautiful, and pure, and clothed in light,
As when she left the burning Thrones of God
On that eventful day when wildly praying
For the proud son of earth, who scorned her love ;
Ne'er have mine eyes a brighter being viewed,
And none by whom my soul was so entranced,
As by this virgin vision of delight.

Gretchen.

O Star of Evening, couldst thou light my course
To where *he* dwelleth, I would wing my flight
Unto that solitude, though all the Powers
Of Evil banded were to bar my way,
Though hell itself rose up, and frowned me back.
Thou answerest not, O Star. Alas thy smile
Hath not the sweetness, or the light of love,
But coldly gleams on me—serenely, coldly,
Through the blue distant æther, even as he
From his high place, when we both dwelt on earth.
Thy course is in the heavens—thy thoughts are far
From earth and earthliness : the sunny visions
Of the eternal zone, wherein thou movest,
Alone employ thy meditations, bright
And happy Star—thou heedest, hearest not.

Satan (*still unseen*).

The sparkling wonders of her eyes that gleam
Lovelier through tears ; her ringlets grief-dishevelled,
Loose on her breast, more dazzling white than lilies
Floating in sunshine on the crystal waters :
Her form, from whence an effluence divine

As from a rose of beauty, glitters swiftly,
And palpably through air—her words, her sorrows,
And matchless love, have won the Prince of Air
To stoop from his ambition, and to feel
Again the love intense that once he cherished,
And crushed a world to gratify. By Hadès,
She shall be mine if ever woman was.

Gretchen.

From the deep vales arise white clouds, whose tissues
Wave greyly through the æther, like a spectre
Floating aloft, and wrapping in its wings
The base and sides of the gigantic hills,
Whose golden summits, crowned with rosy suns,
Stood out like islands in the ærial sea ;
While far beyond a glory is revealed
Of heaven-tinged splendours, like a land of light
Spreading before me, as if God unbarred
The portals of his palace, and disclosed
The habitations, and the choirs of angels,
To flood the eye of earth with wealth of beauty.
O thou Celestial City—do I see thee ?
Millions of seraphs winged with glorious light
Backward and forward seem to tread thine halls.
Of violet, gold, vermillion, purple, blent
Into one gorgeous picture—yet unshared
By *him* I would not covet once thy splendours.

Satan (*still unseen*).

The May-day dawn melting to golden noon
Is not so lovely : from her gentle eyes,
Formed to breathe joy, and innocence, and song,

And laugh sweet music from her heart of heaven,
Her sorrows flow—oh must they flow for ever?
Her pliant form bends like the rose-tree fair
Beneath the soft winds of the summer nights;
Her ringlets, tangled by the breeze, lie spread
Now on the air, like the bright rays that beam
Out of the Evening star, when new uprisen
It lights the purple sky with glowing lustre.
Her lips are parted, as she were in prayer;
To kiss them were to drink anew the Fount
Of Innocence, as erst in Heaven it flowed;
She moves like music visible through air——

Gretchen.

What form is this?—a grave and noble shape,
A solemn beauty in Egyptian grandeur,
And like an agèd oak, decay and greatness.
She gazes on me silently, but sweetly,
And in her hand she bears a Golden Bough.
Whence comes she? from the hills or dewy vales?
This place, methought, was solitude itself,
A moment hence—yet here comes one who seems
Lady of all she sees—the mountain queen.

Satan (*still unseen*).

Yet how persuade her?—how induce oblivion
Of him, who is the essence of her spirit,
Its life and soul, and never ceasing action?
The mortal for whose weal she prays is bound
In the infrangible bonds of brazen Hell.
Can I not tempt her as I tempted Eve
By specious promises? Sweet maiden purity

Is so around her, that I shrink. What I?—
 The Prince of Air, the glorious Lord of Light,
 Shrink from a Spirit of inferior order?
 I, who have coped with Heaven, hand to hand,
 And hurled back thunder on the thunder-bearer?
 Hence, vain alarm. Her God is deaf and blind
 To prayer and grief. Her supplications all
 Have been rejected or unheard. In me
 Her only hope is centred. He is mine,
 And ere the Fates dismiss him, she shall bow
 To me—nor bow unpitied, if she smiles.

The Sibyl.

Spirit! I know thee, and thy sacred grief,
 Thy lonely pilgrimage, and eloquent tears,
 And prayers, have been revealed to me and mine,
 Lonely recluses of the Mystic Past.
 Tremble not, for the wished-for hour is nigh,
 When *he* shall burst the prison, and be joined
 To thee in spirit, as thy prayers have sought.

Gretchen.

Ladye, I thank thee for this sweet assurance;
 But who art thou, and whence?

The Sibyl.

I am the Sibyl

Of Ancient days, a mountain-dweller lone,
 And musing much on present, past, and future.
 I have communed with heroes and with sages,
 I have inspired the Messengers of God:
 Have seen the young, the beautiful, the true,

Pass in the waves of Time, and be forgotten ;
 Have dwelt in cities whose foundations now
 Are mysteries ; have wandered on wild plains
 That now are vast communities ; have paced
 O'er empires that are now unfathomed seas :
 Yet never saw I love more pure than thine,
 And therefore am I here to aid thee, Spirit.

Gretchen.

How shall I thank thee, Sibyl of the Past?

The Sibyl.

I need no thanks but those my heart bestows
 For that which I can do to serve the pure.
 Take this Gold Branch—a magic power is shrined
 Within its breast—it is the Branch that God
 Once gave the Holy Spirit, when he breathed
 Beauty and Power o'er that mighty Splendour,
 And said, *Go forth and form an Universe*
After the grand Idea in my Soul.
 The Spirit went, and made the glorious Kosmos,
 By this divine and fabricating spell,
 And then to me, who am the Spirit's shadow,
 Handed the Branch to use it not myself,
 But lend it to some other one in need.
 Take it, sweet child—whate'er thy wish may be,
 Whether to burst the gates of deepest Hell,
 Or soar to heights in Heaven unknown to Spirits
 Of an inferior order, or to rouse
 The sleepers from the slumber of chill death,
 Or free from darkness aught that dwells therein,

Or waft to Paradise from lowest Hadès,
 Or burst the iron bonds that hold in thrall
 The wayward wandering spirits of the earth,
 Wave but this wand and thou shalt see thy wish
 Accomplished ; but, beware, nor rashly waste
 The power I give thee ; for the deed performed,
 The Golden Branch will vanish from thy grasp,
 And rest again with me, who never more
 Can proffer it to hand that once possessed.
 Take it, and find the place thy soul desires !

Satan (still unseen.)

By the bright Gods, this prize I long have sought !
 The Sibyl is departed, and this Spirit
 Entranced in rapture even now beholds
 The illumined dwelling where her love is chained,
 And hopes to rescue him from me and Hell.
 Mine be that Golden Branch of mystic charm,
 By whose strong spell, I once again may reach
 Those zones of splendour now impassable.
 How shall I win it ? Hence, world-dazzling brightness,
 Too mighty for this daughter of frail earth :
 And as an Angel of her own degree,
 I greet her.

To GRETCHEN.

Spirit ! beauteous be thy thoughts.

Gretchen.

Angel, whence art thou, from what sphere in Heaven ?

Satan.

From that which is the greatest of the spheres,

Where the All-Father is in thunders throned :
Where none but the most holy can abide.
I seek a daughter of this earth.

Gretchen.

Her name ?

Satan.

Margaret.

Gretchen.

'Tis mine—

Satan.

Thy prayers shall soon be heard ;
The Golden Branch the Sibyl gave thee now
Will ope the way that leads thee to *his* home.
But thou must wend with me, who am ordained
To guide thee on thy journey. Wilt thou come ?

Gretchen.

I come ; but Spirit, whither is thy flight ?

Satan.

To the Abyss.

Gretchen.

Of thee the Sibyl spake not.

Satan.

The Sibyl knew not of my journey hither :
How could the Sibyl mount to the Lord Gods ?
Give me the Golden Branch, it is ordained.

Gretchen.

I know thee not.

Satan.

Yet I can read thy thoughts.

I heard thy prayer unto the Evening Star,
And wouldst thou wonder if the Star would aid thee ?

Gretchen.

Art thou a spirit from that Star ?

Satan.

I am not.

But I can grant thy wishes—why distrust me ?
Know, I am greater far than any Star :
By the loved name imprinted on thy being,
I ask thee for the Branch. It is ordained.

Gretchen.

And dost thou know my thought ? Pronounce it.

Satan.

Goethe.

Gretchen.

Begged in *his* name, I will not aught refuse ;
Take the Gold Branch, and lead me to his side.

Satan (*discovering himself.*)

The Branch is mine, and would that thou wert so !

Gretchen.

Oh, no ! oh, no ! it cannot sure be true :
Hast thou deceived me ?—no, I'll not believe it.

Satan.

Spirit, bow down,—adore the Prince of Air !

Gretchen.

Oh, no ! no—no ! thou dost not, canst not mean it ;
By the strong misery in my soul thou wilt not ;
By my wild agony thou wilt not, canst not ;
By these hot tears of frenzy, no, thou wilt not ;
Thou art a Prince, and wert, and shouldst be noble ;
Thou wert a god, and wert, and shouldst be godlike ;
Give me the Branch—oh, give me back the Branch—
See, I am prostrate at thy feet before thee ;
Give it me back, Prince, Fiend, give me the Branch,—
It is not thine but mine ; the Branch, the Branch,
Give it, and I will pray for thee for ever.

Satan.

When thou canst call down yonder moon from heaven,
And it obeys—why thou shalt have the Branch.

Gretchen.

Oh hearken, hearken, give me back the Branch ;
Thou knowest not—thou canst not know my love,
Thou knowest not, nor canst, the torturing thoughts
That rack me—oh, but give me back the Branch ;
To *me* the Sibyl gave it—not to *thee* ;
It is not thine—I say it is not thine,
Why shouldst thou rob me of it ? 'tis not thine.
She gave it *me*—she gave it not to thee ;
'Tis mine, as perfectly as my soul is mine ;
Why shouldst thou dare to claim it ? who art thou ?
What ! have I prayed and sighed, and knelt and wept,

Till heaven grew pitiful,—the stars, the skies,
 The angel host, the very fiends of Hell,
 And wilt not thou?—oh, give me back the Branch,
 Thou canst not know the bitterness of my grief.
 Oh ! have I wandered wide for year and year,
 Still, still in agony, yet still in hope ;
 And wilt thou rob me of my only blessing,
 Thou, whom I never injured—thou, the Prince
 Of Air, and I, a poor weak child of earth ?
 What canst thou gain in agony of mine ?
 Give it me back, the Branch, the Branch, not thine,
 But mine, nor plunge me thus in deepest Hell.

Satan.

What wilt thou give me, if I render back
 The prize thou covetest ?

Gretchen.

Whate'er thou ask'st.

Satan.

Thy soul—thy spirit.

Gretchen.

But will *his* be freed

If I consent ?

Satan.

Spirit of earth, I love thee,
 And fain would make thee mine ; I am the Prince
 Who battled with The Almighty ; Chance or Fate
 Gave *Him* the victory, and to me despair.
 But yet I am a Prince, a mighty Ruler,

Inferior only to the Sovereign Gods
In power, but not in pride, or daring thought.
And with this Branch, whose mighty spell I know,
I can frame worlds of beauty and delight,
And beings also fair and pure as His.
And can control and burst, and loose and bind,
Such force omnipotent is in its heart.
Yield me thy love, and he for whom thy soul
Has yearned so long, shall be set free for ever.
Now he is ours, bound in enduring fire
By solemn compact—if thy love be love,
And not a fantasy, a dream, a fable,
Thou canst redeem him. I can let him free,
And give him back unto the gods he left.
If thou dost truly love, thou'lt not reject
The proffered prize. Be mine, and he is saved :
Refuse, and he is lost to all eternity.

Gretchen.

Love thee !—I cannot love but him alone.
But take my soul, I'll give it thee for his.
Place me where he is placed—let him go free.
If thou dost love, give proof of thy strong love.

Satan.

Thy love I want, and not thy soul. Farewell:

Gretchen.

Oh stay ! oh stay ! alas ! he has outstripped
My fleetest flight, and I am crushed—oh God !

SCENE IV.

THE ABYSS OF HELL.

Like the quick shifting of some Thespian scene,
Sunshine dissolved, and night around me fell ;
On earth, a moment since—now in the Abyss
Of terrible Chaos, Darkness, Fire, and Cloud.
Fiercely the thunder yelled amid those vasts,
While flashed the three-forked bolt enwrapped in flame.
Mists, like thick ocean, foamed in fire about us,
And hail, and snow, and rain, in iron shower,
Barring our entrance—but his wings of pride
The Steed Immortal waved, and smote them back.

A mournful Vision moves before mine eyes,
A sight to make me weep, and shrink dismayed,
Phantoms of fiendly shape are hovering near ;
The serpent Furies, linked in bloody dance,
Gore-stained and grim, their burning torches waving,
And glimmering dimly through the palpable night.
And with them myriad Shapes, withouten shape,
Formless and savage, one-eyed, winged, immense,
Breathing despair from looks hell-doomed, forlorn ;
Stained with the leprosy of gloomy Cain.
Forth from their lips burst agonizing screams
Of torture, hate, revenge, disdain, and pride,
And mockeries more fearful far than all.
Some frown from horrid pinnacles of snow ;
Some from an Alps of fire, and some from clouds

Sulphureous, charged with thunder. Lo ! a pale
Teeth-chattering Spectre, waving in his hand
A scythe of lightning, glowers and stops my path,
And flashing from his eyes the dark-blue glare
Of deadly serpents, lifts in act to strike—
The bolt of Heaven smites him, and he falls,
Gnashing his teeth with impotent defiance.

Is it the booming of a distant Ocean,
Or the deep voice of thunders ? Rivers of blood
Foam o'er the deserts, and the hellish Styx
Crawls with slow, turbid pace : a million Phantoms
Wander along its banks, and the grim Ferryman
Gathers the crowds reluctant in his boat ;—
Onward, bright Steed ! nor stay thy destined path.

These are the Gates of Hell, guarded by Giants
In armour, like the light of burning flame :
And watched by horrible Shapes : myriads of damned
Are hurled along and through them, each attracted
To the rank vice to which on earth he gave
His virgin soul. The monstrous Dog of Orcus
Barks from his cavern : fifty dragon heads
Hiss from his shoulders, scaring the wild spirits,
Whom the dark Punishers scourge with rods of flame ;
Till the blood gushes forth, as from a rock,
Touched by magician, the bright waters leap.

Pegasus.

See yonder Shapes, terrific to behold,
Riding upon the backs of shrieking men.
These are their crimes. When wicked wretches die,

Their evil works in life become embodied
 In foulest Monsters, such as those you see,
 Deformed from head to foot, with fetid smell,
 And voices terrible. Beside the bier
 They stand, and when the Spirit of the Dead
 Beholds them, it cries out, *From such as thee,
 May God defend me. Who and what art thou,
 O most detestable of beasts ?* Whereat
 The Monster, born of sin, replies, *I am
 Thine evil works. While thou wert in the flesh
 Thou didst ride on me ; now that thou art dead,
 Upon thee I will ride for ever and ever.*
 And then the Monster mounts upon his back,
 And all that see him, pale with terror, cry,
Well art thou punished, enemy of God !

The Poet.

But is not this a dream, a vision only ?

Pegasus.

By Heaven, I swear to thee, it is no dream !
 What, wouldst thou raise the guilty up to God ?
 Wouldst thou have *Him* forgive—because they're dead—
 Wretches whose lives on earth but imaged Hell ?

What gorgeous Demon glares from yon ravine ?
 Wild Seshanaga, whom the Hindoo fears.
 A thousand heads with splendent jewels crowned :
 His eyes are flaming torches, but his neck,
 His tongues, and body are as ebon night,
 And slaughter hisses from his hungry jaws.
 And after him, a Fiend of terrible shape,
 An hundred cubits high ; his head a bull's,

Hog's eyes, and elephant ears, and hart's broad horns ;
A neck of ostrich, and a lion's breast,
Streaked like a tiger, backed like a wild cat,
Ram-tailed, and camel-legged ; his hoarse, shrill bray,
Like a wild ass's in the lonely desert,
And behemoths, and things of unknown name,
Plumed with the feathers of the tawny eagle,
And hundred-headed, with red tongues of fire,
Follow him o'er the flaming Gulf ; while blasts
Of loudest thunder, upon lightning wings,
Are round, before, and after them, whose echoes
Shake the tremendous Vault, until it groans
And trembles with strange fear of that wild crew.

And here, beside a Gate, yeclothed in white,
We saw the primal Father of Mankind ;
A venerable Shade, before whose throne
The souls of all that pass from earth appear.
Ere they select the path to right or left,
Which opens when they pass the River of Death.
When he beholds the evil in their darkness,
He turns his eyes away : *Ah ! sinful soul,*
Thou hast departed from an evil body !
But when the pearly-shining pure appear,
His eyes are lit with rapture, and he cries,
O happy spirit, from a blessed form !
Thus he rejoices ever in the good
Sprung from his loins ; but o'er the sons of sin
He weeps with true parental tenderness.

A Universe of torture opes before us—
Mountains and Valleys, Cataracts and Gulfs,

Oceans, tremendous Deserts, Worlds of Fire,
Through which the Demons rush, thick as the dust
Of earth, or countless as the clouds of locusts,
Whose march leaves death and ruin in its road ;
Bathan and Vire, Hagenti, Flauros, Baal.
Onward, and onward still, through flame we passed,
And saw the horrent Lamiæ, and dark Lok,
The Spirit of the fierce and gloomy North,
Oromodon, and Demogorgon old ;
The golden-footed Stag, and centaur Nessus,
Fenrir, that mighty wolf with blood-stained maw,
And the Wild Boar of Calydon renowned.
Nemæas lion, and the Siren snakes ;
And after them the Gorgon-sisters came,
Gloom-roaming, dark-skinned, many-headed, stern,
And the Stymphalides, the Deadly Sins,
And Gog and Magog, those foul twins of Satan,
And Judas, whirling on Ixion's wheel,
O'er whom a Demon of appalling shape
Bent—and upon his lips impressed a kiss,
Such as the snake-eyed traitor gave to Christ ;
A kiss that shot red lightnings through his frame.
And other forms and things of name unknown,
And shape, that hath no image on the earth,
But each itself a Horror of dread horrors,
Loomed from the hellish darkness on our path,
And glared, and grinned, and howled, and laughed in
madness,
Like maniacs in their fury, like wild cats,
Like eagles scared by lightnings from their nests,
Like the fell tigress, when the hounds come near
The cave where growl her horrid hungry cubs.

Here, underneath a gloomy roof that arched,
Its greatness o'er a wild tumultuous flame,
That hissed beneath as proudly and as brightly
As a fierce dragon rushing on his foe,
We saw two Angels hanging—Harût this,
And this his brother Marût, whom God sent
On earth to teach men brotherhood and love.
Andrasta in the guise of Venus met them,
And tempted them to sin ; they quarrelled for her,
And were expelled from Heaven's blissful homes,
But God extended mercy to them, leaving
To them to chuse, whether they would endure
Their penalty ere earth was lost in fire,
Or after the Undying Day of Doom.
They chose the first, and now in Hell suspended,
Await the sounding of that awful trump
Which shall proclaim death to the race of man,
And all the world be swallowed up in flame.

And see, where mounted in his brazen chariot,
Drawn by fire-breathing dragons, shaking terror
From their fierce flaming manes, comes the great Priest
Of Argos, named Triptolemus, whom Ceres
Rendered immortal ; in his path, a light
Of purple splendour and of glittering sparks.

Triptolemus.

Mortal ! I know thee and thy wondrous quest :
He whom thou seekest is not in these regions ;
Yet onward, onward to the Throne of Satan ;
There shalt thou learn the mysteries of Fate.

Scarce had he spoken, when in flashing fire

He vanished through the murky mists of Hell,
Lo ! where the Tower of Babel rises high !
Immortal towers, with galleries and halls
Of ever glorious splendour, strength and power,
Mighty as in the days, the Titan sons
Of primal earth raised up these mammoth mounds,
And laughed at heaven and heaven's avenging thunder,
That smote but felled not these enchanted piles,
Till, of their own free will, the Sons of Satan
Bare it on million wings, and by art-magic
Culled from the earliest records of the Eternal,
Planted it on these rocks, where it shalt stand
Secure and unmolested, until Time
Herself shall end, and Hell and Heaven pass
Away, like visions of a sick man's slumber,
Leaving a Chaos horribler than aught
The night-mare-ridden maniac's teeming brain
Fashions in shape fantastic, black and wild.

Mark ! where fierce Odi stalks over the damned,
Transforming his foul shape to sights accursed,
Each one more odious than the one before :
A thousand cobras breathing fire and venom
Hiss round his horrid limbs of golden hue,
Dreadful his face : his mouth a cave of night,
From which in volumes darkness ever rolls.
And after him, Maraka, on a cat
Large as a mountain, hissing azure flame,
And lava-torrents ;—from his odious mouth
Of gnashing teeth, two mighty tusks protrude,
Which ever and anon he dashes down,
Amid the screaming torrents of the lost,

Impaling them as if on fiery stakes.

Four are his arms, and in one hand he bears
The dart of death ; the torch of Hell flares forth
From his red eye ; its frenzy from his tongue,
And yet a third, oh horror ! deadliest horror !
Wolf-shaped and bearing on his mighty breast
A face, Medusa-like, that turns to wolves
All who upon its loathsome features glance.
In his fierce claws, that in their grasp might hold
A continent, he bears a shrieking crowd
Of men, the which he dashes on a rock
Sharp as a needle, with a thousand points,
And every peak crested with dark blue ice.
My heart wept blood as I beheld the sight.

Next follows One, unknown in name and form ;
He stands upon a buffalo, erect,
And on his brows I see three crowns of fire,
A chain of skulls suspended round his neck,
A cloud of flame surrounds his dark red body,
His girdle is a serpent hissing plague,
And, where he touches with his reptile feet,
The forms of men are changed to monster-shapes.
Before and after him a freezing wind
That withers as it were to stones of ice
All upon whom its horrent breath descends.
More deadly Curse than he, Hell sends not forth.
Oh ! how my soul wept, as I saw these terrors :
Wept for poor human kind, the lost in Hadès.

Hark ! how their voices rise from the Abyss,
As the star-splendour flashing from thy wings,

Offspring of Heaven, lights the fearful gloom.
 Some stretch their hands aloft, as Dives stretched,
 Craving a drop of water ; some upturn
 Their blood-red eyes, that flash with pain and madness,
 And shout with frantic scream, *Annihilation!*
Utter annihilation!—some entreat
 Mercy, a moment's mercy, from their Torturers,
 The venom-hissing Snakes and purple Demons ;
 Others raise blasphemous shouts, while laughter hoarse
 And bitter mockery meets their ears in answer—
 Oh thou Great Power, wilt thou not relent ?

Voice.

Why should God place the sons of Hell in Heaven ?
 Why should God rank the Evil with the good ?
 Why, if a mortal will not cleanse himself
 From foul pollution, should the Holy do it ?
 Behold ! the pure are ever with the Pure !
 The sensual wicked ever with the Base !

Lo ! Indian Mahasoor, that mighty Shape !
 He rises, like the flame from Etna's heart.
 The deadly Keres, like swift dogs of Hell,
 Each an armed Minister of Vengeance dire,
 Hurry along on thunder-pealing clouds.
 The vulgar tribe of Conquerers are crushed
 Beneath the heel of Justice ; while the Harpies
 Howl through the midnight, tainting all they touch,
 Monsters of form ineffable : from beneath,
 Massed in confusion, lie the slaves of Lust,
 Gluttony, Avarice, Cruelty, and Pride,

Ambition, Perfidy, the sin of Sodom,
Hypocrisy, Fraud, Treachery, Unbelief,
In hues and forms congenial to their natures ;
For each lost Soul assumes a beast-like shape
In unison with his most horrid vice :
The cruel like a wolf, the base a skunk,
The cunning grows a fox, a rat or snake,
And in hyena form the false appear,
And every nature makes unto itself
A palpable medium for its fell desires.
This is the Law that governs every being.
And as I look, my soul shrinks up in dread,
And the eye, wearied by the boundless prospect
Winks, and is wet with tears of pain and sorrow.
While glistening from on high, the Star of Wormwood
Sheds down a baleful poison, blackening all,
Corrupting all, and filling with new horrors :
And Hell's red Vampires stalk along through blood.
And there are Castles, Palaces, and Temples,
Each a sad theatre of deadliest woe.
Onward, bright Steed, nor stay thy fated flight.

Pegasus.

Yet pause, nor pass this spectacle. Behold
The Magic Tower which Hercules raised of yore
Outside renowned Toledo, when he rested
After his labours by the Ocean-strait,
Where still his pillars frown amid the waves.
Like a great mount it rises broad and lofty,
And round its base four mighty lions roar,
Snorting red flame from nostrils filled with fire,
And raging as with madness :—the vast walls

Are formed of jasper and of coloured marbles,
Shining more splendidly than glass or silver ;
Enter ! and mark the sight thou shalt behold,
Bearing back tidings of the scene to earth.

We stood beside the Magic Tower ; two Shapes
With long white beards were seated at the portal ;
Their hairs were ivy-bound, and snowy robes
Of ancient fashion cinctured their gaunt limbs.
A livid fire glowed in their angry eyes.
They frowned, and would have barred the brazen gate,
But the bright spear appalled them ; in we swept ;
A hot red wind came forth with rushing sound
And scream of tempests,—groans and howlings dire
Were heard. On a huge pedestal of bronze
A Giant stood of aspect horrible,
And black as midnight. In his hand colossal
He whirled a mace, large as that chesnut trunk
That grows beneath the old volcanic mount,
Ten yards in mighty girth. His horrid eyes
Glowered as we passed, and rage convulsed his limbs.
He would have smitten, but his arm fell powerless,
Touched by the spear of Uriel. On ! on !
We passed into a high and vasty chamber,
Whose walls were flame of overpowering brilliance.
It had no floor ; a bottomless abyss
Of darkness and of lava rolled beneath.
Suspended in the centre by strange magic
Was one who wore a royal mitre on,
Enveloped in a Hydra's hundred folds,
That stung him, crushed him, burned him, tore him through
And through, until the vault of this great Hall

Seemed but one terrible atmosphere of screams.
Round him a lurid halo of red fire
Revealed his name, King Roderick of Spain ;
And facing him, Count Julian, whose fair child
He had debauched, till madness filled her brain,
And she destroyed herself. The wretched father,
Stung into frenzy at his child's disgrace,
His own dishonour, and insensate thirst
For dread revenge, made compact with the Moors,
And led their hordes to Spain, whose sunny land
Of beauty they o'erran, and trampled down
The Cross beneath the Crescent ; thus the crime
Of one gave birth to many, and thy wrongs,
Hapless Florinda, were too well avenged.
This monarch, in the drunkenness of his pride,
Had burst the Magic Tower, and read the fate
Prepared for his doomed land by his hot crime.
The Tower vanished, but was fixed in Hell,
By Hercules the Lybian. When the king
Descended here, the angry hero bound
The wretch to Hydra, in this self same tower
Which he had so polluted ; face to face
The sire revengeful was opposed, that thus
He might for ever bear in mind the crime
That doomed him to perdition. And when Hydra
Rested from her mad tortures, Julian came
And took her place, and with his teeth, in length
A yard, and sharper than the sharpest spear,
Transfixed the foul polluter of his blood.
As we approached the royal wretch, beheld
The sight unwonted, and by the strong spell
Compelled, thus spake, while Hydra stood aloof,

And Julian fixed on him a livid look
Of hate that ever hungered to be fed.

King Roderick.

O Agony !—immortal Agony !

Art thou not sated yet ? thy crown of thorns
Pierces me through and through ; thy forks of fire
Transfix my spirit ; madness whelms me deep
In torment terrible, that knows no rest.

O Agony !—immortal Agony !

Is't not enough my throne and kingdom gone,
Myself an outcast, perishing in a swamp,
And trampled into death by meanest hinds ;
My Exilona, once my beauteous queen,
Widowed, and headless ; all my race destroyed ;
The curses of my kingdom ; the strong spell
Of misery that eats into my soul,
And yon avenging Hydra ?—are not these
Enough for one sweet sin, O Agony !
Art thou not sated yet ? thy stony eyes
Glare on me, and thy fatal frown cries, No !
God the Avenger ! hurl me into nothing,
Or I will curse thee while my tongue can wag.

O fatal summer day—O day accursed,
O day to be erased from Time and Thought,
O day whose blackness still is on my soul,
O day more horrible to me than Hell,
O day that rose so fair, that set so foul,
O day to which the Furies gave sad birth ;
How thou art now before me. In my palace
Shining by Tagus, lo, methinks I stand,
The air is perfumed with rich shrubs and flowers,

The love-sick nightingale sings to the rose,
That trails her fragrant ringlets on the winds,
The waterfalls in music softly gliding,
And glittering in the sun, like silver mines
Molten by some arch wizard's mighty spells,
Mirror all loveliness in earth and heaven.
And in this paradise I move once more ;
My Exilona, my sweet Eastern queen,
Dwells in yon harem, from the world apart
As erst within her father's orient halls.
Oh, let me seek her, and entranced in love,
Upon her bosom, softer than the kisses
Of rosy Venus, dream away my thoughts.

I sought her bower ; Oh ! curse upon the speed,
Upon the path, that led me to my doom.
There was a casement overhung with myrtles,
Within it was a garden gemmed with groves
Of orange trees, and in the midst a fountain
Girt by a grassy bank thick sown with flowers,
And round the fountain, in that sunny noon,
The queen's fair damsels clustered, like young fawns
In some deep woodland nook. Some lay asleep
Upon the lilies, half their beauties bared ;
Some danced beneath the shadow of the trees ;
Some gathered flowers ; some to song and lute
Romped in voluptuous sport, while laughter sweet
And musical was wafted on the air ;
Some in the waters bathed their delicate limbs,
Outshining the white splendour of the marble,
And faintly glinting through the crystal waves.

Among the damsels there was one, a Maid
From Mauritania ; darkly tinged her features,
But the bright rose blushed through the lovely brown ;
Her eyes were black and full of fire, and flashed
Like the rich sunlight of her own wild land.
A sportive contest rose amid the damsels,
Whether the Moorish or the Iberian form
Displayed more beauty ; but the Mauritanian
Limbs of luxuriant symmetry revealed
That seemed unparalleled, while o'er her face
A smile of conscious loveliness and pride
Flitted, and seemed to say, I am your queen ;
Yield, Spanish beauties, to the splendid Moor !

The Spanish damsels frowned but for a moment,
When they bethought them of the young Florinda,
Count Julian's daughter. On the grassy bank
She lay in summer slumber ; the soft glow
Of youth and innocence lit up her cheek,
Her fringed eyelashes scarcely veiled her eyes,
Her moist and ruby lips were lightly parted,
Disclosing a bright gleam of ivory teeth ;
Her virgin bosom rose beneath her boddice,
Like the soft heaving of a sunny sea.
Tenderness, sweetest pudency, delight,
Seemed breathing round her, through her ; and she looked
Amid the flowers the loveliest bud of all.
Behold, they cried, behold in this young Maid.
The peerless champion of Iberian charms.
In playful eagerness, they half disrobed
The innocent Florinda to the sun ;
Ere she had shaken off the spell of slumber.
I saw—and drank in madness through my eyes.

Count Julian.

This was the gentle one, the virgin treasure
Whom I had trusted to this hellish fiend.
O fool, to yield a lamb unto the wolf ;—
Protect her, sire, as if she were thy child,
And thou her father ; train her in the paths
Of virtue and religion ; she is all
I have on earth, my beautiful, my own.
And the rank villain swore, but broke his oath.

King Roderick.

From that day forth the frenzy fired my brain ;
I could not rest ; in vain my Exilona
Wooded me to calm ; I wandered, raving still
On that fair virgin ; honour, truth, and virtue,
Were dried up in my heart ; I would have scorned
The voice of Christ himself had he come down
From heaven to stay me in my wilful heat.
One evening, by that fountain's flowery edge
I saw her playing ; all was silence round ;
No eye was near, but God's ; I called the maid,
She came ; I asked her to draw forth a thorn
That stung my hand ; she knelt beside my feet,
The touch of her warm fingers thrilled my blood ;
Her amber locks in streaming ringlets fell
About her beautiful head ; her innocent breast
Trembled beneath her robe, her timid blushes
Increased her charms, and in her downcast lids
Such gentle modesty was shrined, as might
Have turned the Fiend himself to virtuous thought.

She knelt beside my feet, but found no thorn

In that hot hand. The thorn was in my heart ;
I grasped her in my arms ; I told her all ;
All my wild passion, all my maddened hours ;
Paler than lilies was the virgin ; still
I strained her to my breast ; now red, now white,
Alternately she grew, and trembled much.
I pressed my suit—I swore, as men will swear
In such a moment ; honour, riches, rank,
All these I promised—but I was repulsed,
With more than queenly scorn, and maiden pride.
The fiend was on me. She was in my clasp,
I forced her.

As he spake, the Hydra leapt
Again upon him, in his hundred folds
Of viperous poison fanged with fire eternal,
Clasping the wretch, who sank into the gulf,
Howling most piteously, and wild blaspheming,
While after him, with wolf-like hate and speed,
Leaped Julian gnashing his long teeth. The flames
Rushed up and hid them from my horrified gaze.

SCENE V.

THE EMPYREAN.

Guardian Angel.

I hear a voice of weeping and of sorrow
Borne on the melancholy stream of winds,
Like the soft wailing of a waterfall,
Whose low monotonous chant at midnight heard,
In some wild forest, seems a spirit-moan ;
Hither the sound was wafted. Who is this ?
A tall fair Shape in white from head to foot ;
A golden fillet binds her awful brows,
And inspiration breathes from her bright eyes.
Sadly she courses on the wingèd air,
Her hands are crossed upon her heaving bosom,
And sorrow veils her in a faint blue mist.
As she comes near, it is the mystic Sibyl.
Whence is the fountain of her tearful woe ?

The Sibyl.

Spirit, whence comest thou ? thy smile is happy,
While I am bound in sadness and despair.

Guardian Angel.

In the bright sphere of Venus is my home ;
Where in unfading love and light I dwell.
But thou art sorrowful, O beauteous Sibyl.

The Sibyl.

I weep for her whom destiny hath whelmed.

Guardian Angel.

Whom dost thou mean? A child of Earth or Heaven?

The Sibyl.

A child of earth, who should have been of Heaven;
But who hath yielded up her soul to free
From everlasting fire the soul of One
In whom her heart was centered.

Guardian Angel.

Dost thou mean
Margaret, whose woes are known to the Lord Gods?

The Sibyl.

A fearful peril hath she taken on her,
And given her Spirit in exchange for his.

Guardian Angel.

Alas, I needs must weep to hear thy story;
But when was this transcendant deed performed?

The Sibyl.

Yesterday, when the purple evening fell
O'er forest, mountain, river, lawn, and dell,
In the proud range of Taunus in that land
Of legendary beauty, mid a band
Of faërie nymphs she lay and slept; a Dream
Came to her soul, whose wild romantic scheme
So charmed her spirit that she could not rest,
Until she perfected that mighty test
Of love undying, which it breathed into
Her passionate heart. It chanced I wandered through

Those solitary glens, and pitying sore
The wildness of her grief that more and more
Increased as hopeless of a cure, I gave
The Golden Branch that charms the Stygian wave,
And opes a passage wheresoe'er the will
Impels of him who wields it with true skill.
With this I bade her seek the exile where
Her lover lies confined in black despair,
Weeping unto the Heaven whose love he scorned,
When in the splendours of the earth adorned,
He sought and found his happiness in self,
In pride, in rank, in folly, and in pelf.

Scarce had she held the Branch when Satan's art
Lured it away; an arrow through her heart
Could not have given a pang like that which rent
Her spirit through and through when his intent
Was shewn. The Prince of Air protested love;
That Mighty Spirit stooped, and idly strove,
With many a specious wile, to win the Maid,
Whose matchless constancy had never strayed
From the clear starlight of its early thought;
Vainly he threatened, still more vainly sought;
Till lost in passionate despair, she knelt
Before the Tempter, *Since thou wilt not melt
To pity, and release this soul of light
From the fell bonds of thine accursèd night,
Give him to Heaven, take mine for his, and cast
Me to thine Hell.* The thunders bellowed fast,
And lightning wrapt the hills in azure flame;
The storm came forth, the crystal skies became
Dark as the frowning welkin of deep Hell;

The startled mountains quivered at the spell ;
But yet he would not ; with an angry eye
He passed away, nor scarcely deigned reply.

The morning found her still musing alone,
Her purpose firmer, more intensely grown ;
She heeded not the ordeal ; undismayed
She sought the old-loved walks, where once they played
In passionate youth ; the withered trees, the groves,
The gardens, rendered dear by their young loves ;
The flower-sprent stream, the ruined tower, the strand,
Where they had paced delighted hand in hand ;
The old church where they knelt, the ancient place
Hallowed by many a virgin sweet embrace ;
Here was the sacred scene where first they met,
Here where they parted, never to forget ;
In each and all she lingered, ere she cast
Her farewell look, her mournfullest, her last ;
She turned her eyes to Heaven, and weeping spake
Words that were symbols of the grief that brake
That noble, trusting, beautiful young soul ;
Oh ! thou Great Power, who seest my bitter dole,
And knowest that I was pure and innocent
In thought and deed, yet why this cup was sent
Thou hast not said ; from thine eternal seat,
Where star and lightning roll beneath thy feet,
Thou lookest on me, and the price I pay
To lift this Spirit to thy golden day.
Thou art omnipotent, but wilt not spare ;
I nought arraign thy justice pure, nor dare
In thought deny ; thy servants' errors, Lord !
Deserve, and they have won, the flaming sword

*Of vengeance, that expelled him from thy sight,
And the unfading beauty of thy light.*

*Yet, since Thou wilt not pardon erring man,
And sin pollutes him with her withering ban,
Look down at least on me with eyes benign,
Nor angrily condemn this deed of mine.*

*Yielding the soul thou gavest me, to free
From thrall the Soul I worship next to Thee.*

This spoken in a burst of terrible woe,
She looked on all, and sighed ; then turned to go
To the Abyss, yet oft a lingering glance
She cast on those loved things which did intrance
Her spirit in despair : she could not speak ;
The big tears streamed adown her snow-white cheek,
Her glittering hair was matted and wet through,
Until it dripped with sorrow's holy dew ;
Yet once methought she paused irresolute,—
'Twas but a moment, and a pang acute
Swept o'er her features, as in scorn that aught
Of self should interfere with that great thought
Of heavenlike sacrifice for him. She passed,
And now she stood before the portals vast
Of Hell profound ; she entered, without fear,
Or aught of feminine trembling, through that sphere
Whose horrors are untold by mortal tongue,
Horrors too dread for one so pure and young ;
The Prince of Air received her, and would fain
Renew the theme of love ; with proud disdain
She turned her from his suit, but freely gave
Her soul of light to free from the dark grave
Of Tartarus her lover's prisoned Spirit,
Who by this price shall endless bliss inherit,

While she—alas, I cannot speak—my eyes
Are blinded with the river of tears that rise
From the full fountains of my troubled heart ;
I faint—I fall—nor more can I impart.

Guardian Angel.

Wonderful is the might of woman's love,
Immortal as her soul it shines for ever,
Death cannot crush it, Death but makes it stronger.
But surely he for whom this sacrifice
Was made, will ne'er consent to such a pact.

The Sibyl.

It is unknown. The Spirits of the Abyss
Have sought but found not the dark prison-house
Where the Eumenides their victim carried.
The mocking Elf, to whom the Judge consigned him,
Lies in deep trance, which all their spells have failed
To break, and even *he* is ignorant
In what far Hell the worldly-souled is bound.
Yet was it whispered through the Spheres of Heaven,
The time had come when Gretchen's prayers were heard,
And One was sent to free him from the chains.
But how this strange mishap will shape events
Is only known unto the mighty Moirai.

Guardian Angel.

Will The All-Father pardon her transgression?
The soul she gave was not her own to give.

The Sibyl.

Who can predict The All-Father's mighty thoughts?
Or promise for the Universal Soul?

Which, being universal, hath within it
A feminine nature, that with Gretchen's deed
Must deeply sympathise ; nor harshly scan
Aught that is dictated by love so pure,
Self-sacrificing, beauteous, and divine.
A day—perhaps an hour—will all reveal,
And both be sundered, or be blest for ever.

Chorus.

O thou bright and golden hearted Virgin,
How mine eyes gaze after thee in sorrow !
Silence is around ; an awful silence ;—
No more is thy voice heard in the vallies,
Sinking through the flower beds of my spirit,
Like the first spring rain in crystal clearness.
Every instant still and still mine anguish
Flows for thee, thou young gazelle of beauty.
How could I know this sorrow was before thee ?
How could I dream of this thy fate of sadness ?
Came there not over thee, thou False One, pity,
Came there not over thee one touch of nature,
When in her innocence she bowed and touched thee,
Pleading in broken accents for her lover ?
No—thou wert ever harder than the icebergs :
No—thou wert ever colder than snow-mountains.

Shall I no more behold thee ? no more touch thee ?
Gentle and snow-white Virtue, on whose lustre
Gazed with delight the Spirits young of Heaven ;
On whose soft music hung with ears of rapture,
The calm wise Seraphs of the Empyréan.
Brighter, wert thou, young Gretchen, than the sunbeam,

Which was about thee, but thy light is faded ;
Brighter thou wert than any star in æther,
And thou hast left my soul in sorrow's midnight.
I shall no more behold thee, purest maiden !

What was the Vision which enwrapped my spirit ?
What was the dream that o'er me burst like Etna ?
I saw the starry host flash fast before me,
The great and heavenly host of stars like lightning ;
The globe revolved in its majestic greatness,
Immeasurable as the arch of heaven,
A sphere of light and darkness ever changing,
While round its path the planets leaped, and meteors
Of ever flashing splendour, fanes and columnus,
Mixed with heroic shapes of angel beauty,
And golden phantoms, and eye dazzling flowers,
And oceans of sea-green, o'er whose broad bosoms
The million tinted rainbows sat and quivered,
And myriad shining meteors, flame and shadow ;—
Lo ! while I looked a darkness came and swallowed
Those sights divine, and they were gone for ever.
A darkness swallowed them, and they were hurried
Away, away, into unbounded darkness,
The silence of deep ocean then succeeded
Those scenes celestial—they were gone for ever ;—
And nought was heard but mine impassioned wailings.

In the four corners of the Heaven I see thee,
Which once was brightened by thy golden presence,
Which once with blessings hailed thy youth and beauty.
Alas ! they dreamed not of the Spoiler coming,
And bearing thee away, but who can fathom
Thy mysteries, O God, Thou Dark Immense ?

A gloomy mist is on the sorrowing mountains,
A mist which ne'er before upon their summits
Hung since I saw them ;—in the vales is silence,
Sullen and melancholy, and the winds
Sing the sad plaintive song of death and mourning.
Sweet-minded child, white flowret of the summer !
How the rude blast hath snapt thee, and hath flung thee,
Trembling and dew-sprent on the dusty desert.
Quenched are those gladness-glancing eyes of azure ;
But the rich flood of love that in thy bosom
Rushed in delightful tumult, is not ice-bound,
But even in darkness still flows on enchanted,
A river of heaven beneath thy silver breast.
God called thee into being, and created
Thy form to be the picture of all beauty ;
Thy spirit to be playmate of the Angels ;
Thy thoughts were rich as is the morning purple
Thy soul was brighter than the star's clear surface ;
The sun and moon looked down on thee and loved thee ;
The blue sky gazed on thee with paradise eyes ;
The earth embraced thee in her flower-bright bosom,
The heaven entwined thee in its sunny bowers.
Now thou art gone, and all are veiled in weeping.
Whom shall they now embrace in their affection ?
On earth thou wert all virtue : in the heavens
An ever-beaming pearl of purest whiteness.
Thy face disclosed a paradise of virtue,
Thy face was the bright reflex of thy spirit,
That so endeared thee unto all God's creatures ;—
Now thou art gone, and we are veiled in weeping.

I called the Clouds—they came and wept for thee,

I spoke unto the Air, and it lamented ;
I shouted to the Mountains, and they answered ;
The Forests, Trees, the Flowers, and Streams sighed music ;
The Birds poured forth a lay of desolation ;
The Guardian Angels came and joined the sorrowers.
Oft shall the Virgins of the Heavens assemble
On the green gold-flowered nest amid the mountains,
Where thou didst bid farewell to all sweet memories.
Could but thy Spirit hover round and join them,
Whispering to each—alas! it is in bondage.
Alas! thy Spirit is in bondage, Gretchen.
Alas! alas! thou art in lonely bondage,
And we and all are veiled in mists of mourning ;
So falls into the gloom and depth of silence
The broken-hearted wail I utter o'er thee.

PRAYER OF ALL THE ANGELS, FAYS, AND SPIRITS.

O God! bright God! who through all ages reignest,
Enthroned in might on Heaven's glittering arches,
In justice clothed, but bearing mercy's sceptre,
Before whose eyes the good man's path is sunshine
That beameth more and more unto perfection,
The glory of whose majesty shakes Heaven,
Whose steeds of splendour are the lightning clouds,
Whose voice breaks down the cedars of the forest,
And shakes the wilderness with fearful terror,
Who sittest on the floods between the Cherubim,
And dost make manifest to all creation
The eternal grandeur of thy fadeless kingdom,
The universal presence of thy children,
The immortal beauty of thy love and mercy,—
O God! bright God! look down upon thy frail ones,

And unto him whose soul the lion teareth,
Extend forgiveness ; he was but a mortal,
And did atone for many a hapless error
By his intense pursuit of purest Truth,
The which he manifested without scruple,
As he had found, or fancied he had found it.
While unto *her* whose only crime was loving,
Shew forth thy clemency ; and glancing on her
Those eyes of dove-like radiancy and softness,
Unite her spirit once again with his,
Who was her Morning Star in life and death.

Voice from the Thrones.

Spirits ! all Beautiful, Divine, and Holy,
The words ye utter are inspired by Heaven ;
The prayer ye pray hath reached the Rainbow-circled,
And this man's destiny is all fulfilled :
His soul is purified by tribulation,
And recognises now its splendid order,
Too great, too high, too near the heaven-lighted
To blend itself again with earthly natures,
Or stoop its majesty to grovelling purpose.
The beautiful and pure whom he hath injured,
Knowing his sad and long and dread misfortune,
And weeping o'er his dark and dreary bondage,
Have melted pitifully, and with prayers
Have gone before the Throne of the All-Father,
Praying as prays a mother for her baby,
To blot his errors from the awful Volume
Where sins like his in lightnings stand recorded.
They have forgiven—God will not remember ;
They will receive him—God will not prevent them.

And now the moment of his freedom cometh.
He hath grown spirit-pure in fire and sorrows.
Hence from his essence, all ye wildering Phantoms !
Hence, all ye false delusive scenes of Satan—
Scenes that exist not, save unto the wicked,
Scenes that are born alone of guilty fancy,
Dark night-mare dreams suggested by the Mockers,
And woven in the dark thoughts of the vicious.
Wherefore rejoice, ye beautiful and sacred ;
Pure virgin-angels, brighter than the morning,
Rejoice, rejoice, and go to bid him welcome !
Escort him with the beauteous-souled of sorrows
Into that primal sphere of songs and splendours,
Into that flower-bright land of Poets, Sages,
And paradise-soaring Thinkers, who are ever
Lifting from earthliness the thoughts of mortals.
Thence, when he hath sojourned through his due cycle,
He shall ascend, and throned in th' Empyrean,
With Homer, Shakspeare, Æschylus, and Dante,
With Plato, Hemans, Swedenborg, and Shelley,
Give laws to those whom he inspired with beauty.

SCENE VI.

THE AVENUE OF SPHYNX.

Horrors on horrors meet my startled view ;
My heart grows chill and fixed as stone ; my blood
Stands icebound in its channels ; yon ravine
Reveals a torrent of fire-flashing snakes,
Massed into dread confusion, rolling ever,
And whirling with them the pain-shrieking damned.
Here one with human head and serpent's body,
Gnashes his rage, perplexed with rending pain ;
Here stands a murderess drinking from a jar
Of boiling, bubbling foamy blood ; and here
Are others, each with a mountain on his breast.
Here famished wretches, mad with thirst and hunger,
Quenched their hot rage, each in his fellow's blood
And quivering flesh ; and here a woman hung
Suspended by the paps, which hissing snakes
Devoured and found their banquet still renewed.
From others were torn out their gory tongues,
While the accursèd crew of Satans revelled
Like madmen in the midst of their dread orgies ;
And felt such rapture in inflicting woe
As the blest feel in offices of love.
O God ! thou Father of all spirits pardon !
Send forth thy beam of mercy o'er the lost.

Voix.

Why should God pardon poisoners, assassins ?

Why should He throne the guilty in high Heaven?
Why should He place beside the innocent virgin,
Whose thoughts, whose life, were like a fulgent sunbeam,
The drunkard, glutton, and impure, whose objects
Were never higher than a hog's or monkey's?

Onward and onward—here the Dead were rolled
Over the billows of a River of Blood,
In lakes of gore fire-fringed and crowned with night,
Or buried deep in leaden coffins lay,
While terrible Monsters born of blackest Hell,
In mingled shape of serpent, rat, and shark,
Wrapped them in coils of never-ending death.
Here I saw millions fixed on fiery crosses,
The slayers of mankind, who in the name
Of God made offerings of man's blood to God,
And did all evil under the pure banner
Of his benign and gentle truth. Anon
I saw tall ladders raised, and over each
In clouds of fire was traced the fated name
Of some accursèd family, whose scions
Clung one by one, each on a separate step,
A sad, sad doom their destiny. As each
Passed from the earth he came down into Hell,
And stood upon the lowest step, supporting
Still on his shoulders those who hung above,
Until another came and bore the load;
While each new comer toppled off the wretch
Who occupied the highest step of all,
And saw him fall headlong and hopeless down
Into the fires that ever howled below.
Judgment most dreadful, who can ever dream

What agonies intense sear up the soul
Of him who now upon the highest step
Clings desperate, looking with an agonised eye
For the dark moment which shall give to death
The latest of his race, whose horrid coming
Shall from his eminence displace the wretch,
And raise upon the summit (next to fall),
Him who now second stands beneath his feet ?
And here the terrible demon Semendoun,
Armed with a thousand hands, in whose huge body
Dwells the wild strength of many thousand beasts,
Mounted upon his steed of fire, Sohàm—
He coursed across the wastes of screaming Spirits,
Trampling their faces while they groaned in rage :
And some from their red wounds flung fiery blood
Into the Monster's face, and yelled and cursed
Blasphemies fierce, mingled with howls of agony.
Black, panther-headed, and with panther foot,
Sohàm appeared ; his body was mailed o'er
With scales impenetrable, strong and tough,
Like the rhinoceros of Indian swamps ;
His wings were like a gryphons, and his feet
Flashed with the flame of dragons, while a chain
Of red hot steel the Demon-Rider held,
To curb his course and guide his headlong speed.

Flashed the red lightnings as he passed ; I gazed
Beneath me and saw open wide and deep
An Iron Chamber ; darkness dwelt within,
And all was night terrific, save the gleam
Cast by a flambeau which a Demon held.
Before him stood Three Men in fetters bound

Gazing intently, and with haggard glances,
On a red tablet where their earthly crimes
Flamed terror through them. Awful silence dwelt
Within this place, unbroken but by sighs,
Which seemed with torture to convulse their frames.
Suddenly the Dark Spirit drew aside
The vest which veiled their breasts, and I beheld
Their inner parts : a blazing flame of fire
Wrapped their red hearts, which ever unconsumed
Hissed in the unimaginable heat.
And then I saw and knew them ; Joshua,
The robber-son of Nun, who dared to give
The name of God to deeds of deepest Hell.
David the king, adulterer, and assassin,
Than whom more loathsome hypocrite and liar
Never polluted the fair breath of heaven.
And Joseph son of Israel,* who by counsel
By Satan's self devised, first bought for bread
The starving people, and their lands and cattle,
Their homes, their wives, their children, yea their all,
Making them slaves for ever in the land
Which saw them free at birth, and serfs at death.

Thence to a Hell we passed, where all were like
Firebrands of ever-blazing flame ; their mouths
Incessant gaped for water, which the Imps
Supplied, and lo ! it turned to fetid blood.
Trees of delicious fragrance seemed to spring
Before them, which with infinite toil they reached,
Through swamps of poisons, serpents, mist, and fire,
And now exulting, they stretch forth the hand,

* Gen. xlvii.

When lo! the trees wither before their eyes,
And all the fragrance, all the fruit are changed
To ashes, noisesomeness, and ordure foul.
And when they would again retrace their steps,
They pass through lions, reptiles, wolves, and rats,
Which prey upon them.

After this we saw
Another Hell of Serpents vomiting floods
Of direst venom, in which waded those
Who shed the blood of others through revenge
Or avarice, and gave them death in poison.
Thence to a Hell, in which with bloody beak
And claw they tore the shrieking writhing ghosts,
Or forced them to ascend trees armed with spikes,
In quest of apples that were changed to stone,
And here like bats we saw them creep through caves,
Tormenting one the other with sharp claws.
And here by cruel hunger's fangs made mad,
They wrenched each other with a fiendlike rage.
Here we saw human-headed snakes and toads,
Biting themselves, as famished dogs bite bones ;
And some with red-hot iron scythes were armed,
With which they pierced and cut the screaming mob,
While others poured hot blood, and lead, and fire,
Down their wide throats, and burned their inmost life.
Others on excrement and dung most vile
Were fed, like gluttons, and were full engorged ;
Others by fiery whips were scourged and scourged,
Until they howled in agonies intense ;
Others were maddened by a fire within,
That smouldered ever, ever still consumed,

And all the pavement was one red hot fire ;
And every moment seemed a thousand years ;
And every year seemed everlasting time ;
And every wicked one the shrine of Hell.
Flowed from my heart the bloody agony
Of grief and sympathy with hapless man,
Tormented thus by his own terrible sins.

Thence we passed onward to a Mountain topped
With bellowing fires, which rolled in lava down
Its ruggèd sides. A cavity we saw,
And in it blazed a ring of bright red gold,
The which I grasped and drew it forth to light.
It yielded, and I saw a staircase vast,
Descending downward in a thousand steps,
Through which we came into a marble hall,
Whose roof and sides were gloriously enamelled,
With diamonds of unutterable lustre ; *
The floor was brass, cold, polisht, dazzling brass,
And underneath an arch a Damsel stood,
And sparkled like a snake ; beside her couched
In a steel leash two Crocodiles, most fierce,
And she and they were smooth and false as Hell ;
And in her hand a Book of Gold she held
And seemed to read. She saw me and rose up,
While the huge Beasts prepared to crush us both,
But ere they leaped against us, with my lance
I touched the brazen floor, which blazed in fire,
All molten in a moment, and a steäm
Rose from its depths which veiled that hellish three,
For nought we saw, but heard a fiend-like scream,
As with her snaky brood she sank and sank,

Down in the seething lake, which drank her up ;
And then I knew her to be that false Creed
Which claims the name of Heaven for its own.
Then opened wide the portals, and we saw
A mighty chamber pillared with black marble ;
And round the walls were thrones of burning lava,
Whereon the Caliphs of the Orient sate ;
The Popes, and false Pretenders to God's Truth,
Chained by the necks and legs, and on their breasts
Were graven tablets which their crimes revealed,
Making God's Justice manifest to all.

Lo ! where the Coliseum of the lost
Rises aloft into the mirky air,
Vaster than Pandemonium as revealed
To Milton's startled gaze, more broad and fearful
Than the Abyss which heavenly Dante viewed ;
Three Giants watch its horrible approach.
And next appeared a demon-guarded wretch,
The slobbering Stuart, who his own son poisoned,
And died of poison given him by his minion.
And after him the Larvæ, and the man
Of taste refined, who once wore England's crown,
And ruled that glorious ruler of the waves,—
(O England ! O my country, mayest thou ever,
Sceptred and throned, give laws to all the earth !—)
But was in heart as base as any priest
Nurtured in Jesuit schools to deeds of fraud,
Cunningly masked in words of smoothest guile ;
And he endured the Sisyphean torture.
Next came th' Empusæ, fearful Nymphs of Hell,
Those sleepless, never-resting soul-tormenters,

Who bear perdition in their horrid claws.
O God! how shrank my soul when these I saw.
Then to a mighty Waterfall we came,
Horrible, dark, and foaming, iron bound
With many a gloomy crag through whose rough arches
Crawled slimy serpents with white tongues of flame.
I touched the waters with Ithuriel's spear ;
They opened, and we passed the sable vault
Which reared itself like marble right and left,
And stood transfixed until our flight was finished.
A portal of red copper barred our course,
Which burst in twain when with the heavenly lance
I smote its ponderous lock. Within, beside
A rock of marble, frowned a Negro grim,
Carved from black stone ; his eyes were red with life ;
His veins were filled with lava-fire for blood :
He seized the rock and poised it—had he flung
Its hugeness, we had perished ; but the Steed
Blew from his heavenly nostrils a fierce blast,
At which the accursèd monster fell down dead
Beneath the hellish globe. From him we passed
Into a court-yard, in whose centre rose
A Crystal Dome, by fiery Dragons guarded,
Who vomited hell from their infernal jaws
And horror from their eyelids. With the spear
I touched, and they succumbed, and sneaking crawled
Into their caves, whereat the crystal dome
Oped, and disclosed its beauty. We rode through
And stood within a Hall, whose arch of ruby,
Starred with carbuncles, shed such light around
As gleams within the ever-glittering home
Of Merjan Banou in her Indian heaven.

The floor was massy gold, and porphyry pillars
Rose in a circle, studded all with pearls.
And in the midst a silver throne was reared,
On which a Prince with iron crown was stretched,
But not in soft repose : his torpor dense
Was rendered hell, so horrible were his dreams.
A golden tablet on his bosom lay,
In which these words I read :—*Man sleeps in life,
And wakes not until death ; nor ever knows
How poor a thing he is, until the end !
My mighty empire, and my golden treasures,
What are they to me now, when all is lost ?
Nought fades so quickly as the flower of life ;
And human strength is weakness. Man ! vain man !
Still glories in his fortune, and believes
The Universe was made for him alone.
Behold the end of all : behold and learn,
Ere it be yet too late, that all is vain ;
Nor think that thou wilt meet from God's just hand
More mercy than he gave to great Nimroud.*
While on this tablet musing, flames of Hell
Burst from the dreaming monarch, and in fire
He was enwrapped, while darkness filled the dome,
And a hot whirlwind forced us from the place.

Lo ! on her Magic Steed, March-Malen, rides
The Devil's Dam, the Fury fierce Andrasta.
Blood flows in streams around her snaky feet,
Like the tumultuous flame in mountain heath ;
And where her horse's hoofs indent the air,
It spits forth fire ;—black Hell itself shrinks back
Appalled before the midnight of her looks.
Intent on violence, she whirrs along,

And rages like the drunken wave of the sea
 That tumbles on the strand : in her left talon
 A burning torch, and in her right a whip
 Of scorpions ; while her handmaids Terror, Rage,
 And Madness, clothed in black and bloody robes,
 And wild Alecto, bearing in her claw
 Above her head a fiery-flaming torch
 Enwreathed with serpents breathing pest and wrath ;
 And the Cyclopæan brotherhood of flame,
 The Anakim and dog-head Baal-Zephòn,
 Stalk fearfully along the wastes of Hell,
 Fiercer than Nubian lions. Heaves the Abyss,
 The roaring echo of deep thunder rolls
 Bellowing beside us, and deep blazing wreaths
 Of lightning glare, while hurricane and storm
 Embroiled in conflict put forth all their fury,
 Whirling the clouds and mists of Hell together.—
 Mother of Hell, I know thee and thy train.

And now by solemn Sphinx's cave we stand ;
 Tremendous awe sits throned within her eyes ;
 The Tree of Hell, Al-Zakkûm, grows above,
 Dripping its venomous dew on all below ;
 And at her feet a mighty Angel lies
 Transfixed in torpor, while with cold proud look
 She gazes on him ; a gigantic mist
 Seems round and o'er him, and a wondering crowd
 Of Spirits gaze upon the prostrate Shape.

Pegasus.

This is the Demon, Mephistopheles,
 Bound in the terror of a mystic trance.

Sphinx.

The hour is come when he shall rise again ;

Seven years and seven, and seven again have passed,
Since he was hurled into the Realm of Dream,
By the portentous Riddle of the Sphinx.
His destiny is complete ; the chain of Sleep
No more shall bind him in its powerful spell.—
Ho! Mephistopheles, arise, I say.

Mephistopheles.

I cannot rise—the chain is round me still.

Sphinx.

Arise, I say, shake off the dreadful spell !

Pegasus.

Still it constrains him, nor can aught dissolve
The magic bonds but Uriel's mighty spear.

Sphinx.

Lay the bright spear upon his heaving breast.

The Poet.

Excuse me, Madam, but I think we came
Into these regions for some other purpose
Than to unbind the Devil and let him loose.

Sphinx.

Without his aid thou canst not find the Man,
In quest of whom thy mission hath been given.

The Poet.

But is it true that with his aid I shall ?

Mephistopheles.

By Styx I swear it, if I can thou shalt.

The Man is mine, the Furies robbed me of him.
With me and with the Witches, not with them
The compact was concluded. Break the chain
That binds me, and I will not quit thy side,
Until I find the place wherein he lies.

The Poet.

Upon thy breast I place the heavenly Spear ;—
Awake, arise ; break not thine awful oath.

Mephistopheles.

Thank fate or fortune, I'm alive again,
And kicking, just as well and strong as ever ;
Ah Sphinx, you cunning devil ! what a trick
You played me with your Riddles of deep import.
But hence away, and let us seek the Furies ;
By the damned soul of Lucifer I'll teach them,
Never again Sir Voland to bamboozle :
Ho—steed Arion—let me mount thy back,
Bear us along to Satan's Palace—thence
We'll find our way unto the Furies' Hells.

Arion.

Not for thy sake I'll grant thy prayer, Mephisto,
(You very nearly got me in a scrape
When last we went together to the Witch),
But for the pleasure of rejoining Pegasus,
Whom I've not seen for several thousand years.

Mephistopheles.

I care not *why* thou dost it so thou dost,
I hoped you had forgotten that mad venture.
Wave thy bright wings and let us lose no time.

SCENE VII.

ORCUS.

Mounting the Steed, the Fiend and I sped on,
Like lightning hurled from God's Almighty hand ;
Over the vasts of pitchy flame. The deserts
Darker than woods in midnight, when the stars
Are veiled in deepest shade, while screaming Monsters
Fluttered on all sides, round, above, beneath,
Making the murky wilderness a horror
And foul abomination. Shapes we saw
Of terror, underneath whose fiery feet
Dragons lay couched, while iron-footed camels
Bore others through the gloom, their red eyes flashing
Like the bright pine-torch through the night of groves ;
The Minotaur swept on with thunder march,
Like a fierce avalanche, or comet dire ;
And ravenous Wolves of Hell that venom breathed
From their huge brazen throats, in fury howled
As on we sped till we should reach the place
Where Satan and his Angels kept their court.
Then spake my dark companion, looking hate
And horror in his sneering eye and mouth.

Mephistopheles.

This brattling thunder, whirlwind, rain and hail,
And fiery blaze of lightnings tossed about,
Fiercely and recklessly, as on that day

When Hell first opened for our scattered ranks,
As Hesiod first and then Jack Milton sang,
Must needs disgust you with our present road.
Wouldst thou not wish to have a stout great coat
To wrap thy shoulders from the pelting storm?

The Poet.

I need it not—my thoughts are far away.

Mephistopheles.

So I supposed—you look so grave and grim,
Yet why you should be so I scarce can guess.
We've ridden now some fifty thousand miles,
Yet not a word I've heard; your lips are closed
Over some secret hidden in your breast.
I wish I were Democritus of Abdera,
Who, with the heart torn from the living frame
Of frogs or owls, touching the mouth of man
Extracted every thought or wish concealed.

The Poet.

There is no thought of mine thou mightst not know.

Mephistopheles.

Faith! there are many of mine 'twould do you good
To learn and feel, and inwardly digest;
And I've great liking, and have ever had,
For bookmen like yourself: witness the jokes
I taught to Aristophanes of old,
And dry Erasmus, that illustrious bastard,
And my smart conferences with Friar Luther,
Which he penned down with true Boswellian gusto,

Swearing he loved me better than his wife.
Tis an old saying, ancienter than Nimrod,
Ubi tres medici duo Athei sunt,
But in *my* judgment 'tis not half so true,
As one I've just invented for your lordship,
Ubi Diabolus ibi est Poeta,
For souls like yours and mine are kith and kin.

The Poet.

Such high relationship must make me vain.

Mephistopheles.

And so it may, for I'm as well descended
As you are, and have mixed with Popes and Kings,
Buffooned with Cardinals, and Queens, and Sultans,
And all the great since Satan befooled Eve.
Nay,—and I almost think I know as much
As you and all your tribe, though humbly owning,
That I'm inferior in the art of fiction.

The Poet.

Such sentiments as yours refresh one much.

Mephistopheles.

Their verdure is their truth : a thing so seldom
Heard now on earth. Could I collect in one
The lies that Sages, Priests, and Bards have told,
The world, I do believe, could not contain it.
Why I have heard men gravely swear that dogs
Differ from stones in this respect alone,
That neither of them has a soul, but each
Is made of parts composed so curiously,

But in such different ways, that if the parts
 That make a stone, were fashioned like to those
 That make a dog, the stone would be a dog ;
 And if the parts that constitute a dog
 Were but transposed, the dog would be a stone.
 I've heard men teach that nightingales have no tongues ;
 That when a scorpion stings you, if you sit
 Upon an ass and with your face to the tail,
 You will transfer the pain to the poor beast ;
 That when a man writhes in a quartan ague,
 The Iliad under his right ear is a cure ;
 And that the blind can see at midnight clearly,
 If they anoint them with a hedgehog's tail,
 Boiled in fat oil and kept seven days in brass.
 The multitude have believed these lying wonders :
 Who said *Vox populi vox Dei est ?*
 He must have had a high idea of God.
 I say *Vox populi vox Diaboli est.*

The Poet.

In saying this, you praise your Master highly.

Mephistopheles.

My praise descends upon *your* people also,
 And is in part intended for yourself.
 And here we are, already by the portals
 Of him, whose poet-laureate you should be.
 Join "the first whig"—so Johnson called the Devil,
 And you shall win the bays and cask of sack.

SCENE VIII.

THE PALACE OF SATAN.

Based on black tempests from which lightnings flashed
Terrific, and with blaze that almost blinded
The horror-stricken eyes, the Palace of Satan
Rose high in air. A tall colossal pile,
Black marble, pillared round with dazzling jet
That back reflected myriad rays of light,
In size itself a world—the Pyramid
That towers in Egypt's desert like a mountain
Were half too small to form the base immense
Of one of those gigantic jewelled columns.
The porch was broader than the rainbow's arch,
And crowned with fire and cloud, frowning like a thing
That bore a demon life within, and swelled
With pride ; and o'er the doorway swung a lamp
Like the red moon, but fiercer than the sun
That parches the hot sandy plain of Araby.
Round the vast porch the gloomy guards of Hell
Stalked like grim monsters, Famine, Plague, or War,
One-eyed, with viperous hair, and stature broad,
And lofty as that horrent line of blackness
Which stoops from sky to sea, and sucks up rivers
In its huge gorge, then floats amid the rack,
A moving deluge, dark, immense, and distant.

We entered, sweeping through its cavernous aisles ;
As if in some vast region of the Heavens,

So grandly stretched away its Titan walls.
The heavenly Steed that while he soared in ether,
Seemed a majestic courser, winged with might,
In these huge aisles appeared the merest speck.
Shadow and silence, and the gloom of death,
And fear, and awe, and horror mantled round.
The domes were lit by stars, whose baleful light
Was not the sweet soft beaming of the heavens,
But a red haze, that pregnant seemed with terror.
And on the walls was painted many a picture
Of earthly carnage, treachery, and lust.
Here Cæsar slew his millions, and exulted
To carve a diadem from human bones.
Here Alexander o'er a myriad armies
Butchered in holiday sport to win a battle
Wept for new worlds to conquer, and new troops
To sweep from earth in blood. Here Cyrus rode,
Swelling with pride for empires hurled to death.
Here were the Marian massacres, when Hell
Itself seemed loosed on earth ; here dusky Sylla
Frowned o'er his grim prescriptions ; here the Three
Lepidus, Cæsar, Anthony, in banquet,
And crowned with garlands, parcelled out mankind,
As if they were so many beasts of burden,
Made but to sweat beneath those mighty Romans.
Here Saint Bartholomew's horrid feast of blood
Crimsoned the pallid walls ; here the red flames
Of the Inquisitors were deftly pictured,
While children, women, helpless age, in torture
Raised up their hands and shrieking eyes to God.
Here Cortez and Pizarro grinned like fiends ;
Here the red emperors of groaning Rome

Sat in their theatres and fed their eyes
With more than mortal agonies ; and here
Their apt successors of the Vatican,
And that great Temple sacred to dark Mammon,
St. Peter's fane, sate, and with saintly faces
Looked on such deeds as might make Satan's self
Vaunt that his demons were more mild than men.

And underneath those bloody frescoes huge,
And scattered widely through the giant columns,
Were statues of black bronze, or marble dark,
In size Cyclopean, of the conquering lords,
Whom mortals place with gods, and Gods with devils.
Warriors of every clime, and age, and rank,
Who fought for money, empire, or renown,
And traded in the horrid mart of blood
For aught but country's cause, or honour's call.
Here was Semiramis, the Assyrian queen,
In robe of gore ; here Xerxes, the mad fool,
Who lashed the ocean, and would chain the billows.
Cain the first murderer, Romulus, Darius,
Philip of Macedon with golden sword,
Brennus of Gaul, Annibal, Crassus, Sapor,
The Vandal Alaric, Attila the Hun,
With turbanned Tamerlane, and Bajazet,
A rabble of mere butchers ; countless figures
Crowned, shawled, or shaven ; some in orient tire,
Persian, and Babylonian, Indian, Saracen,
Greek, Roman, Frank, Assyrian, Celtic, Tartar,
In number myriad filled those horrid halls.

And in the midst a fount of human blood

Gushed upwards in a stream like the hot geyser
That jets from Hecla's hell—by human hand
This blood was spilled, and round it danced strange Shapes
In chorus wild and savage, and with songs
Of terrible exulting. Round the pillars
Were seen festooned, machines of frightful import,
Racks, wheels, steel boots, crosses, crowns, stakes, and
screws,
All implements of torture and of death.

Onward we swept, and on, in silence still ;
And light more horrible than ghastly night's
Worst darkness circled us, and shewed us ever
Those frescoes of sad magic, whose gaunt figures
Seemed with strange life, motion, and hate, imbued.
And those fierce statues of the dead, whose eyes,
Methought, grew big with rage as we passed by.
On through a laboratory filled with poisons,
And a guard chamber decked with arms of battle,
And a vast theatre with volumes filled,
That taught obscene impurities and crimes,
Like those of the grey tyrant in the isle
Of lonely Capri. Onward still, and on,
And my companion grimly smiled and grinned
As he beheld each scene, or gloomy figure,
Looming amid that twilight of the damned.

And then we crossed vast chambers of red gold
And silver, crusted o'er with dazzling gems,
Silken, luxurious, eastern in their richness,
And decked with the worst fancies of the impure,
In painting and in carving. Horrid rites

Of old Priapus, Eleusinian banquets,
And dark Egyptian festivals of filth,
And black monastic mysteries, and secrets
Hidden in convent cloisters, but disclosed
To the All-Seeing, and to Lucifer
The Punisher, and the Prompter. Fearful sights,
Whereat in horror I recoiled, and closed
My startled eyes, urging along my Steed
With flight redoubled from those hellish spectacles.

At last the throne of Satan was revealed,
That seemed itself a world ; a sphere of fire
That blazed for ever with terrific light.
Millions of damned were tossed within its flames,
And on its topmost brow The Demon sat,
Majestic even in ruin, crowned and sad,
As if an agony consumed his spirit,
An agony unspeakable by words.
I saw, I pitied, but I knew his doom
Was just, nor did I the Great King arraign.
And round his Throne of Fire his angels worshipped,
And sang to him, as erst to God they sang,
Ere pushed with flaming bolt from highest Heaven.
Their brows were scarred with thunder, and their eyes
Disclosed even still the horror of that hour
Which saw their downfall. By constraint they sang
And force of his o'ermastering power and will ;
For rebel angels who disowned their God,
Would have deposed Satan himself from rule
Had they been strong enough to meet his might,
But with an iron sceptre ruled he them.

As I approached the myriads dark gave way,
And some cried out, *Bow down before the Lord.*
I reined my Steed before the throne, and spake,
And shewed in token Uriel's diamond lance.

A murmur like the scream of howling tempest,
Broke from that circle round the Demon King,
But he repressed them, and with solemn voice,
Exclaimed, *The man for whom thy quest has been*
Is mine,—my servant—sold to us and ours,
By a long life of selfishness and ease.
The Furies hold him in their gloomy dungeons,
Beware how thou encroachest on their bounds !
Nor shalt thou have him but by force or fraud.
Fired at his words, I would have hurled my lance,
And pierced him on his throne, but the wise Steed
Reared proudly, waving his star-flashing plumes,
And sprang upon that sphere of fire ; its light
Grew dim beneath the immortal hoofs ; the crowd
Encircling erst, gave way, and by the spear
Of light eye-dazzled sank upon the hall,
While shrieks and blasphemies rose up in clouds.
Satan recoiled ; the Steed of Heaven soared on
Grandly, and like the thunder-rolling sun,
Pursued his fleet career. The marble walls
In the dim distance oped, and we swept through,
While lightnings flashed, and the forked bolts of tempest
Broke in our pathway, harmlessly and vain.

I was alone—but ere a minute passed
Arion and his Rider were beside.
I marked his look : the boiling pit of Hell

Streamed not more darkly than his eyes of rage
Impotent madness. As he saw me gaze
He cleared his features by a powerful effort,
And smiled that sneering smile of wit and malice,
As if he laughed to see his Master foiled ;
And thought it food for his sardonic mirth,
That Satan should be spell-bound by a spear.
Silent we rode, in darkness, till we cleared
A mighty journey, o'er a chasm of vapours
That seemed a Chaos of the embryo hells.

SCENE IX.

GEHENNA.

Satan.

So—he is freed, but not by me ; I should
Have given him liberty. Ho, there, Asmodeus !
After Mephisto ;—give him this Gold Branch ;
Tell him, that while he has it, whatsoe'er
His wish may be, the moment he has wished
Shall see his thought fulfilled ; but in that moment
The Branch will be restored to her who lent it.

Asmodeus.

I scarcely like to bear that message to him ;
What shall I say, if with his mocking sneer
He asks me, why thou didst not burst the chains
Of thy true faithful servant, all these years,
Having a Branch so potent in thine hand ?

Satan.

To me refer him ; I will satisfy him.
But quick—depart. With this enchanted Bough,
He can recover *him* whom he has lost,
And tear him from the Eumenides themselves.
I will not place in any other hand
Than his, that luxury of triumphant malice.
When he has done it, say I wish to see him.

Asmodeus.

I go, but hardly think your Secretary
Will thank you much for having left him bound.
So very long in——

Satan.

Say no more, Asmodeus ;
When he comes hither he shall be content.

SCENE X.

A HELL, UTTER DARKNESS, THE FURIES.

THE POET *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *in the distance.*

Mephistopheles.

Oh dear ! oh dear ! *mon cher confrere !*
Thank you and your magic, I'm safely here ;
Half on my way from Satan's kitchen,
Rich with many a savoury flitch in,
And mighty flaggons of glorious beer.
Escaped at last from the Sphinx's juggles,
Despite the Vixen's screams and struggles,
And having heard the Lady's conundrum,
I'm as well fitted as any humdrum
Cardinal, priest, or trull, to be Pope ;
And were I on earth, I'd indulge the hope
To wear some day the triple mitre :
If I did, the Vatican's annals would grow
Under *my* dominion very much brighter
Than ever they did under any who wore
The fisherman's ring on his hand before.
If Satan would but let me go
For a few score years, with a body of clay,
I'd take my chance and to earth ascend,
(For instance, now, with you, my friend,)
And ere a lustrum of years, make merry
In Peter's playhouse or Canterbury ;

Or rule the Kremlin, or Saint Sophia,
Making it right between Soonie and Shia ;
And on the Dalai Lama's stool,
Millions of asses well befool ;
Or from Benares rule the Brahmins,
Mocking them, like a gang of *gamins*,
But holding them still in gyve and fetter,
And making them work and bring me in gold,
According to fashion approved and old.
I'm ready to swear, and I think it true,
I know ten times more than all the crew
Of priests on earth, since the earth began
To feed and be fed on by sapient man.
I know how the body and soul are combined,
That the first is earth, and the second is wind,
Though they call the latter (absurdly) mind.
I know how the Snake poor Eve persuaded
When in the Aden apples he traded,
And I know myself, which very few
Holy or wicked creatures do.
I have read the Pillars which Enoch and Sheth,
(One was brick, and one was stone
The last defied water, the other fire,)
Raised up, whereon the wonders shewn
To the ante-diluvian race of mankind,
From the day of the first Man's fatal fall,
Were graven down by son and sire.
These were the Siriadic pillars
Full of depth and thought and meaning,
Like the jokes they call Joe Miller's.
I know the dark mysterious rites
That took place in the olden time o' nights,

Eleusinian and Cabiric,
 Yet unsung in verses lyric,
 Though not badly guessed at in Payne Knight's
 Essays, or by that learned pundit,
 Thomas Taylor, Plato's conduit.
 Faith ! these Eleusinian sights
 Were anything but the wild prolusion
 Which so many reverend grave tomfools,
 From the Oxford, Leyden, and Paduan schools,
 In their stupid tomes are to swear inclined.
 Every creed I can repeat,
 From the ancientest truths to the Mormonites' fooling ;
 And I know without any further trouble
 Every priest or parson's bubble,
 That has been blown mankind to lead
 From the One and Perfect Creed,
 Which is the essence of truth indeed.
 If this can be known, good sir, by me,
 Who so fit on the earth to be
 Vicar of God—d'ye see ?—d'ye see ?
 Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me, ree !

To him, Asmodeus.

Ha ! Ha ! Mephistopheles ; hang it, how lucky ;
 I feel quite enraptured at meeting you thus ;
 I wanted to see you, of all things, my ducky :—
 Come tip us your daddle and give me a buss.
 They told us down Styx, you had flung off your slumber,
 No doubt it was one of entrancing delight,
 Or else you'd have hardly dozed off such a number
 Of years, in your comrades' and Satan's despite ;
 We're panting to hear of your paradise-dreamings,

All pregnant of course with miraculous birth,
Feeling certain that *yours* will eclipse all the teemings
That ever yet happened in heaven or earth :
There was Jove, who produced from his brain a fine woman,
Grave Pallas, though no one knew *how* she got there,
The thing to the midwives seemed rather uncommon,
And some people say that it made his wife swear.
There was Hecuba, when she was bearing that dire brand,
The scapegrace rake Paris, so fatal to Troy,
Went about, telling thousands she carried a firebrand,
Within her in place of that broth of a boy ;
Bold Cyrus's grand-dad dreamed prodigies nasty
About Miss Mandanè—which *I'll* not repeat ;
Herodotus gives them at length in his *fasti*,
For lewd laughing jesters a very nice treat.
Olympias, the mother of famed Alexander,
Dreamed much of a Dragon who had a long tail,
And faith, if historians speak truth and not slander,
Her husband had reason to think she was frail.
The mother of Plato beat all of them hollow,
She swore that her visions were perfectly true ;
Wherein she conceived by the Ghost of Apollo,
For *my* part I think, she conceived Meph. by *you*.
Stout William the Conqueror's father, when sleeping,
No doubt after gallons and gallons of wine,
Saw England for Harold most dolefully weeping,
And pumping out tears with a heart-rending whine ;
Poor lady Calphurnia, ere Cæsar was cut up,
Gave warning on warning to Julius the bald,
She prayed him the rascally senate to shut up,
But he like a dolt at her tears swore and squalled.
Now if all these dozers of old saw such wonders,

From him whom dogs dined on to Zeus of the thunders,
I feel quite assured that a devil so witty
As you have dreamed dreams that will dazzle the city.
To conceal them would be a most desperate pity,
So make a clean breast, and begin the fine ditty.

Mephistopheles.

Why, thou old tun of lechery, humbug, and lying,
What tissue of nonsense is this thou'rt untying;
What prate of the Gods and the heroes of fable,
A jumble as mixed as the jargon of Babel?
I could scarce have believed you'd thus gabble in dotage;
But your eyes plainly shew you have reached that old goat
age,
When a beard white with time, and a brow full of wrinkles
And a voice hoarse and cracked, like a spado's that tinkles,
Are all that remains of your former good qualities;—
Sense you've quite lost—nought is left but verbalities.

Asmodeus.

Nay—nay, my good friend!—you grow personal rather.

Mephistopheles.

I do, when I find one as old as my father,
Or grandmother—waxing a garrulous gaby,
With no more discreetness than yesternoon's baby.
Its a sad thing to see, that you've raked off your judgment,
But say, if you can, what this asinine fudge meant?
Are you jesting, or drunk? are you silly or frantic?
Have you wagered with some other stupid buffoon
To rival that witless ridiculous antic
Who cried when his nurse would'nt give him the moon?

Asmodeus.

I'll see you in hell, ere I utter a sentence—
But mark you my words—you shall choke with repentance

The Poet.

Is this the Man of whom we came in quest ?

Pegasus.

This is the Man ; dispel the mist and shew him
The golden beauty of God's light once more.

The Poet.

Lo ! as I wave the diamond spear of Uriel,
The clouds fly off, and splendour fills the Void.

The Furies.

Woe, woe, what light is this ?
What terrible curse hath fallen down,
On the sister Furies three of Hell ?

Mephistopheles.

Dont be afraid, ye beautiful Hags,
'Tis only I and a friend. Our nags
Ye know full well : mine is Arion,
Of old mother Ceres a worthy scion.
T'other is Pegasus, born of the veins
Of Miss Medusa on Scythia's plains,
When Perseus chopped off the lady's head,
And away with his prize to Pallas sped.

The Furies.

Whence come ye and why ?

Mephistopheles.

Oh, merely a trifle ;
We come this cage of its bird to rifle.

The Furies.

Stand back, Sir Voland, stand back, or we
Will make you remember the Furies three.

Mephistopheles.

Stand back, indeed !—I was never fond
Of running away like a vagabond ;
Give up the prize, ye Hags of Hell,
Or I'll make you remember this day full well.

The Furies.

This Man is ours, and none shall have him.

Pegasus.

Nay—that will we, who have come to save him,
Yield him up, and bow to the sign—

The Furies.

What ? whose ? or where ?

Pegasus.

Now, Master mine,
Smite the Witches with Uriel's spear ;
They'll never resign him else, I fear.

The Poet (to MEPHISTOPHELES.)

Canst thou unbind the bonds that hold this Man ?

Mephistopheles.

Faith ! betwixt you and me, I can't :
The Furies three are too much for me,
Unless I were backed by my old mad Aunt,
The Devil's Dam, Andrasta fell,
Whom I forgot to bring to this Hell.

The Furies.

The Demons of Hell cannot release,
Nor give the wicked a moment's peace ;
To thee nor thy kimmer we will not yield
Till beaten fairly from the field.

The Poet.

Hast thou no power then upon this Man ?
Methought I heard thee say that he was thine.
If he be thine, claim and release thine own.

Mephistopheles.

Possession, they say, is nine-tenths of the law,
And I fear I must yield to this wise old saw.
The Furies have him, and though I know
He's mine, I'd rather keep at a distance
From Hags like these, who can make resistance,
With talon and tooth, and scratch and blow ;
Be advised by me and keep away,
Have nothing to do with fiend or fray,
You never have felt a Furies' claw ;
If you had you'd own that I was right,
In bidding you lose no time in flight.

The Poet.

Since all thy power has ceased upon this Man,
I will release him—such my mission is.

The Furies.

Nor thou nor he shall set him free.

Mephistopheles.

Be warned, I say, be warned by me,
We've plenty of leisure time to flee :
For *my* part I resign him for ever,
Sooner than mix in this mad endeavour.

The Poet.

Witches, avaunt—bow down before this spear !

The Furies.

Woe, woe, what Man is this ?
He smiteth us down, he pierceth us through
With the fire of heaven ; we sink, we faint.
Woe, woe ! woe, woe !
A terrible flame consumes our hearts ;
A terrible doom awaits us three.

The Poet (to GOETHE.)

Lo ! I unbind thee from the bonds of death,
And give thee of this phial's nectar drink.
The Gods have heard thy prayers, and pitied thee !
Come forth once more, clothed in the light of heaven,
Ere beauty left thy soul, and earth enclosed it.

Goethe.

Spirit of Heaven, take my lowly thanks.

Mephistopheles.

Nay, this is all a most ridiculous jest,

I do not understand such nonsense, Sir;
This man belongs to me, and to none else.
The Gods of whom you speak can have no right
To meddle with *my* property in this way.
Fooling apart, I'm glad you've taken the bother
Of liberating him out of my hands,
But any further trouble I'll not give.

The Poet.

Didst thou not say thou hadst no power to loose him?
How canst thou then have power to bind again?
Didst thou not openly resign the Man?

Mephistopheles.

I own I did, but that was all a joke,
I did not think you were so great a bloke.

The Poet.

My mission is to bear him back to Heaven;
Be thou assured I will fulfil it straight—
Thou knowest this Spear, and hast beheld its spells;
Whoso resisteth me shall feel them too.

Mephistopheles.

Upon my life, you speak most ungenteely;
But if you wish, Sir, I'll accompany
You and this gentleman to where you lead him,
And prove my right to him in Heaven itself.

Asmodeus.

Mephisto's been an Ass! The Man is freed;
What demon made him bully me, and hurl

Upon *my* head (his friends) that billingsgate
 Abuse, that makes me think of Harry Brougham,
 When upon poor old George he launched his bolts.
 Here is a pretty mess ! We've all been bilked,
 And have no rightful claim upon our slave.
 How can I face Lord Satan in his passion,
 Inclined to turn the world all topsy-turvy ?
 Shall I unveil myself, and tell Meph all ?
 He'll tear the very eyes out of my head,
 With rage and disappointment. How his veins
 Swell as with fire : his brow is midnight hell :
 His eyes are lightnings hurled against high heaven.
 I will not do't, but will myself remain
 In silent scorn, until I see the end
 Of this most promising row :—I only wish
 Gretchen were here—his ire would be complete,
 And I should much enjoy my friend's revenge,
 Upon all three, the Rider and the pair ;
 How now ! by Satan's self I am undone !

*Gretchen suddenly appears, beaming in resplendent
 light. The Golden Branch is borne upward to
 the Sibyl.*

The Sibyl.

By his own arts the Fiend is circumvented.

Goethe and Gretchen.

Father of Light, thou readest both our hearts,
 Henceforth for ever we are only thine,
 And thou art mine, and I am thine and heaven's.

Irion.

And thou Mephisto——

Mephistopheles.

May my curse for ever,
Leprous with all the leprosies of hell,
Light upon both in hurricanes of poison.

Asmodeus.

To which devoutly I respond Amen !

CHORUS OF HOLY SPIRITS.

Glory, praise, thanksgiving, greet thee, Father,
For thy boundless mercies unto mortals,
Everlasting gratitude and blessing.

Who in gentleness and love paternal,
Who in sweet maternal loving kindness,
Equals thee, O Holy One of Heaven?

Thou hast made us, Thou hast given us being,
Thou hast nurtured us and hast preserved us,
Father, Mother, Teacher, all united.

Let the earths and all the stars in heaven,
Let the beings in those earths and star-worlds,
Bow before thee, ever in devotion.

Holy Father, beauteous Lord of Heaven,
May we never once forget the lessons,
Which within these hours we all have learned.

May we ever bear them deep imprinted
On our hearts, a portion of our being,
Till they guide us to thy blessed Presence.

Glory, praise, thanksgiving, greet thee, Father,
For thy boundless mercies unto mortals,
Everlasting gratitude and blessing !

THE POET'S PARADISE.

The Poet.

What splendid sea is this ? Have we once more
Flown back to earth, and o'er the orient gulfs
Of shimmering wave, and mountain rich with gems,
And sky all sunlight, do we bend our course ?
A wild sweet perfume fills the ambient air,
As slowly by its waters smooth we glide.

Pegasus.

A cloudless heaven of light, pure azure light,
Is glassed upon its surface, while afar
An alpine amphitheatre extends,
Raised by the Titans to enfold within
Its mighty arms the sunny dancing waves.
Their shining peaks of silver and rich gold
Pierce the clear sky in endless varied beauty,
Like the creations of some gorgeous dream.

Goethe.

Lo ! o'er the element of silver glides
A crystal boat, emerged as if from clouds,
And sparkling wondrously amid the waters,
And rainbow-flashing spray ; as moves the swan
So moves this galley o'er the dazzling sea,
With sails of silver bellying in the wind,

And self-impelling oars that plough the wave.
Methinks it comes for us, my beauteous Gretchen.

Gretchen.

Whither thou goest, thither will I go.

Voice.

Ascend the Boat of Paradise.

Pegasus.

Thou with thy steed wilt still soar on through air.

The Poet.

Onward, bright galley, through the purple wave ;
Swiftly the sail and oars propel the keel,
While rosy clouds beam round, and softest winds
Breathe through the rigging of the Enchanted Barque.
And now the land emerges near and near,
Spreading before us like some brilliant dream,
In whose bright maze the happy soul is lost ;
Where distance fades not on the aching sight,
Where nearness dazzles not the gladdened eye ;
Its gently sloping hills are crowned with sunshine,
And from their bosoms many a beauteous stream
Descends in music, like the first faint notes
Of harps half wakened to the distant ear.
The champain broad is fringed by ocean fair,
And covered thick with trees, whose foliage waves
Gently beneath the kisses of the breeze.
No rude winds walk upon the mountain peaks,
No storm pursues its course amid the sky,
But all is bright and calm as childhood's soul,
And now they reach the shore, and are on land.

Goethe.

What pure and blissful light beams round our path !
Groves of delightful fragrance ; velvet turf,
Where flowers and herbage in unfading youth
Are still renewed, unconscious of decay :
Fanned by the soft and odoriferous winds,
That waft rich fragrance whereso'er they blow.
A thousand murmuring rills in music glide,
Margined by trees of fruit and foliage rare,
Within whose branches warble birds unknown
On earth, created for these Blessèd Fields.
Eternal sunshine clothes this happy land,
Eternal peace, and beauty without end.

Gretchen.

Eternal happiness with those we love.

Goethe.

Who are these, on whom as they approach us,
Like the brightness of the summer morning,
All the stars that gleam aloft from heaven
Gaze with gentle love and admiration
As these Spirits clothed in beauty, slowly
Wend along, on sparkling sunbeams wafted,
Round them seems the very air to tremble
With delight and tenderness and music,
Like the melody of hosts of faërie.

Gretchen.

Love, methinks, enfolds them like a splendour ;
Words cannot describe these gentle creatures,

From whose eyes the sweetness of the heaven,
Is effused upon this blissful moment.
But the crystal dewes of tears are in them,
Tears of joy with softened sorrow mingled,
Tears like drops within the tender flowrets
Ere the morning beam exhales their lustre ;
Grace divine is in their every movement.

The Poet.

These are the Guardian Angels of ye twain.
They bring two milk-white steeds, with roses trapped.—
Ascend the Steeds and let us reach the Palace.

Pegasus.

They've mounted deftly on the rosy sells ;
Now for a ride across this wondrous Isle,
Of apple-bearing orchards, flowery lawns,
And ever-blooming vales, and foaming linns
Of liquid crystal glinting through green woods.
Behold ! how grandly gleam the golden roofs
And domes of magnet : in its leafy groves
And o'er its widely spreading plains, are choirs
Of youthful Virgins, tripping to the sound
Of shawme and lyre and softly breathing lute :
Their tresses, twined with violet, pink, and rose,
Are sprinkled on the breeze, and in the dance
Are mingled fair and purpure-vested Youths,
Whose gestures breathe all happiness and love.

Virgins.

In the maze of the winding dance,

When the sun shines bright and shere,
By the glitterand streams and the awning trees,
We sport till the stars appear.

Come hither ! come hither ! come hither !
Here shalt thou be
Full fancy-free,
In the noon of this golden weather.

Youths.

Nor less dear is the moonlit hour,
When still are the woods and streams,
And we couch at the feet of our partners sweet,
Embayed in the starry beams.

Come hither ! come hither ! come hither !
Here shalt thou be
Full fancy-free,
In the noon of *this* golden weather.

While on these scenes we looked, and looked untired,
A bold majestic Spirit, dark of hue
With large deep eyes, like wells of light and song,
And raven hair, stood forth ; his statue-frame,
Active and vigorous as fire ; a smile
Of sweet soft melancholy, and a voice
Whose harmony was like the stars in heaven,
Making eternal melody. He held
In his firm hand a lyre with flowers enwreathed,
On which he waked sublime and sylvan strains,
And by his side, and smiling on him, stood
A Spirit of rare loveliness, whose face
Was brilliant as the sun ; her tall white form
Was seen as faintly through a veil of light,

Pure as the snow that drifts o'er highest Alps.
Her ringlets, falling to her feet, were dashed
With golden radiance, like the glimmering flash
Which the sun, rising from the ocean, flings
Across its dancing surface ; so they spread
Over her billowy bosom, soft and white.
Her eyes were sweet, as young narcissus flowers ;
Her virgin presence breathed of heaven and love :
And thus they shone, while harmony and light
Were round them in rich clouds ; and then I knew
Them both, and could have knelt before the forms
Of Eloïsa and of Abelard,
That faithful lover, who, dead twenty years,
And in the grave reduced to bone or ashes,
Yet when the body of fair Eloïsa
Was laid beside him, opened wide his arms
To clasp once more the form he loved like God.
And hand in hand they came and welcomed us,
And floated by us, in our silver flight.
Then One approached, with light and beauty crowned,
A Woman most divine, in royal robe,
As all the stars of heaven were set therein ;
Her silence even was beauty ; she was fair
As is the crest of the shore-beating wave,
Her gait was slow and languid with delight ;
And soft the silver raptures of her voice ;
Her sweet breath blessed the mild enchanted air,
And hyacinths sprang beneath her gentle feet.

Choir.

Like the gay streamlet
That leaps from the mountain,

Or the wild zephyr
Through gardens careering ;
Smiling in beauty,
The Queen of the Island
Glides to the strangers,
Flinging a chaplet
Of exquisite lilies
Round them and o'er them.

Then did She lead us, as 'twere by the hand
Unto the Palace, at whose portals stood
Twelve mighty lions with star-flashing fronts,
Standing upon the broad and crystal steps.
A gorgeous Palace of white pearl upreared,
With towers superb ; the massive doors were made
Of splendent emeralds, whose sea-green brightness
Flashed from the walls with beauty beyond words ;
Golden their hinges ;—the vast roof was paved
With arches blent of diamond and silver :
While chrysolite pillars glittered all around,
As if the sunbeams had been there transfixed.
The dome was gold, and stood upon ten thousand
Columnar arches, all of precious gems,
Reflected on the fiery crystal-floor ;
And underneath the dome a wondrous garden,
With trees of gold and leaves of purest silver,
With fruit like rubies hanging down in clusters ;
The ground was golden dust, the stones were pearls,
The flowers were crystal, emerald, and carbuncle,
And every shrub seemed coated o'er with jewels.

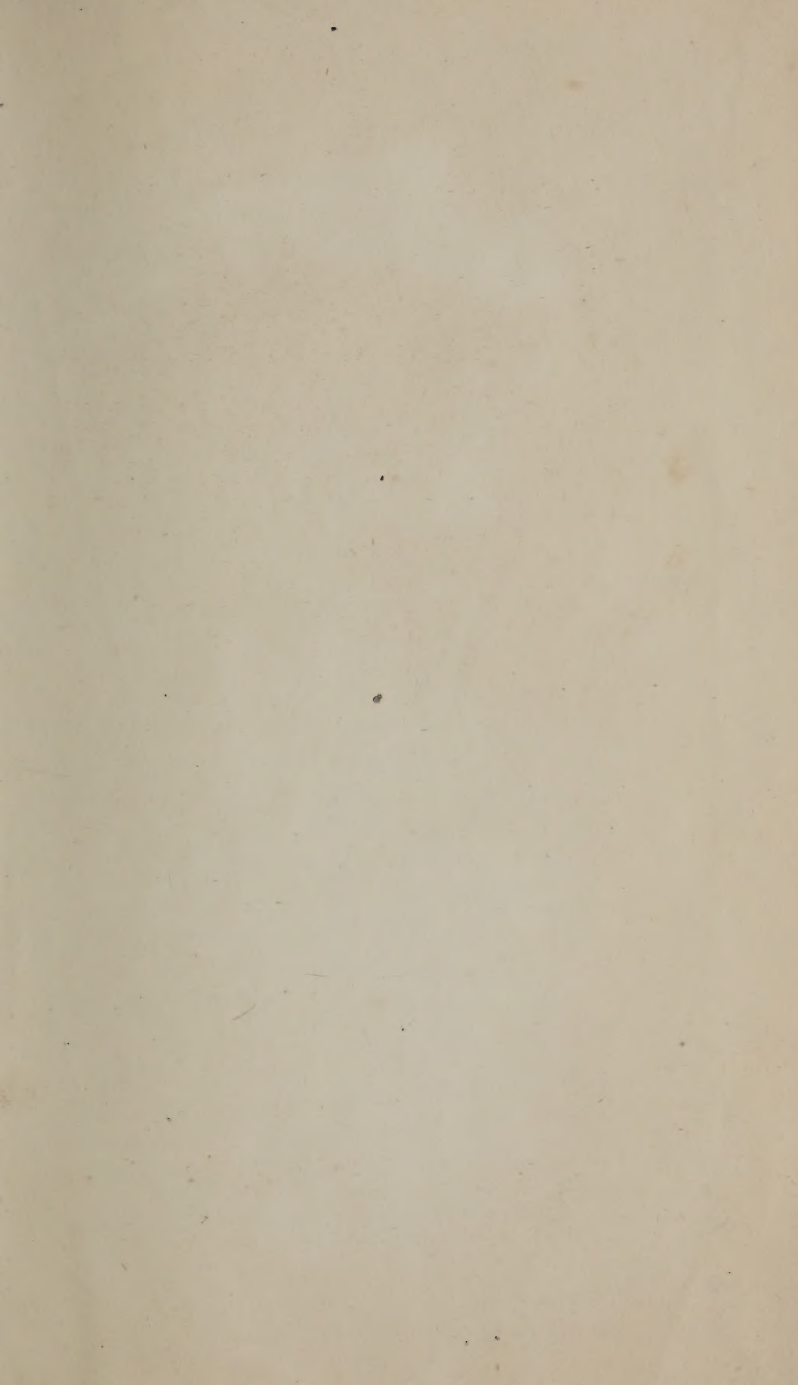
And here an harbour beauteous as the moon,

Opened its bosom to us, and we entered;
A flood of varied and prismatic lights,
Flashed all their splendours over and about us;
And in the midst was heard a heavenly Voice,
O happy among Mortals, here repose,
In love, in light, in beauty and in truth!

THE END.

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